

ATYANGAR COLLECTION

WAVERLEY NOVELS

Edmund Waller

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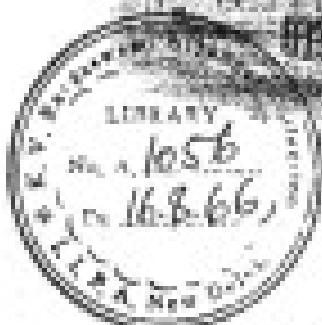


THE PRIEST, THE LADY AND THE COOK.

"Now, by what right, it is to I suppose (—thy make, my make)—I will take no longer borrowed hand, than thine, dams, in placing to thy hands this parforce volume.—*Clothes*, &c.

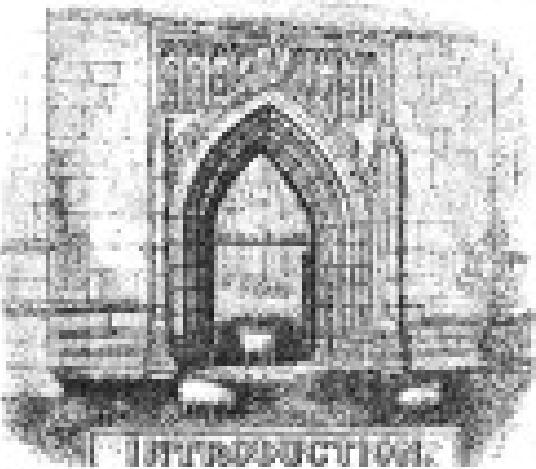
THE MONASTERY

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.



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INTRODUCTION.

IT would be difficult to assign any just reason why the Author of *Maturin*, after writing, in that work, all the article presented to review the personage, actions, and manners of the tale, in a distance from his own country, should choose for the scene of his next attempt the additional notes of *Malvern*, in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence. But the reason, or excuse, which dictated his change of system, has entirely escaped his recollection: nor is it worth while to attempt recalling what must be a matter of very little consequence.

The general plan of the story was, to employ two characters in that banting and contentious age, who, thrown into situations which gave them different views on the subject of the Reformation, should, with the same sincerity and purity of intention, delineate characters, the one in the support of the existing fabric of the Catholic Church, the other in the establishment of the Reformed doctrine. It was supposed that some interesting subjects for narrative might be derived from opposing two such contestants to each other in the path of life, and contrasting the real worth of both with their position and pretensions. The localities of *Malvern* suited well the scenes of the proposed story; the rustic characters form a splendid theatre for any tragic incident which might be brought forward; joined to the

valley of the fine river, with all its tributary streams, flowing through a country which has been the scene of so much fierce fighting, and is still with so many recollections of former times, and lying almost under the Inquisitor's eye of the author, by whom they were to be used in composition.

The situation possessed further recommendations. On the opposite bank of the Tweed might be seen the remains of ancient fortresses, surrounded by groves and orchards of considerable size. These had once formed the seats or noble property of a village, now reduced to a single hut, the abode of a falconer, who often manages a flocks. The village, even the church which once existed there, have now fallen within hardly to be traced without visiting the spot, the inhabitants having gradually withdrawn to the more prosperous town of Galashiels, which has risen late consideration, within two miles of their neighbourhood. Superstition old, however, has invested the deserted groves with varied legends, to supply the want of the mortal treasures which have deserted it. The ruined and abandoned chateau of Biddulph has long believed to be haunted by the *Fairies*; and the steep bank covered of the Tweed, abounding in marshyland round the foot of the steep bank, with the number of trees originally planted for shelter round the fields of the cottagers, but now presenting the effect of scattered and detached groves, give up the idea which one would form in imagination, for a scene that *Oberon* and *Queen Mab* might have to rend in. There are meetings when the spectre might believe, with *Father Chancor*, that the

— Queen of Fairy,
With lily, and pine, and myrtle,
Were decking in the place.

Another and even a more familiar refuge of the old race (if tradition is to be trusted), is the glen of the river, or rather brook, named the Allen, which falls into the Tweed from the northward, about a quarter of a mile above the present bridge. At the shoulder of the very elevated *Lord Sommerville's* hunting-seat, called the *Penshaw*, its valley has been popularly termed the *Fairy Dene*, or rather the *Nornesian Dene*, because of the supposed old bush extirped by the popular jingle of ancient times to expel one who might chance to alight in the mere, where our fathers distinguished in the *Cool Nighthawks*, and the *Nightblowers* called *Dacine Dene*, or *Den of Devils*; rather by way of compliment, than on account of any particular idea of friendship or peaceful relation which either High-

leader or *Bardic* entertained towards the invisible beings whom they thus disengaged, or supposed them, is due to humanity.*

In evidence of the actual operations of the fairy people even at this time, little pieces of unknown matter are found in the glen after a flood, which either the labour of these tiny artifices, or the eddies of the break among the stones, have formed into a fantastic assemblage of caps, amours, banners, and the like, in which children who gather them pretend to discern fairy schools.

Besides these circumstances of romantic beauty, two prophecies (see Captain Dugdale's *Antiquities his Territory of Devonshire*) are bounded by a small but deep lake, from which eyes that yet look on the light are said to have seen the waterfull mount, and shew the hills with his nose;

Indeed, the country around Midway, if possessing less of romantic beauty than some other parts in Scotland, is connected with so many associations of a beautiful nature, in which the imagination takes delight, at night and before our eyes has attached to the spot where the Author, in a general manner, the imaginary scenes he was framing to the situation to which he was partial. But it would be a misapprehension to suppose, that, because Midway may in general pass for Extrapolity, or because it agrees with some of the Messalyn in the circumstances of the drawbridge, the willows, and other points of resemblance, that therefore no accurate or perfect local similitude is to be found in all the particulars of the picture. It was not the purpose of the Author to present a landscape copied from nature, but a piece of composition, in which a real scene, with which he is familiar, had afforded him some leading outlines. Then the resemblance of the imaginary Glenderry with the real vale of the Allen, is far from being evident, nor did the Author aim at identifying them. This would appear plain to all who know the actual character of the Glen of Allen, and have taken the trouble to read the account of the imaginary Glenderry. The stream in the latter case is described as wandering down a romantic little valley, shifting itself, after the fashion of such a brook, from one side to the other, as it can most easily find its progress, and breaking suddenly in the progress that gives tokens of obstruction. It rises near a solitary tower, the emblem of a supposed church ruined, and the scene of several incidents in the history.

The real Allen, on the contrary, after traversing the romantic ravine called the *Nessdale Dale*, streams off from side to side

* See Boblaye, note, p. 184.

alternately, like a billiard ball, rolled by the side of the table on which it has been played, and in that part of the course resembling the stream which flows down Watersley, may be traced upwards into a more open country, where the banks extend farther from each other, and the water exhibits a good deal of deep ground, which has not been impeded by the series of embankments of the stream. It arrives, then, at a sort of termination, striking its staff, but totally irreconcileable with the narrative of the Romance. Instead of a single parish-house, or larger tower of defence, such as Elton Oldboulding is supposed to have inhabited, the head of the Alne, about five miles above the junction with the Tees, abounds three ruined halls, belonging to different proprietors, and each, from the nature of ancient support as material in troubous times, situated at the extremity of the property of which it is the principal mansion. One of these is the ruined manor-house of Hilltop, formerly the property of the Universites, and now of Mr. James of Stan; a second the tower of Colnside, an ancient inheritance of the Barwick family, as is testified by their crest, the Goat's Head, which exists on the ruin; a third, the house of Langdale, also ruined, but near which the proprietor, Mr. Bellis of Fornland and Melkendale, has built a small shooting box.

All these ruins, so strongly huddled together in a very solitary spot, have recollections and traditions of their own, but none of them bear the most distant resemblance to the descriptions in the Romance of the Manors; and as the Author could hardly have acted so grossly regarding a spot within a morning's ride of his own home, the inference is, that no resemblance was intended. Hilltop is surrounded by the banes of the last inhabitants, two or three oldish ladies, of the class of Miss Bingley, in the old Master Name, though less important by birth and fortune. Colnside is surrounded by one—

Colnside stands on Colnside Hill,
The water is slow round Colnside mill;
The soil and the hills poor heavily,
And it's up with the windows of Colnside!

Langdale, although larger than the other mansions mentioned at the head of the supposed Manors, has nothing about it more remarkable than the inscription of the present proprietor over his shooting lodge—*Ulnase house where virtus impudentia annida*—a maxim with which I leave no one more capable of attaching upon an

extended note, than the gentleman who has exposed it upon a limited one.²

Hearing then where that I could say nothing of these doubtful terms, which the desire of social intercourse, or the facility of mutual defence, had drawn together at the head of this Obs., I need not add any further reason to show, that there is no opposition between them, and the military habitation of Dame Blagis Gloucestress. Beyond these dwellings are some remains of natural wood, and a considerable portion of marsh and bay; but I would not advise any who may be curious in heraldic, to spend time in looking for the fountain and aqueduct of the White Lady.

While I am on the subject I may add, that Captain Chatterton, the imaginary editor of the Monastery, has no real prototype in the village of Melrose or neighbourhood, that ever I saw or heard of. To give more individuality to this personage, he is described as a character which abounds among the actual nobility—a person who, having spent his life within the narrow limits of a technical profession, from which he has been at length disengaged, finds himself without any occupation whatever, and is apt to become the prey of man, until he chooses some party object of dissatisfaction commensurate to his talents, the study of which gives him employment in solitude; whilst the common possession of information peculiar to himself, adds to his consequence in society. I have often observed, that the lighter and trivial branches of antiquarian study are singularly useful in rendering worthy of such a kind, and here leave there are many a Captain Chatterton to reflect upon; I was therefore a good deal surprised, when I found the antiquarian Captain identified with a neighbour and friend of my own, who could never have conformed with him by any one who had read the book and seen the party alluded to. This curious identification occurs in a work entitled, "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley, being Notes and Anecdotes of real Characters, Scenes, and Incidents, supposed to be described in his novels, by Robert Chambers." This work too, of course, liable to many errors, as any one of the kind must be, whatever may be the ingenuity of the author, which takes the task of explaining what can be very easily left to another power. Mistakes of place or historical details referred to, are of very little moment; but the ingenious author might do better here more anxious of attaching real names to fictitious characters. I think it is in the Spectator we read of a rustic wagg, who, in a copy of *The Whole*

² See A. Millesay and Calvert.

Dray of Man, wrote opposite to every side the name of some individual in the neighbourhood, and then converted that sentence into a label on a whale's parish.

The memory being thus ready at the Author's hand, the reminiscences of the country were equally favourable. In a land where the houses remained almost exclusively whitewashed, and the houses within painted the occupier's raim—where war was the external and constant state of the inhabitants, and peace only existed in the shape of brief and Jewish truces—there could be no want of the means to complicate and extricate the incidents of his narrative of pleasure. There was a *disadvantage*, notwithstanding, in treating the Border dialect, for it had been already researched by the Author himself, as well as others; and never presented under a new light, was likely to offend ground to the objection of Ossianic his critics.

To obtain the indispensable quality of variety, something, it was thought, might be gained by contrasting the character of the records of the church with those of the dependents of the day labourers, by whom they were surrounded. But such advantage could not be derived from this. There were, indeed, differences between the two classes, but, like bodies in the mineral and vegetable world, which, resembling each other in common types, can be sufficiently well discriminated by subordination, they were yet too similar, upon the whole, to be placed in marked contrast with each other.

Machinery remained—the introduction of the supernatural and marvellous; the mass of distorted authors were the signs of Heaven, but whose pretensions as a trustworthy have been abrogated to the present age, and will always be. The popular belief no longer abhors the possibility of assistance to the ends of impetuous beings which hover behind this world and that which is invisible. The fairies have abandoned their moonlight way; the which no longer holds her black canopy in the heathish dell; and

*Even the last lingering phantom of the bower
The shrivelled ghost, is gone at midday.*

From the disrepute attached to the vulgar and more common mode to exhibit the Scottish superstition displays itself, the Author was induced to have recourse to the beautiful, though almost forgotten, theory of *evil spirits, or evildoers of the elements*, suspending human beings in knowledge and power, but superior to them, as being subject, after a certain space of power, to a death which is to them annihilation, as they have no share in the penalties made to

the *armes de l'Aire*. These spirits are supposed to be of four distinct kinds, or the elements from which they have their origin, and are known, to those who have studied the celebrated philosophy, by the names of *Sylphe*, *Cypres*, *Salamandre*, and *Nainfa*, as they belong to the elements of *Air*, *Earth*, *Fire*, or *Water*. The peasant reader will find an interesting account of these elementary spirits in the French book, entitled *Entretiens du Comte de Volatin*. The ingenious Comte de La Motte Piquet composed, in German, one of the most successful productions of his fictitious beings,² where a beautiful and even affecting effect is produced by the introduction of a mortal, who has the privilege of immortality by consenting to become accessible to human feelings, and waiting her lot with that of a mortal, who treats her with ingratitude.

In imitation of an example so successful, the *White Lady of Arosa* was introduced into the following sheet. She is represented as connected with the family of *Arosa* by one of those spiritual ties, which, in ancient times, were supposed to exist, in certain circumstances, between the creatures of the elements and the children of men. Such instances of mysterious union are recognized in Ireland, in the real *Milidh families*, who are possessed of a *Banshee*; and they are known among the traditions of the Highlands, which, in many cases, attached an immortal being or spirit to the service of particular families or tribes. These demons, if they are to be called so, encompass good or evil fortune to the families connected with them; and though some only condescended to mortals with matters of importance, others, like the *May Queen*, or *Maid of the Hairy Arms*, condescended to engage in ordinary sports, and even to direct the *Chief* how to play at *strength*.

There was, therefore, no great violence in supposing such a being as this to have existed, while the elementary spirits were believed in; but it was more difficult to describe or imagine the attributes and principles of action. Shakespeare, the first of authorities in such a case, has painted skilfully this beautiful creature of his fancy, as only approaching so near to humanity as to know the nature of that sympathy which the creatures of clay feel for each other, as we know from the expression—"None would, if I were human." The inferences from this are singular, but very capable of regular deduction. A being, however superior to man in length of life—in power over the elements—in certain perceptions respecting the present, the past, and the future, yet still incapable of human passions, of

² [Edition.]

sentiment of moral good and evil, of writing future records or punishments, belongs rather to the class of animals, than of human creatures, and must therefore be presumed to act more from temporary knowledge or opinion, than from existing apprehension, its feeling or reasoning. Such a being's superiority to power can only be compared to that of the elephant or lion, who are greater in strength than man, though inferior in the scale of creation. The partialities which we suppose such spirits to entertain used to be those of the dog; their sudden starts of passion, or the turbulence of a feline, or vivacity, may be compared to those of the successive evolution of the cat. All these partialities are, however, controlled by the force which render the domestic race subordinate to the command of man—subject to his actions for the rest of Creation believed, and so this forced the Christian philosophy, or to be encouraged by his superior courage and daring, when did not their illusions abdicate.

It is with reference to this idea of the supposed spirit of the elements, that the White Lady of Arosa is represented as acting a varying, capricious, and inconsistent part in the pages assigned to her in the narrative; manifesting interest and attachment to the family with whom her dominions are associated, but striking aside, and even a species of malice, towards other mortals, as the Scroffian, and the Doctor rubber, whom incurred his subjects there to receive pocky metamorphosis at her hand. The White Lady is scarcely supposed, however, to have possessed either the power or the inclination to do more than fight terror or create subversion, and is also subjected by those mortals who, by vicious resolution and mortal energy, could exert superiority over her. In these particulars she seems to constitute a being of a visible class, between the spirit-follet who places its pleasure in misleading and fermenting mortals, and the benevolent Fairy of the Boat, who uniformly guides, aids, and supports them.

Either, however, the author omitted his purpose indefinitely, or the public did not approve of it; for the White Lady of Arosa soon fell into disuse, being popular. He does not now make the present statement, in the view of causing reader into a more favorable opinion on the subject, but merely with the purpose of exempting himself from the charge of having wantonly intruded into the narrative a being of indiscriminate powers and propensities.

In the delineation of another character, the author of the Monastery failed, where he hoped for some success. As nothing is so successful

a subject for ridicule at the fashionable fêtes of the time, it occurred to him that the more serious sense of his narration might be enhanced by the humour of a cavalcade of the age of Queen Elizabeth. In every period, the attempt to gain and maintain the highest rank of society, has depended on the power of inventing and supporting a certain fashionable kind of affectation, usually connected with some variety of colour and excess of character, but distinguished at the same time by a transcendent flight, beyond round roses and crimson arms; such fashions the vulgar do in admiring 'till the critics of one who claims to be esteemed "a choice spirit of the age." These, in their different phases, constitute the galante of the day, whose boast it is to drive the whims of fashion to extremity.

On all occasions, the members of the sovereign, the court, and the train, must give the tone to the popular description of gallantry by which those who would attain the height of fashion must seek to distinguish themselves. The reign of Elizabeth, being that of a warlike queen, was distinguished by the severity of the courtiers, and especially the affectation of the deepest deference to the sovereign. After the establishment of the Queen's matchless prelature, this same devotion was extended to beauty as it existed among the lower ranks in her court, who spurned, as it were the mark to aim, by her reflected lustre. It is true, that gallant delights no longer resided in France, the passed, and the Indies, to perform some sort of extravagant chivalry, in which they exchanged the love of others as well as their own; but although their chivalrous displays of personal gallantry could not further in Elizabeth's days than the ill-gard, where Servitors, called horribles, presented the shield of the Queen, and blazoned the display of the sovereign's skill to the comparatively soft manners of their times, the language of the French to their ladies was still in the excited terms which Amadis would have addressed to Oriana, before encountering a dragon for her sake. This tone of romantic gallantry found a clear but somewhat author, to release it to a species of constitution and form, and lay down the nearly manner of narration, in a patriotic book, called *Euphues and his England*. Of this, a brief account is given in the text, to which it may now be proper to make some addition.

The extensiveness of *Euphues*, or a spiced-up jargon of the same class, predominated in the romances of Galignani and Scuderi, which were used for the entertainment of the fair sex of France during the long reign of Louis XIV., and were supposed to contain the only legitimate language of love and gallantry. In this reign they en-

counted the action of Melville and Holmes. A similar disorder, spreading into private society, formed the ground of the reflected dialogue of the Peacock, as they were styled, who formed the centre of the *Jesuit de Boulogne*, and affected Melville's matter for his admirable comedy, *Les Précieuses Boulogne*. In England, the humour does not seem to have long survived the occasion of *Demer L.*

The Author had the novelty to think that a character, whose peculiarities should bear no resemblance which were more unluckily combinable, might be used for a fictitious story with a good chance of offering amusement to the existing generation, who, fixed as they are of looking back on the actions and manners of their ancestors, might be also supposed to be sceptics of their own edition. He must fairly acknowledge that he was disappointed, and that the *Euphrat*, far from being accounted a well-drawn and humorous character of the period, was considered as unnatural and absurd.

It would be easy to account for this failure, by supposing the defect to arise from the Author's want of skill, and, probably, many readers may not be inclined to look further. But as the Author himself can surely be supposed willing to acquit him of this first cause, if any other can be alleged, he has been led to suspect, that, contrary to what he originally supposed, his subject was injudiciously chosen, in which, and not in his mode of treating it, lay the source of the want of success.*

The manners of a rude people are always founded on nature, and therefore the feelings of a more polished generation insensibly sympathise with them. We need no numerous notes, nor anticipative disquisitions, to enable the most ignorant to recognise the sentiments and virtues of the characters of Homer; we have but, on fair days, to strip off our偏見ings—to set aside the fictitious principles and abstractions which we have received from our comparatively artificial system of society, and our natural feelings are in unison with those of the bard of Ilium and the heroes who live in his verses. It is the same with a great part of the narrative of my friend Mr. Cooper. His sympathies with his Peacock, chieftain and landowner, and aristocrat, in the characters which he presents to us, the same truth of human nature by which we should feel ourselves influenced by placed in the same condition. No man is this the case, that, though it is difficult, or almost impossible, to realize a change, fixed from his youth to our age and the time, in the rankinacy and the dexter of civilized life, rendering it more easy or common than to find men

* Note N. *The White Lady, and Euphrat.*

who have been educated in all the habits and comforts of improved society, willing to exchange these for the wild labours of the hunter and the fisher. The very amusements most pursued and relished by men of all ranks, whose constitutions permit active exercise, are hunting, fishing, and, in some instances, now, the natural and necessary business of the savage of Droyls, where his love tells of being

—“As free as nature first made man,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.”

But although the occupations, and even the sentiments, of human beings in a primitive state, find scope and interest in the minds of the more civilized part of the species, it does not therefore follow, that the national taste, opinions, and fancies, of one civilized period, should afford either the same interest or the same amusement to those of another. These generally, when driven to extremity, are founded, not upon any natural basis proper to the species, but upon the growth of some peculiar sort of affection, with which mankind in general, and successive generations in particular, feel no common interest or sympathy. The extremeras of misery in misery and apparel are indeed the legitimate, and often the successful, object of satire during the time when they exist. In witness of this, theatrical critics may observe how many dramatic pieces of right are well received every season, because the artistical heads of some well-known or fashionable theatre; or, in the dramatic pieces, “shortly help us to fit.” But when the popular kind of folly loses the sting no longer, it is reduced but waste of powder to pour a discharge of ridicule on what has ceased to exist; and the pieces in which such荒謬的 absurdities are made the subject of ridicule, fall quickly into oblivion with the fancies which gave them birth, or only continue to exist in the name, because they contain some other more permanent interest than that which connects them with manners and fancies of a temporary character.

This, perhaps, affords a reason why the romances of Sir Joshua Reynolds upon paper, or what the age termed beauty,—by which was meant judicious and affected character, experienced in that which was common to the rest of their race,—in spite of acute satire, deep satiric irony, and strong sarcasm, do not now afford general pleasure, but are confined to the class of the antiquary, whose studies have assured him that the personages of the dramatical were once, though they are now no longer, portraits of existing nature.

Let me take another example of our suggestion from Shakespeare himself, who, of all authors, drew his portraits for all ages. In 'tis the whole sum of the history which affects us of his time, the sum of real life, without exception, the characters drawn are the correspondents of temporary fashions; and the *Royalist*, *The Arizoner*, the *polite*, *Highflier*, even *Nora* and *Ford*, are used with such pleasure by the men of the publick, being portraits of which we cannot recollect the names, because the subjects are longer exist. In like manner, while the dresses of *Monsieur* and *Duchess* continue to interest every house, *Maurice*, dressed as an accurate representation of the *Scandal*, first publication of the period, and so much reviled by the common approbation of contemporaries, has so little to interest the present age, that, stripped of all his past and spritely of trivial wit, he only retains his place in the scene in virtue of his fine and forciful speech upon *deceit*, which belongs to no particular age, and becomes to it a peculiarity whose presence is indispensable to the plot.

We have already presented perhaps too far an argument, the tendency of which is to prove, that the introduction of a *Royalist*, acting, like Sir *Percy Shagwell*, upon some forgotten and obnoxious model of folly, now fashionable, is rather likely to occasion the disgust of the reader, as measured, than find him fond for laughter. Whether owing to this theory, or whether to the more simple and probable cause of the author's failure in the delineation of the subject he had proposed to himself, the forcible objection of *incorrigible* did not apply to the *Highflier*, as well as to the *White Lady of Acre*; and the one was dismissed as measured, while the other was rejected as impossible.

There was little in the story to allow for these failures in two principal points. The incidents were beautifully bundled together, There was no part of the dialogue to which they inferred was found to apply; and the conclusion was brought about, not by incidents arising out of the story itself, but in consequence of public transactions, with which the narrative has little connection, and which the reader had little opportunity to become acquainted with.

This, if not a positive fault, was yet a great defect in the *Novel*. It is true, that not only the practice of some great authors in this department, but even the general course of human life itself, may be quoted in favour of this more obvious, and less original practice, of arranging a narrative. It is evident that the same circle of persons who have conversed on *incorrigible* at his first entry in life, continue to have an interest in his career till his fate comes to a

view's. On the contrary, and more especially if the events of his life be of a varied character, and worth communicating to others, or to the world, the hero's later connections are usually totally separated from those with whom he began the voyage, but when the individual has travelled, or who have drifted away, or scattered on the passage. This hitherto unimportant detail goes to another point. The successive vessels of so many different sorts, and destined for such different purposes, which are launched in the same mighty ocean, although each endeavouring to pursue its own course, are in every case more influenced by the winds and tides, which are common to the elemental vehicles they all navigate, than by their own separate motions. And it is thus in the world, that when human progress has done its best, some general, perhaps national, event, destroys the schemes of the individual, as the annual track of a more powerful being sweeps away the web of the spider.

Many excellent romances have been composed in this view of human life, where the hero is conducted through a variety of detached scenes, in which various agents appear and disappear, without, perhaps, having any permanent influence on the progress of the story. Such is the structure of *Old Blarney*, *Robt. Random*, and the lives and adventures of many other heroes, who are described as rambling through different stations of life, and remunerating various adventures, which are only connected with each other by having happened to be witnessed by the same individual, whose identity unites them together, as the string of a necklace binds the beads, which are otherwise detached.

But though such an unconnected series of adventures is what most frequently occurs in action, yet the possessive of the romance-writer being artificial, there is more required from him than a mere compunction with the simplicity of reality,—just as we demand from the amateur gardener, that he shall arrange, in certain beds and artificial positions, the flowers which "nature loves," distributed freely on hill and dale. *Wickfield*, accordingly, in most of his novels, but especially in *The Old Man*, his chief creation, has at the distinguished example of a story regularly built and consistent in all its parts, in which nothing occurs, and across a passage is introduced, that has not some share in bearing its witness to authenticity.

To demand equal correctness and fidelity in those who may follow in the track of that illustrious model, would be to fetter the work of the power of giving pleasure, by surrounding it with prosaic rules; since of this art of *Night* Literature it may be especially said—that

years out-parsis, here to years supervenient. Still, however, the more clearly and happily the story is conceived, and the more natural and judicious the catastrophe, the nearer such a composition will approach the perfection of the novelist's art; nor can we venture against this branch of his profession, without incurring proportionate censure.

For such censure the *Monsignor* gives but too much ventriloce. The intrigue of the *Bonhomme*, neither very interesting in itself, nor very happily elicited, is at length finally disengaged by the breaking out of national hostilities between England and Scotland, and the no sudden removal of the hero. Instances of this kind, it is true, cannot be readily here fore summoned, but the resorting to such, in order to accomplish the catastrophe, is by a *tour de force*, most objectionable as discreditable, and most professedly identifiable to the general reader.

Still the *Monsignor*, though exposed to severe and just criticism, did not fail, judging from the extent of its circulation, to have some interest for the public. And this, too, was according to the ordinary course of such matters: for it very seldom happens that literary reputation is gained by a single effort, and still more rarely is it lost by a solitary masterpiece.

The author, therefore, had his day of grace allotted him, and time, if he pleased, to comfort himself with the beries of the old Scotch song,

"If it has not failed,
It'll hit it again."

AMSTERDAM, 1st February 1849.

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE

FROM CAPTAIN CLIFFORD, LATE OF THE MAJORITY -----

RECOLLECT OF DEPARTMENT, TO THE AUTHOR OF "WATFORD."

SIR.—Although I do not pretend to the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, like many others I believe to be equally strangers to you, I am nevertheless interested in your publications, and desire their continuance;—not that I pretend to much taste in fictitious composition, or that I am apt to be interested in your grim scenes, or scenes by those which are meant to be fiendly. I will not disquiet you, that I have passed over the last interview of Brother and his sister, and feel fairly safe, while the schoolmaster was reading the history of Daniel Dismay. You see, sir, that I seem to exhibit your *Scenes* in a way in which you are no stranger. If the papers I exhibit you are worth reading, I will not endeavour to recommend them by personal flattery, as a bad cook passes mead before upon stale fish. No, sir! what I respect to you is the right you have occasionally thrown on national antiquities, a study which I have recommended rather late in '38, but to which I am attached with the devotion of a first love, because it is the only study I ever cared a farthing for.

You shall have my history, sir (it will not reach to three volumes), before that of my manuscript; and as you usually throw out a few lines of verse (by way of dissertation, I suppose) at the head of each division of your, I have had the task to light upon a stanza in the schoolmaster's copy of *Burke* which describes me exactly. I have it to the letter, because it was originally designed for Captain Grey, an excellent antiquary, though, like yourself, somewhat too apt to treat with hasty his own pretensions:

"It could be won a soldier here,
And our usual reader finds him dead;
But now he's quit the spurs and blunder,
And despatched under,
And then the—antiquarian trends,
I think they call it.

I never could conceive what influenced me, when a boy, in the choice of a profession. Military coat and uniform it was not, which made me stand out for a commission in the Queen's Fusiliers, when my father and mother wished to bind me apprenticeship to old David Shire, Clerk to his Majesty's Signet. I say, military and it was not; for I was no fighting boy in my own person, and cared not a penny to read the history of the heroes who turned the world upside down in former ages. As for courage, I had, as I have since discovered, just as much of it as served my turn, and not one grain of suspicion. I was found out, indeed, that in action there was more danger in running away than in standing fast; and besides, I could not afford to lose my commission, which was my chief means of support. But, as for that mysterious value, which I have heard many of ever talk of, though I never observed that it influenced them in the actual affairs—that earnest soul, which meets Danger at a bribe,—truly my answer was of a complexion much less exalted,

Again, the love of a red coat, which, in default of all other attractions to the profession, has made many a bold soldier and successful war, was an entire stranger to my disposition. I cared not a "holt" for the company of the nation; Nor, though there was a boarding-school in the village, and though we used to meet with its fair inmates at Simon Lightfoot's weekly Practising, I cannot recollect any strong emotion being excited on their occasions, excepting the infinite regard with which I used through the public remonstrance of presenting my partner with an orange, thrust into my pocket by my aunt for this special purpose, but which, had I durst, I certainly would have snatched for my own personal use. As for money, or love of money for itself, I was such a stranger to it, that the difficulty was great to make me break my fast, and appear to proper trim upon parcels. I shall never forget the words of my old General in a meeting when the King received a brigade of which were made part,—"I am no friend to extravagance, Major Clapham," said he; "but, on the day when we are to pass before the Sovereign of the Kingdom, in the name of God I would have at least shown him an inch of clean linen."

Then, a stranger to the ordinary motives which lead young men to make the wrong their choice, and without the least desire to become either a hero or a knave, I really do not know what determined my thoughts that way, unless it were the happy state of half-pay facilities enjoyed by Captain Dumble, who had set up his shop of late in

my native village. Every other person had, or seemed to have, something to do, less or more. They did not, indeed, precisely go to school and have tasks, that fact of course is my invention; but it did not escape my logical observation, that they were all burdened with something or other like duty or labour—all but the happy Captain Doolittle. The minister had his parish to visit, and his preaching to prepare, though perhaps he made more time than he needed about both. The Laird had his farming and improving operations to superintend; and, besides, he had to attend town-meetings, and kirk-session meetings, and hand-meetings, and meetings of justice, and what not—was as early up (that I detected), and as much in the open air, wet and dry, as his own grime. The draper of the village boasted but one of customers, and indeed pretty much at this was behind his master, for his master was by no means particular now; but still he enjoyed his status, as the Babbler calls it, upon condition of troubling all the worse in his back over and over, when ever we chose to mount a perch of sombre, a sombre, an excess of earnestness, a paper of pins, the *Chronicles of the Police*, or the *Life of Jack the Giant-killer* (not *Killer*, as usually erroneously written and pronounced).—See my essay on the true history of this meeting, where that fact here in a possible degree has been abridged by justice. In short, all in the village were under the necessity of doing something which they would rather have left undone, excepting Captain Doolittle, who walked every morning in the open air, which formed the high road of our village, in a blue coat with a red neck, and played at what he called chess, when he could make up a party. This happy variety of all employment appeared to me so delicious, that it became the primary fact, which, according to the system of Hobbesian, as the vulgarists say, determined my infant feelings towards the profession. I was destined to illustrate.

But who, then? can form a just estimate of *their future* prospects in this cheerful world? I was not long engaged in my new profession, before I discovered, that if the independent existence of anything was a provision, the other must pass through the property of duty and service in order to gain admittance to it. Captain Doolittle might brush his blue coat with the red neck, or leave it unbrushed, at his pleasure; but *Master Charron* had no such option. Captain Doolittle might go to bed at the clock, if he had a mind; but the *Babys* would make the rounds in his turn. If they were mere, the Captain might repose under the bower of his tented umbrella, if he was so pleased; but the *Babys*, that help him, had to

appear upon ponds of pool of dog. As far as I could, had the sergeant to whisper to me the words of command, and barked through as other dogs did. Of course, I was enough for an ordinary man—was barked up and down the world, and visited both the East and West Indies, Egypt, and other distant places, which my youth had never dreamt of. The French I saw, and felt too; without any fingers on my right hand, which one of their crew always took off with his scissars as neatly as an hospital surgeon. At length the death of an old man, who left me some fifteen hundred pounds, simply vested in the dogs per annos, gave me the long-wished-for opportunity of retiring, with the prospect of wearing a clean shirt and a guinea five times around at least.

For the purpose of communicating my new story of life, I selected for my residence the village of Kemsingburgh, in the south of Scotland, celebrated for the ruins of the magnificient Monastery, containing there to have my future life in the silence and solitude of half-past and anxiety. I was not long, however, in making the grand discovery, that in order to enjoy leisure, it is absolutely necessary it should be provided by occupation. For some time it was delightful to walk at pleasure, dreaming of the whilst—that to collect my happy remembrances from the stories that caused me to start at a glace of glittering parchment, turn on my other side, down the parlour, and go to sleep again. But soon this enjoyment had its termination; and then, when it became a stock suddenly at my own disposal, began to hang heavy on my hand.

I sought for two days, during which time I had twenty books, and several scores of ponds of gut and king, and sought not even a minute, thinking me out of the question, for the stomach of a horse by no means agrees with the half-past establishment. When I shot, the sky-larks and pigeons, and my very dog, grimed me every time that I missed, which was, generally speaking, every time I fired. Besides, the country parsonage in this parson like their girls, and began to talk of presentations and interdicts. I did not give up fighting the French to commence a domestic war with the "pleasant men of Tantibeth," as the wags call them; so I did spend three days (very agreeably) in cleaning my gun, and disengaging it upon two books over my dining-table.

The success of this combined experiment set me on trying my skill in the mechanical arts. Accordingly I took down and closed my landlord's watch-clock, and in so doing observed that compasses of the spring for ever and a day. I mounted a turning-lathe, and in

attempting to use it, I very nearly scribbled off, with an indescribable fervor, one of the pages which the Doctor had left me.

But I tried, both here of the little circulating library, and of the more extensive subscription collection maintained by this educated people. But neither the light reading of the one, nor the heavy artillery of the other, suited my purpose. I always fell a-sleep at the fourth or fifth page of history or antiquities; and it took me a month's hard reading to wade through a half-dozen treaty books, during which I was pestered with applications to raise the volume, by every half-educated militiaman's wife about the place. In short, during the time when all the town-bellies had something to do, I had nothing for it but to walk in the classified, and whilst all it was disturbance.

During those parentheses, the rains necessarily fixed themselves on my attention, and by degrees, I found myself engaged in studying the more minute ornaments, and at length the general plan, of this noble structure. The old master aided my labours, and gave me his portion of traditional lore. Every day added something to my stock of knowledge respecting the ancient state of the building; and at length I made discoveries concerning the purpose of several detached and very curious portions of it, the use of which had hitherto been either unknown, obscure, or erroneously explained.

The knowledge which I thus acquired I had frequent opportunities of relating to those visitors whom the progress of a British tour brought to visit this celebrated spot. Without encroaching on the privilege of my friend the author, I became gradually an assistant Chronicler in the book of description and explanation, and often finding a fresh party of visitors arrive] has he turned over to me those to whom he had told half his story, with the flattering observation, "What needs I say any more about it? Think the Captain has made several of these I do, or any man in the house." Then would I relate the stronger curiosities, and especially to their acknowledged minds upon crypts and chanels, and crosses, arches, Gothic and Saxon architecture, mosaics and flying buttresses. It not unfrequently happened, that an acquaintance which commenced in the Abbey concluded in the bar, which served to raise the visitors as well as the mounting of my family's shoulder of mutton, whether roast, cold, or boiled.

By degrees my mind became enlarged; I found a book or two which enlightened me on the subject of Gothic architecture, and I read now with pleasure, because I was interested in what I read about.

From my character began to elate and expand. I spoke with more authority at the risk, and was listened to with deference, because as one object, at least, I possessed more information than any of the members. Indeed, I found that even my stories about Egypt, which, to my truth, were somewhat overblown, were now listened to with more respect than formerly. "The Captain," they said, "had something to him after all,—there were four fell kinsmen buried about the abbey."

With this general approbation went my own sense of self-importance,¹ and my feeling of general content. I ate with more appetite, I slept with more ease, I lay down at night with joy, and slept sound till morning, when I arose with a sense of deep satisfaction, and bade me to remember, to consider and to compare the various parts of this interesting structure. I had all day and consciousness of most elaborate concoction of a melancholy nature, about my hand and strength, to which I had been in the habit of attending, more for the benefit of the village apothecary than any man, for the pure sense of something due to think about. I had found out an occupation thoroughly, and was happy because I had something to do. In a word, I had commenced local antiquity, and was not worthy of the name.

Whilst I was in this pleasing sense of busy idleness, for as it might at best be called, it happened that I was one night sitting in my little parlor, adjacent to the closet which my landlady calls my bed-room, in the act of preparing for an early retreat to the realms of Morpheus. Deepdell's *Mosquidion*, borrowed from the library at A——, was lying on the table before me, flanked by some excellent Cheshire cheeses I prepared, by the way, from an ancient Lancashire cheese, at whom I had explained the difference between a Gothic and a Roman arch, and a glass of Pimpernel's best ale. Thus armed at all points against my old enemy Thirst, I was leisurely and deliciously preparing for sleep—now reading a line of old Danish—now sipping my ale, or munching my bread and cheese—now unknitting the strings of my breeches' braces, or a button or two of my waistcoat, until the village clock should strike ten, before which time I made it a rule never to go to bed. A loud knocking, however, interrupted my antiseptic process on this occasion, and the voice of my honest landlady of the George was heard whispering,² "What the devil, Mr.

¹ The George was, and is, the principal inn in the village of Knebworth, or Melton. But the landlord of the public was not the mere shift and quiet person by whom the inn is now kept. David Kyle, a hideous proprietor of the like na-

Grimmader, the Captain is up in his bed) and a gentleman at our house has ordered a food and wine bill, and a bottle of sherry, and has sent to ask him to supper, to tell him all about the Alloty."

"No," answered Lucifer Grimmader, in the free slopp time of a Scotch master when tea o'clock is going to strike, "he's up in his bed; but I've arranged him on you just at this time & night to keep full sitting up waiting for him—the Captain's a dead man."

I plainly perceived this last compliment was made for my hearing, by way both of rebuking and of recommending the course of conduct which Mr. Grimmader desired I should pursue. But I had not been landed about the world for thirty years and odd, and heard a half bachelor all the while, to come home and be put under political government by my landlord. Accordingly I opened my chamber door, and desired my old friend David to walk up stairs.

"Captain," said he, as he entered, "I am as glad to find you up as if I had hooked a twenty pound salmon. There's a gentleman up yonder that will not stop nowad in his bed this blessed night unless he has the pleasure to drink a glass of wine with you."

"You know, David," I replied, with becoming dignity, "that I cannot with propriety go out to visit strangers at this time of night, or except of invitations from people of whom I have nothing."

David snuffed a round candle, and added, "What are the like here off? He has ordered a food and wine menu, a pâté and mixed salpys, and a bottle of sherry—D'ye think I could now and not go to go to keep company with any old English rascal that runs an honest chancery and a chapter of run-habbi? This is a gentleman every inch of him, and a virtuous, a clear virtuous—a well-educated stand of character, and a wry like the curled back of a serpent. The very first question he asked was about the old dredging that has been at the bottom of the water there bout seven years—I have seen the foundations when we were shelling oysters—and how the dredge could be here anything about the old dredging, unless he were a virtuous gen."

David being a virtuous in his own way, and moreover a landholder and heritor, was a qualified judge of all who frequented his

parlour, a frequenter person of consequence in whatever belonged to the business of the town, was the original owner and landlord of the inn. Poor Devil, like many other busy men, took no much care of public affairs, or in some degree neglected his name. There is however still alive at Hampshire who can recognize him and his peculiarities in the following sketch of poor Devil of the George.

* There is more to be said about this old bridge hereafter. See Note E.

house, and therefore I could not avoid again tying the strings of my boots.

" That's right, Captain," ejaculated David; " you here will be as thick as three in a bed and save you altogether. I have seen the like o' him my very odd time I saw the great Doctor Samuel Johnson on his tour through Scotland, which *tour* is lying in my book-parcher for the amazement of my guests, and the two boards here off."

" Then the gentleman is a scholar, David?"

" I've upped him a scholar," answered David; " he has a black coat on, or a brown coat, at any rate."

" Is he a clergyman?"

" I am thinking so, for he bailed after his horse's supper before he spoke o' his ain," replied wife Ann.

" Has he a name?" demanded I.

" Has name?" answered David; " but a grand face o' his wife, that would you say anybody be willing to marry him that looks upon him."

" And what makes him think of disturbing us?" Ah, David, this has been some of your chattering; you are perpetually bringing your guests on my shoulders, as if it were my business to entertain every man who comes to the George."

" What the devil was ye last night, Captain?" answered wife Ann; " a professor lights there, and makes it a most serious occasion; what sorts of men and horses there is about our town, that can tell him about the antiquities of the place, and specially about the said abbey—ye wouldn't have me tell the gentleman a lie? and ye know enough there is nobody in the town can say a reasonable word about it, be it no parlour, except the bailed, and he it is for you as a guinea by this time. So, says I, there's Captain Chatterback, there's a very civil gentleman, and has little to do forty talking of the said cracks about the abbey, and shoots just hand by. Then says the gentleman to me, ' Sir,' says he very civilly, ' have the gentlemen to step to Captain Chatterback with my compliments, and say I am a stranger, who have been led to these parts chiefly by the fame of these States, and that I would well repay him but the hour is late.' And never he said that I have forgotten, but I well remember it well.—" And, bailed, get a bottle of your best sherry, and supper for two." —Ye wouldn't have had me refuse to do the gentleman's bidding, and not a gentleman!"

" Well, David," said I, " I wish your visitors had taken a *slater* house—but as you say he is a gentleman!"——

"I've applied him that—the wine speaks for itself—a bottle of sherry—minced mutton and a fowl—that's speaking like a gentleman, I trust?"—That's right, Captain, brother, and so, the night's over—but the master's showing for it that; we'll be an' said right off my Lord's done, and we'll be all back if I don't and give a Upper to refresh poor old at doo."¹

In five minutes after this dialogue, I found myself in the parlour of the Grange, and in the presence of the stranger.

He was a gross personage, about my own size (which we shall call about fifty), and really had, as my friend David expressed it, something in his form that inclined men to abhor and to serve him. Yet this expression of authority was not at all of the sort which I have seen in the countenance of a general of brigades, neither was the stranger's dress at all martial. It consisted of a uniform suit of drab-grey colour, cut in rather an old-fashioned form. His legs were defended with strong leather gaiters, which, according to an antiquarian committee, opened at the sides, and were armed by steel sabres. His countenance was more or less marked by age and service as by age, for it indicated that he had seen and suffered much. His address was singularly plodding and gentlemanlike, and the apology which he made for disturbing me at such an hour and in such a manner, was as soft and handsomely expressed, that I could not reply otherwise than by declaring my willingness to be of service to him.

"I have been a trumper to-day, sir," said he, "and I would willingly defer the little I have to say till after supper, for which I feel rather more appetite than usual."

We sat down to table, and notwithstanding the stranger's alleged appetite, as well as the gentle preparation of dinner and ale which I had already laid aside, I really believe that I of the two did the greater honour to my friend David's food and mince-mutton.

When the cloth was removed, and we had each with a tumbler of aqua, of that liquor which looks well Sherry, and grants well Linton, I perceived that the stranger seemed passive, silent, and somewhat embarrassed, as if he had something to communicate which he durst not well know how to introduce. To put the way for him, I spoke

¹ The nobleman whose books are mentioned in the text is the late Earl and Viscount Lonsdale, an intimate friend of the author. Ward Eight was a constant and privileged attendant when Lord Lonsdale held a party for spending evenings; on such occasions, eighty or a hundred old war-horses filled between Glanster and Lonsdale.

of the earliest ruins of the Monastery and of their history. But, to my great surprise, I found I had not my earth with a return. The stranger not only knew all that I could tell him, but a great deal more; and what was still more mortifying, he was able, by reference to dates, charters, and other evidence of fact, that, as Horne says, "doubtless disputed," to correct many of the vague tales, which I had adopted as true and vulgar tradition, as well as to complete more than one of my favorite theories on the subject of the old monks and their doings, which I had spent freely in all the presumption of superior information. And here I cannot but remark, that much of the stranger's arguments and deductions rested upon the authority of Mr. Dugdale's *Historie of Borthwick*,² and his *Annotations*; a professor whose distinguished research into the national records & his efforts to destroy my track, and that of all local antiquaries, by substituting truth instead of legend and romance. Alas! I wish the learned professor did but know how difficult it is for us dealers in party news of antiquity to

Pluck from our memory a root'd "legend,"
Then out the written records of our brain,
Or chance our hours of that perchance sleep—

and so forth. It would, I am sure, move his pity to think how many old days he hath set to leave new trials, how many miserable parrots he hath taught to sing a new song, how many gray heads he hath added by vain attempts to unmask their old Monachismus for his new Borthwickianus. But let it pass. Human progress comes. All changes round us, past, present, and to come; that which one history patterning human folly to-day, and the track of to-morrow is hatchet'd out a lie by to-morrow.

Finding myself like to be overpowered in the Monastery, which I had hitherto regarded as my citadel, I began, like a skilful general, to evacuate that place of defence, and fight my way through the adjacent country. I had recourse to my acquaintances with the families and antiquities of the neighbourhood, ground on which I thought I might alight at large without finding possible for the stranger to meet me with advantage. But I was mistaken.

The man in the iron-gray suit showed a much more extensive knowledge of those particulars than I had the least pretension to. He could tell the very year in which the family of Dr. Hays first

² Thomas Thomas, Esq., whose well-deserved panegyric ought to be found on another page than one written to an intimate friend of thirty years' standing.

settled on their ancient hersey.⁴ Not a Thane within reach but he bears his family and reputation, how many of his ancestors had fallen by the sword of the English, how many in domestic broil, and how many by the hand of the executioner for march-treason. Their ranks he was acquainted with from tower to foundation-stone; and as for the miscellaneous antiquities scattered about the country, he knew every one of them, from a crannach to a cairn, and could give as good an account of each as if he had lived in the time of the Danes or Danids.

I was now in the unfeigning perplexity of one who suddenly finds himself a whale when he comes to land, and nothing can lift him but to pick up as much of his conversation as I could, for the benefit of the next company. I told, indeed, Allen Ramsay's story of the Monk and Miller's Wife, in order to refresh with some honour under cover of a passing talking. Here, however, my flesh once again turned by the storm stronger.

" You are pleased to be facetious, sir," said he; " but you cannot be ignorant that the business involved you mentioned is the subject of a tale much older than that of Allen Ramsay."

I nodded, unwilling to acknowledge my ignorance, though, in fact, I knew no more what he meant than did one of my friend David's post-horses.

" I do not affect," continued my companion, " to be the carrier-pigeon published by Pickering from the National Manuscript, called the *Prayer of Berwick*, although it presents a very minute and curious picture of Scottish manners during the reign of James V.; but rather to the Italian novelist, by whom, as far as I know, the story was first printed, although unquestionably he first took his original from some ancient folio."⁵

" It is not to be decided," answered I, not very well understanding, however, the proportion to which I gave such weighty assent.

" Yet," continued my companion, " I question much, but you

⁴ The family of De Haig, rendered into Haig, of Bemersyde, is of the highest antiquity, and is the subject of one of the prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer—

Baldie, baldie, whateir baldie,
Haig shal be King of Bemersyde.

⁵ It is certain to remark all how little evidence of heretical antecedents any are content to receive at present. The same story which Romeo and Juliet have successively handed down also the subject of the modern *Love, Lie, Song or Sheep*. [John Ramsey evidently however, without acknowledgement, has借ed the Monk and Miller's Wife from the old Scottish poem entitled the *Prayer of Berwick*, usually attributed to William Dunbar.]

know my situation and position, whether you would have pitched upon this precise answer for my statement?"

"This observation he made in a tone of great gravitas; I pitched up my cap at the hint, and answered as politely as I could, that my ignorance of his condition and rank could be the only cause of my having stumbled on something disagreeable; and that I was most willing to apologize for my unintentional offence, or even as I should have offence committed."

"Nay, no offence, sir," he replied; "offence can only exist where it is taken. I have been the long accustomed to many severe and cruel misrepresentations, as the official at a popular fist, though directed at my profession."

"Am I to understand, then," I answered, "that I am speaking with a Catholic Chapman?"

"The worthy monk of the order of Saint Benedict,¹⁰ said the stranger, "belonging to a community of your own countrymen, long established in France, and scattered unhappily by the events of the Revolution."

"Then," said I, "you are a native Scotchman, and from this neighbourhood?"

"Not so," answered the monk; "I am a Scotchman by extraction only, and never was in this neighbourhood during my whole life."

"How is she neighbourhood, and yet so minutely acquainted with its history, its traditions, and even its internal history? You surprise me, sir," I replied.

"It is not surprising," he said, "that I should have that sort of local information, when it is considered, that my uncle, an excellent man, as well as a good Scotchman, the last abbot of our religious community, employed much of his leisure in making me acquainted with these particulars; and that I myself, disengaged with what has been passing around me, have for many years pursued myself, by digesting and arranging the various scraps of information which I derived from my worthy relative, and other aged members of our order."

"I presume, sir," said I, "though I could by no means determine the question, that you are now returned to Scotland with a view to settle amongst your countrymen, since the great political catastrophe of our time has reduced your corps?"

"No, sir," replied the Benedictine, "such is not my intention. A European gentleman, who still cherishes the Catholic faith, has offered me a retreat within his dominions, where a few of my scurvy

brothers are already assembled, to give up God for meetings on their pastures, and pasture to their masters. No sir, I believe, will be able to object to us, under our new establishment, that the extent of our resources will be inconsistent with our views of poverty and abstinence; but let me strive to be thankful to God, that the curse of temporal abundance is removed from us."

" Many of your servants, indeed, sir," said I, " enjoyed very abundant resources—and yet, allowing for these, I question if any were better provided for than the Mastermen of this village. It is said to have possessed nearly two thousand pounds in gold and silver, twelve children and nine bulls of wheat, fifty-six children five bulls barley, forty-four children and ten bulls oats, rye and barley, butter, salt, cheese and savings, pence and bush, wool and silk."

" Even the wealth of all these despised people, sir," said my companion, " which, though well estimated by the plain church, would only be made the establishment the envy and the prey of those by whom it was finally dissolved."

" In the meanwhile, however," I observed, " the master had an easy life of it, and at the old way goes,

— small goods lists,
the Friday when they failed."

" I understand you, sir," said the Dissident; " it is difficult with the power, to carry a full crop without spilling. Unquestionably the wealth of the community, as it exchanged the rights of the establishment by making the capability of others, was also its frequent destruction—a curse to the brothers themselves. And yet we have seen the resources of servants expanded, not only in acts of beneficence and hospitality to individuals, but in works of general and permanent advantage to the world at large. The much-failed collection of French Ministers, commenced the 21st, under the inspection and at the expense of the community of Saint-Maur,² will long show that the members of the Foundation were not always spent in self-indulgence and that the members of that order did not uniformly submit to such evil influences, when they had destroyed the formal status of their rule."

As I knew nothing earthly at the time about the community of St. Maur, and their learned fathers, I could only return a wondering

² This collection, performed under the direction of Dom. Marie Joseph de Tissé, and interrupted during the French Revolution, has since been resumed, and extends to the year 1810.)

about in this proportion. I have done over the public work in the library of a distinguished family, and I used to say I am ashamed to reflect, that, in so wealthy a country as ours, a similar class of our historians should not be translated, under the patronage of the nobility and the learned, in numbers of them which the Foundation of Paris composed of the expense of their own discontented friends.

"I perceive," said the anti-slaveryist, smiling, "that your heretical propositions are too strong to allow us poor brethren any merit, whether literary or spiritual."

"Far from it, sir;" said I; "I never yet I have been much obliged to people to say that.—When I was quartered as a drummer to *Blundell*, in the campaign of 1808, I never lived more comfortably in my life. They were good fellows, the *Blundell* Chums, and right away into I to have my good quarters, and to know that my honest host was to beat the *werry* of the *Blundell*. *Nah—Sartor in his grave!*"

The poor *Blundell* looked down and was silent. I had unwillingly vented a vein of bitter reflection, or rather I had launched unfeignedly upon a chord which always seemed to vibrated of itself. But he was too much accustomed to this unfeeling train of ideas to suffer it to distress him. On my part, I hastened to shore for my Master. "If there was any object of his journey to this country in which I could, with propriety, assist him, I begged to offer him my best services." I saw I had made little emphasis on the words "with propriety," as I felt it would ill become me, a sound Protestant, and a servant of government so far as my body-pug was concerned, to displease myself in any meeting which my companion might have undertaken in behalf of foreign subversion, or in any similar design for the subversion of *Papery*, which, whether the *Pape* be actually the old body of *Anglophiles* or no, it did not however enter in my master to advance or countenance.

My new friend hastened to release my furlation. "I was about to request your assistance, sir," he said, "in a matter which caused but fatigued you on our embassy, and a press of research. And I assure you it relates entirely to events and persons removed to the distance of two centuries and a half. I have experienced no such relief from the violent tumults of the country in which I now live, to be a rash labour in the work of investigation in that of my ancestors."

I again assured him of my willingness to assist him in anything that was not contrary to my allegiance or religion.

" My proposal," he replied, " affects neither.—May God bless the reigning family in Britain! They are not, indeed, of that dynasty in rulers which my ancestors struggled and suffered to raise; but the Providence who has conducted the present Monarch to the throne, has given him the wisdom necessary to his time—firmness and integrity—a true love of his country, and an enlightened view of the dangers by which she is surrounded.—For the religion of these realms, I am constrained to hope that the great Power, whose mysterious dispensations have sent them from the house of the church, will, in his own good time and manner, restore them to its holy pale. The efforts of an individual, sincere and honest as myself, might well retard, but could never advance, a work so mighty."

" May I then inquire, sir," said I, " with what purpose you seek this country?"

As my companion replied, he took from his pocket a shaped paper book, about the size of a regimental orderly-book; fell on it several of movements; and, drawing out of the coverlet close to him (for David, as a strong proof of his respect for the stranger, had indulged me with this), he seemed to peruse the contents very seriously.

" There is among the ruins of the eastern end of the Abbey church," said he, looking up to me, yet keeping the manuscript book half open, and occasionally glancing at it, as if to refresh his memory, " a sort of recess or Chapel beneath a broken arch, and in the immemorial vicinity of one of them ancient Gothic reliefs which once supported the magnificent roof, where fell that most memorable part of the building with the ruin."

" I think," said I, " that I have whereabouts you are. Is there not in the side wall of the Chapel, or recess, which you mention, a large carved stone, bearing a coat of arms, which no one Abberline has been able to decipher?"

" You are right," answered the Recruit; and again consulting his manuscript, he added, " the arms are the dexter side are those of Gloucestering, bearing a cross parted by a cross indented and counter-charged of the same; and on the sinister three open-roofs for those of Arundel; they are too ancient fossils, now almost extinct in this country—the arms partly yet pale."

" I think," said I, " there is no part of this ancient structure with which you are not as well acquainted as even the master who built it. But if your information be correct, he who made out these journeys must have had better eyes than mine."

"*His eyes,*" said the Benedictine, "have long been closed to death; probably when he expected the moment it was in a more perfect state, or he may have derived his information from the tradition of the place."

"I assure you," said I, "that no such tradition now exists. I have made several reconnaissances among the old people, &c., hope to have something of the crucial bearing, but I never heard of such a circumstance. It would be well that you should have ascertained it in a foreign land."

"These trifling garnitures," he replied, "were formerly handed down as more important, and they were classified by the value which retained remembrance of them, before they related to a place dedicated to memory, but which their eyes could never again behold. It is possible, in this manner, that on the *Parmae et Ampelosanth,* you may find traditions several centuries past in England, which are entirely forgotten in the neighborhood where they originated. But to my purpose. In this case, marked by the crucified bearing, the buried treasure, and at it in order to realize it that I have undertaken my present journey."

"A treasure!" echoed I, in amazement.

"Yes," replied the monk, "an inestimable treasure, for those who know how to use it rightly."

I took my sword andungle a little of the woolen treasure, and that a handsome fibery, with a west green in blue and scarlet fibery, having a small emblem on his glazed belt, around which were to glide across the room before my eyes, while a voice, or of a voice, pronounced in my ear, "Captain Chatterton's fibery—drive on." But I revisited the dowl, and he fled from me.

"I believe," said I, "all hidden treasure belongs either to the King or the Lord of the land; and as I have served his majesty, I cannot concern myself in any adventure which may have an end in the Court of St. James."

"The treasure I seek," said the stranger, smiling, "will not be secured by prince or master,—it is simply the heart of an upright man."

"Ah! I understand you," I answered; "some relic, forgotten in the confusion of the digression. I know the value which men of your persuasion put upon the bodies and limbs of saints. I have seen the Three Kings of Cologne."

"The reliques which I seek, however," said the Benedictine, "are not

proximity of that nation. The earliest relative whom I have already mentioned, caused the former Author with particular care from the traditions of his family, particularly some remarkable circumstances which took place about the first breaking out of the schism of the church in Scotland. He became so much interested in his own labours, that at length he resolved that the bones of our individual, the hero of our date, should rest no longer in a land of savagery, now deserted by all his kindred. As he knew where it was deposited, he formed the resolution to visit his native country for the purpose of recovering this valued relic. But age, and at length disease, interposed with his resolution, and it was on his deathbed that he charged me to undertake the task in his stead. The various important results which have ensued upon each other, our ruin and our exile, have for many years obliged me to postpone this delayed duty. Why, indeed, transfer the relics of a holy and worthy man to a country, where religion and virtue are become the mockery of the world? I have now a house, which I trust may be permanent, of anything in this world can be termed as. Thither will I transport the bones of the good father, and build the shrine which it shall occupy, I will consecrate my own grave."

" It would, indeed, have been an excellent man," replied I, " whose memory, at so distant a period, calls forth such strong marks of regard."

" He was, as you justly term him," said the oratorian, " indeed excellent—excellent in his life and doctrine—excellent, above all, in his self-sacrificed and disinterested energies of all that life held dear in principle and in friendship. But you shall read his history. I should be happy at once to gratify your curiosity, and to share my views of your kindred, if you will allow the permission to proceed over the means of accomplishing my object."

I replied to the Benedictine, that, as the valuable messenger which he proposed to send was no part of the ordinary burial-ground, and as I was on the best terms with the master, I had little doubt that I could procure him the means of executing his precious purpose.

With this promise we parted for the night; and on the ensuing morning I made it my business to see the master, who, for a small pecuniary, readily granted permission of search, on condition, however, that he should be present himself, to see that the stronger reasonableness of intrinsic value.

" Ye bones, and teeth, and hairs, if he can find any, he shall be

wreaths," said this question of the revised *Monetary*; "there's plenty of sheet, or his earnings of them; but if there be any gold" (meaning perhaps gold) "or silver, or the like of such British metals of gold and silver, don't let me see I can't recover all their being recovered."

The action was adjourned, that our researches should take place at night, being unwilling to excite observation, or give vent to scandal.

My own acquisitions and I spent the day as became forces of *law* antiquity. We visited every corner of those magnificent twin spires and again during the forenoon; and, having made a comfortable dinner at *Broadgate*, we walked in the afternoon to such places in the neighbourhood as ancient tradition or modern conjecture had marked outwards. Night found us in the interior of the ruins, illuminated by the action, who castled a dark feature, and stretching alternately over the graves of the dead, and the fragments of that architecture, which they doubtless treated would have escaped their keen ill-disposition.

I am by no means particularly superstitious, and yet there was that in the present scenes which I did not very much like. There was something awful in the condition of desolation, of such an hour, and in such a place, the still and mute mortality of the grave. My sensations were free from this impression—the stronger from the energetic desire to execute the purpose for which he commanded the action from judicial indifference. We stood in the aisle, which, by the account of the *Benedictine*, contained the bones of the family of *Ghent*—and were hardly employed in removing the cobweb from a corner which the stronger pointed out. If a half-deep crypt could have represented an earthly *Hades*-despair, or an *abode* of the unhappy century a ruined wreck of the world, we might have easily enough personified the arch, after Michael Scott's long and book of magic power. But the stones would have been the trap to the goblin.

* This is one of those passages which must live and endurance, when every one knows that the Novelist and the Author of the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*" is the same person. But when the author will make the reader transferred into this and another abomination against good Godly he must be impudent, when repeated, that there was something very suspicious in the Author of *Waterloo*'s research concerning Sir Walter Scott, an author sufficiently ridiculous at best. I had a good mind to remove the passage from this history, but the most natural way is to explain how they came there.

The stranger, assisted by the master of his task, had been doing at work, they came to some large stones, which seemed to have made part of a small shrine, though now displaced and destroyed.

"Let us remove these with caution, my friend," said the stranger; "let me assure that which I come to tell."

"They are prime stones," said the master, "picked for every one of them;—mark then the last road never saw the marks, for never."

A minute after he had made this observation, he exclaimed, "I have just now seen that which repels the spirit, as if it were within such our stone."

The stranger stopped rapidly to assist him.

"No, no, hold it up, up," said the master; "was father or quarter;—and he lifted from amongst the rocks a small leather bag,

"You will be disappointed, my friend," said the Benedictine, "if you expect anything there but the Considering dust of a human heart, closed in an inner case of porphyry."

I recognised as a neutral party, and taking the bag from the master, examined him, that if there were treasure concealed in it, still it could not become the property of the finder. I then proposed, that as the place was too dark to examine the contents of the human casket, we should adjourn to Bandal, where we might have the advantage of light and place while carrying on our investigation. The stranger requested me to go before, assuring me that he would follow in a few minutes.

I fancy that old Mattock expected that few minutes might be employed in effecting further discoveries around the tomb, for he glided back through a side-gate to watch the Benedictine's motions, but presently returned, and told me in a whisper, that "the gentleman was on his knees among the cold stones, praying like my saint."

I stole back, and behold the old man actually employed on Mattock had informed me. The language seemed to be Latin; and as he whispered, yet uttered aloud, while sweep through the ruined walls, I could not help reflecting how long it was since they had heard the forms of that religion, for the sounds of which they had been trained at each end of time, birth, labour, and expense. "Come away," said I; "let us leave him to himself, Mattock; this is no business of ours."

With X.

THE HISTORY OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF URGUAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY J. R. NEWELL.

17. 10. 56

16. 8. 66

" My sister, we, Cyprian," said Matilda; " I will tell you, it seems to me to bring me up to him. My father, and his wife, were a home-keepers, and used to say he was more educated than a master in his life, owing to a circumstance which gave Matilda, that said a great many a *lesson* of wisdom. But this question will be a dinner, I'm sure!"

" You are perfectly right in that, *Sister*," said I.

" Ay, I have seen two or three of their prints that were placed over their stone doorsteps of years ago. They just showed like wood when they landed on the *stone* beach, and the wood-hands, to the cherry powder ; they had in them this wild expression there like—oh, he is not stirring yet, more than he were a *thunder-storm*! I never found a *Poem*, to my hand like, but one—only by chance, he was the only one in the house to have—and that was only *Book* of the *Poet*. It would have been long ere you found such *Book* praying in the *Abbey* in a still night, and the house as a candle-stick. *Book* like a *dark* *weird* a *chimney* tell. Many a sorry play I have had of him down on the *stone* powder ; and when he stood, directly I had the candle-bowl ; but, ay I put his young and laurel, some of the powder, that was of his own unkipping personage, laid the candle-cylinder *up* the water, and turned him after their old fashion, doubtless—they dead last, I used to make *one* great charge. I wouldn't have called *Johnson*, dead or alive.—*Say*, *so*—the *stone* *poet* *is* *coming*."

" Hold the *Buster* to assist him, *Matilda*," said I.—" This is rough walking, sir."

" You," replied the *Matilda*; " I may say with a poet, who is doubtless familiar to you?—

I should be surprised if he were, thought I internally.

The stranger continued :

" Hold *Friends* to my eyes! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at *grass*!"

" We are near shore of the *channel*," said I, " and have had a short walk in *Dorothy's*, where I hope we shall find a cheerful fire to welcome us after our night's work."

We entered, accordingly, the little parlour, into which *Matilda* was also about to push herself with impudent obstinacy, when *Dorothy*, with a most astonishing smile, received her by hand and shoulder, flinging her *curtains*, that would not let *gentlemen* be privy to

^a *parlour*.

their own use. Apparently when he considered his own presence as no intruder, for he crawled up to the table on which I had laid down the *Manuscript*. It was foul and stained, as might be guessed, from having lain so many years in the ground. On opening it, we found deposited within, a mass made of paper, on the stronger had accustomed to us.

"I fancy," he said, "your curiosity will not be satisfied,—perhaps I should say that your suspicion will not be removed,—when I make this visible; yet it only contains the Considering remains of a heart, once the seat of the noblest thoughts."

We treated the box with great caution; but the dried and shrivelled substance which it contained bore now no resemblance to what it might once have been, the stench and臭味, however, were apparently unequal to preserve its shape and colour, although they were adequate to prevent its decay. We were gods privileged, understanding, that it was what the stranger intended, the remains of a human heart; and David readily promised his influence in the village, which was almost co-extensive with that of the *Abbot* himself, to silence all idle rumours. He was, moreover, pleased to favour us with his company to supper; and having taken the Abbot's share of our bottle of sherry, he not only associated with his plenary authority the stranger's removal of the heart, but, I believe, would have authorised the removal of the *Abbot* itself, were it not that it happens considerably to interfere with the publican's own views.

The object of the *Benefictor*'s visit to the land of his forefathers being now accomplished, he announced his intention of leaving us early in the morning day, but requested my company to breakfast with him before his departure. I rose accordingly, and when we had finished our morning's meal, the guest took out a pocket, and pulling from his pocket a large bundle of papers, he put them into my hands. "These," said he, "Captain *Gattington*, are genuine Manuscripts of the sixteenth century, and exhibit in a singular, and, as I think, an interesting point of view, the manners of that period. I am induced to believe that their publication will not be an unacceptable present to the British public; and willingly make over to you any profit that may accrue from such a transaction."

I stared a little at this communication, and observed, that the hand seemed too modern for the date he assigned to the manuscript.

"Do not mistake me, sir," said the *Benefictor*; "I did not mean to say the *Manuscript* were written in the sixteenth century, but

only that they were compiled from authentic materials of that period, but written in the taste and language of the present day. My work commanded this book; and I, justify in improving my fault of English composition, partly its direct authorship. It might, however, have been with cautioning and concluding it. You will see the period of the story where my uncle breaks off his narrative, and I commence mine. In fact, this relate is a good measure to different persons, as well as to a different period."

"Retaining the papers in my hand, I proceeded to write to him my doubts, whether, as a good Protestant, I could undertake or represent such a publication written probably in the spirit of Papacy.

"You will find," he said, "no writer of repute in those sheets, nor any authorities cited, with which, I trust, the good for all purposes will not be willing to join. I remembered I was writing for a head unhappily divided from the Catholic faith; and I have before me to say nothing which, justly interpreted, could give ground for suspecting me of partiality. But if, upon collecting my narrative with the people to which I refer you—for you will find copies of many of the original papers in that parcel—you are of opinion that I have been partial to my own faith, I freely give you leave to correct my errors in that respect. I note, however, I can not conceive of this danger, and less rather to fear that the Catholic may be of opinion, that I have irrational demonstrations respecting the theory of discipline which popular, and partly erroneous, the great schism, called by you the Reformation, over which I might be here drawn a tail. And indeed, this is one reason why I choose the papers should appear in a foreign land, and pass to the press through the hands of a stranger."

To this I had nothing to reply, unless to object my own timidity to the task the good father was anxious to impose upon me. On this subject he was pleased to say more, I fear, than his knowledge of me fully warranted—more, at any rate, than my modesty will permit me to record. At length he ended, with advising me, if I continued to feel the difficulty which I stated, to apply to some master of literature, whose experience might supply my deficiencies. Upon these terms we parted, with mutual expressions of regard, and I have never since heard of him.

After several attempts to pierce the gates of paper that singularly confined me, in which I was interrupted by the usual insuperable fit of pausing, I at length, in a sort of despair, communicated them

to our village died, from whom they found a more favourable reception than the voluntary confirmation of my master had been able to effect there. They unconsciously possessed the work to be exceedingly good, and assured me I would be guilty of the greatest possible injury to our flourishing village, if I should suggest what there will be an interesting and radical light upon the history of the ancient Monastery of Saint Mary.

All thought, by dint of listening to their opinion, I became dubious of my own; and, indeed, when I heard passage read forth by the unanimous voice of our worthy pastor, I was scarce more tried than I have felt myself at times of his own sermons. Such and so great is the difference between reading a thing over and over, making full use every through all the difficulties of manuscript, and, on the mere spur of the gush, "having the same read to you;"—it is positively like being walked over a rock in a boat, or walking through it on your feet, with the end up to your toes. Still, however, there remained the great difficulty of finding some one who could not be either, converted at once of the point and of the language, which, according to the subscriber, was absolutely necessary.

What the two walked forth to choose themselves a King, never was an hour so beautiful spent. The person would not from the point of his abiding-career—the bulletin printed the dignity of his situation, and the approach of the great annual fair, as reasons against going to Edinburgh to make arrangements for printing the Benedictine's manuscript. The subscriber alone seemed of available stuff; and, without perhaps of consulting the force of Edinburgh Christians, uttered a wish to undertake this enormous commission. But a remonstrance from three aged persons, whose pens he had at his disposal, and adorning, for twenty pounds per annum apiece, came like a frost over the blondest of his literary ambition, and he was compelled to decline the service.

In these circumstances, sir, I apply to you, by the advice of our little council of war, nothing doubting you will not be disposed to take the duty upon you, as it is much associated with that in which you have distinguished yourself. What I repeat is, that you will revise, or rather refine and correct, the original MS., and prepare it for the press, by such alterations, additions, and embellishments, as you think necessary. Permit me further to you, that the deposit will not be substantial,—the last copy of *grounders*, as our old general of brigades expressed himself, may be used up. A few lines may do you no harm; and, for the price-taking, let the battle be

first was, and it shall be part of the discussion. I hope you will tell nothing worse than I have said. I am a plain soldier, and little accustomed to compliments. I may add, that I should be well contented to march in the front with you—that is, to put my nose with yours on the flagstaff. I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your valenceable Servt,
GEORGE CLARKE.

YELLSOME HOSPITAL,

— of April, 18—

For the Author of "Waterley," also
name of Mr. John Ballantine,
Hanover Arms, Edinburgh.

ANSWER

BY THE "LADY OF FAIRFIELD," TO THE FOLLOWING
LETTER FROM CAPTAIN CHATERHOUSE.



DEAR CAPTAIN.—Do not abhor, then, notwithstanding the distance and obscurity of your address, I return an answer in the terms of *friendship*. The track to your origin and native country are better known to me than any in yourself. You derive your respectable parentage, if I am not greatly mistaken, from a land which has enjoyed much pleasure, as well as profit, & those who have traveled to it successfully.—I know that part of the term, *longitude*, which is called the province of Virginia. Its productions, though measured by many good men who are too well informed without scruple, as title and unsubstantial banners, have nevertheless, like many other banners, a general acceptance, and are severely enjoyed even by those who express the greatest execrations of them in public. The slaveholder is often the first to be stoned at the small of spirit—it is not unusual to hear old white ladies declaim against slavery—the private histories of our government men would not break down upon such usage, I say not of the white and learned, but of those most vicious in soul and body, when the spring-tide of their history is driven, their voices are puffed over their own, their feet fastened unto their rockey steppes, are to be found, even their nostrils suddenly dilated open, breath engorged with the last word used,

I have said, the truly wise and learned distinct these signs, and will open the cold mind as smoothly as they would the fist of their neighbor. I will only quote one instance, though I have a dozen; Did you know the celebrated W^m of Birmingham, Captain Chaterhouse? I believe not, though, from what I am about to state, he would not have failed to have sought an acquaintance with you. It was only over my fortune to meet him, whether in body or spirit it matters not. There were concealed about Antislavery of our Northern Lights, who had amongst them, Human documents, a well-known character of your country, Jewish Christians. This worthy

power, having come to Edinburgh during the Christmas vacation, had become a sort of lion in the place, and was full the talk from house to house along with the general, the class-teacher, and other announcements of the news, which " exhibited their supernal gifts to greater display,¹ if required." Against this company stood Mr. Watt, the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our national resources to a degree perhaps even beyond his own stupendous power of calculation and combination; bringing the treasures of the Alps to the mouth of the north—giving the field-arm of men the momentum of an Africa—conquering man's fate to arise, on the rod of the prophet profound water in the desert—affording the means of dispelling with that line and tide which used for so many, and of casting abroad that mind which defied the commands and threats of Nature herself.² This potent conqueror of the elements—the almighty of time and space—this magician, whom deadly machinery has produced a change on the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only now beginning to be felt—was not only the most profound man of science, the most successful controller of power and conductor of thought as adapted to practical progress,—was not only one of the most generally well-informed,—but one of the best and kindest of human beings.

There is still, represented by the fifth hand I have mentioned of Northern Africa, man not less tenacious, generally speaking, of their own fancies and their own opinions, than the national regiments are supposed to be jealous of the high character which they have won upon service. Much like I put on and don what I don't wear no or don't again. In his eightieth year, the silent, kind, benevolent old man, had his attention often to every man's question, his information of every man's concern.

His talents and fancy manifested in every subject. One question was a deep philologist,—he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet as if he had been born with Ulysses; another, a celebrated critic,—you would have said the old man had visited political economy and delineation all his life,—of science it is unnecessary to speak, it was his own distinguished walk. And yet, Captain Chatterton, when he spoke with poor countryman Felicia Chatter-

¹ Display the ingenious when others to the national stage:

The King said not,
Nor the Queen said no.

Our author—Peter is also a heretic—represents this whole passage refers to Mr. Watt's improvements in the steam-engine.—See my *British Chatterton*.

bottom, you would have been by that been mixed with Cheshire and Derby, with the persecutors and persecuted, and could neither carry out the designs he had fixed at the fugitive Convention. In fact, we discovered that no work of the least robbery escaped his personal, and that the gifted men of science were as much subjected to the productions of your native country (the land of *Utopia schamalii*) in other words, as absolute and abominable a power of men, as if he had been a very milliner's apprentice of eighteen. I have little apology for troubling you with that blight, excepting the desire to communicate a delightful evening, and a wish to encourage you to shake off that mortal sickness which makes you afraid of being supposed connected with the fairy-land of dutchian fiction. I will repeat your tag of ours, from Horace himself, with a pamphlet for your own use, my dear Captain, and for that of your countrymen, excepting its recurrence the obsequious and obfuscating:—

Si aut modis tibi non placet, etc.
 Prole tamen et non,
 O'fatuca dico,
 Prole sicutum tamen et non;
 Old Phœbus's theme
 Was but a dream,
 Minerva's better him.

Having told you your country, I must now, my dear Captain Chatterton, make free to mention your own immediate descent. You are not to suppose your land of prodigies so little laurel. As far as the surgical circumstance of your origin would seem to supply. But you know it in common with many of your countrymen, studiously and maliciously to hide any connection with it. There is this difference, indeed, between your countrymen and those of our more material world, that many of the most estimable of them, such as an old Highland gentleman called Oxen, a monk of Bristol called Newbigg, and others, are inclined to put themselves off as denizens of the land of reality, whereas most of our fellow-citizens who drag their countrymen and us that country would be very willing to disclose. The principal circumstance you would relish relating to your life and services, depends not upon me. We know the remissibility of the translational species to which you belong permits them to assume all manner of disguises; we have seen them apparelled in the raiment of a Peasant, and the other raiment of a Chinese,* and are prepared to suspect their real character under every disguise. But however we be ignorant of

* See the Previous Letter, and the Cyclopedia of the World.

your country and interests, or derived by the creation of its qualities, etc., when the types of discovery which have been made to it relate to number those recorded by Purchaser or by Blackboy?" And to show the skill and perseverance of your navigators and travellers, we have only to name Hindoo, Abenham, and Arkansas Rivers. These were the seas for discoveries. Could we have had Captain Cookland to dash out for the north-west passage, or Peter Williams to examine Dugald's Bay, when discoveries might not have expected? But there are faults, and these both amateurish and extraordinary, performed by the inhabitants of your country, which we read without even attempting to consider.

I wonder from my purpose, which was to excuse you, that I know you as well as the author who did not know you, for Hindoo's personality sticks to your whole race. You are not born of women, unless, indeed, in the figurative sense, in which the celebrated Maria Edgeworth says, in her sketch of Miss Mannion, the beloved mother of the famous family in Regent. You belong, sir, to the Editors of the *Land of Utopia*, a sort of persons for whom I have the highest esteem. How is it possible it should be otherwise, when you review among your co-operation the says Old Honest Boucquet, the short-faced president of the Spectator's Club, poor Ben Sitter, and many others, who have acted as postmen-delivers to us all which have clung on horseback, and called wings to our lighted houses?

What I have remained so particular in relation of the place in which I venture to address you, is the happy combination of fortuitous circumstances which usually put you in possession of the books which you have the pleasure to bring into public notice. One falls on the seashore, and a most easy as hand a small cylindrical trunk or basket, containing a manuscript much damaged with moisture, which is with difficulty deciphered, and so forth.¹ Another slips into a chamber's shop, to purchase a pound of butter, and, behold! the waste-paper on which it is laid is the manuscript of a volumist.² A third is as fortunate as to obtain from a woman who lets lodgings, the various contents of an antique bureau, the property of a deceased lady.³ All these are certainly possible occurrences; but, I do not know, Sir, whether easier to any Editors than those of your country. At least I can assure for myself, that in my solitary walks by the sea, I never saw (and where anything but shells and bright, and new sand thus a deceased ship); my familiarity never presented me

¹ See the Project Imaginatia,
A. Adventure of a Curious.

² See the History of Antiquities
A. Adventure of an Artist.

with any manuscript since her sacred hill; and the most interesting of my discoveries is the way of manuscript, was finding a fragment passage of one of my own novels swept away out of my sight. No, Captain, the finds from which I have drawn my power of inventing the griffins, have been brought otherwise than by fortuitous discoveries. I have derived myself to libraries to extract from the reservoirs of ancient days not treasure of my own. I have turned over volumes, which, from the pathology I was obliged to decipher, might have been the embryotic manuscripts of *Cleopatra Agrippa*, although I never saw "the door open and the devil come in."¹⁴ Not all the domestic inhabitants of the libraries were disturbed by the reverberations of my studies;—

*From my research she hideth spider webs,
And rocks, rattling, trembled as I read.*

From this learned apothecary I emerged like the Magician in the Persian Tales from his laboratory's residence in the mountains, and file him to see over the lands of the continents, but to struggle in the crowd, and to elbow amongst the throng, working my way from the highest society to the lowest, undergoing the viciss, or, what is harder to bear, the paternimous consideration of the wise, and enduring the vulgar familiarity of the other,—and all, you will say, for what?—to collect materials for one of those manuscripts with which men dream so often accommodates your imagination; in other words, to write a successful novel;—¹⁵ O Atheneans, how hard we labour to deserve your graces!

I might stop here, my dear Chatterbox; it would have a touching effect, and the air of proper deference to our dear Public. But I will not be false with you—though falsehood becomes the observation—the current rule of your country), the truth is, I have studied and labored for the purpose of gratifying my own curiosity, and passing my own time; and though the results have been, that, in one shape or other, I have been frequently before the Public, perhaps more frequently than presence warranted, yet I cannot claim from them the favor due to those who have dedicated their time and leisure to the improvement and entertainment of others.

Having communicated thus freely with you, my dear Captain, I believe, of course, that I will graciously accept of your communication, which, as your Constitution demands, divides itself both by subject, manner, and age, into two parts. But I am sorry I cannot

¹⁴ See Dorothy's Ballad on the Young Man who went to a Gorgon's Dishes.

gratify your literary ambition, by suffering your name to appear upon the title-page; and I will cordially tell you the reason.

The *Rolans* of your country are of such a soft and passive disposition, that they have frequently done themselves great disgrace by giving up the confessors who first brought them into public notice and public favour, and suffering their names to be used by those quacks and impudent who live upon the backs of others. Thus I chance to tell how the sage Old Honest Monkgull was induced by our *Jean Chateaubriand* to give the Turk with the impudent Miguel the water, and to publish a Second Part of the adventures of his three renowned *Dan Quixotes*, without the knowledge or co-operation of his principal author. It is true, the dubious sage referred to his confession, and therewith composed a genuine continuation of the *Knight of La Mancha*, in which the wild *Chateaubriand* of Turkistan is severely chastised. But in this your *providence* would the jester's disciplined eye, to which the old *Centaur* Alphonse de L., "If you have *Judas* in your hand, you can make him bite me; if I have *Judas* in my hand, I can make him bite you," had, notwithstanding the amiable honestable that made by Old Honest Monkgull, his temporary deposition. Did not the last occasion the death of the impudent *Widow Dan Quixote*, if he can be said to die when memory is banished. *Cernantes* put him to death, but he should again fill the bad roads. *Anglo*, yet just consciousness of Old Honest's deposition!

To quote a mere reader, and much too important instance. I am sorry to shew my old acquaintance *Petofiak Chatterton* has established himself as far as to drop his original patron, and set up for himself. I am afraid the poor pedagogue will easily drift by his new allies, evading the pleasure of advertising the publick, and, for ought I know, the pretences of the long robe, with suspicion about his identity.⁶ Observe, therefore, Captain Chatterton, that with these great examples, I render you at a party, but a slippery partner truly,

⁶ I am since more openly informed, that Mr. Chatterton did once make some allusion to *Chatterton*, and that the person assuming his name is no imposter. The real *Chatterton* made a most brilliant and witty poet; and, as I am credibly informed, having died for a Conservative oligarch who layman (as we call him) was so fortunate as to contrive the good man, that, after all, he had no wish to bring down on the unfeigned remorse of *Chatterton* later, "the hammer of *Benny Donisthorpe*." That the speculator in print and paper will not allow a good man to rest quiet in his grave.

This note, and the passage in the text, were suggested by a London bookseller having published, as a speculation, an additional edition of the *Wife of Mr. Landlub*, which was and is fortunate to be carried in passing the world as genuine.

As I give you no title to employ or use the form of the signature we are obliged to form, I will enclose my property in my Autograph, and put my name under it in my own character, which the attorney tells me it will be a crime to counterfeite, so much as I would to indicate the autograph of any other empiric—when manufacturing, or advertising upon little cards suited to me, to nothing short of *falsity*. If, therefore, my dear friend, your name should hereafter appear in any Autograph without mine, readers will have what to think of you. It seems to me either *ignorance* or *treachery*; but you cannot but be sensible, that, as you owe your literary existence to me on the one hand, or, on the other, your very all is at my disposal. I can as pleasure cut off your *continuity*, strike your name from the half-penny establishment, now, actually put you to death, without being answerable to any man. These are plain words to a gentleman who has served during the whole war; but I can assure, you will take nothing amiss of my threats.

And now, my good sir, let me address ourselves to our task, and arrange, as we best can, the manuscript of your *Scandalist*, so as to suit the taste of this critical age. You will find I have made very liberal use of his permission, to alter whatever seemed too favourable to the Church of Rome, which I abominate, were it but for her *foots* and *passions*.

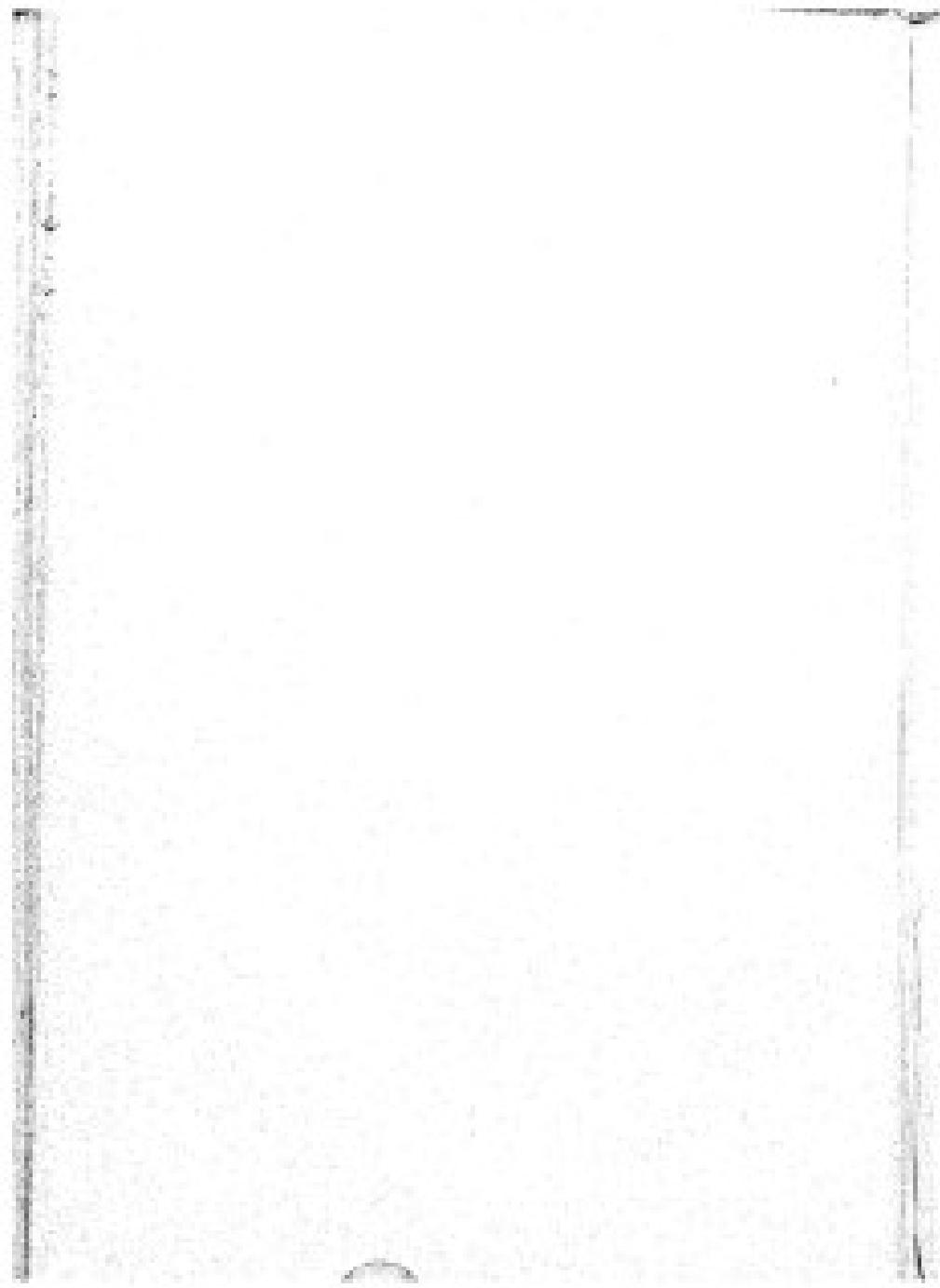
Our master is *doublet* together, and we meet now, with John Banbury,

We bore his long detested bane in the porch,
And kept him from the council with a torch.

Adieu, therefore, my dear Captain—resuming our respectsfully to the present, the administrator and the books, and all friends of the happy club in the village of *Kensington*. I have never seen, and never shall see, one of their *faces*; and notwithstanding, I believe that no *gen* I am better acquainted with than any other man who lives. —I shall soon introduce you to my *jewell* friend, Mr. John Ballantyne of Trinity Green, whom you will find wear from his match at *Wingfield* with a brother Publisher.⁴ *Peace* is *still* different! It is a *wretched* trade, and the Irritable green comprehends the book-binding as well as the book-writing species.—*Dear* *more* *alive!*

THE ADVICE OF WALTERS.

⁴ In consequence of the *peculiar* tales of my *London* printed in *London*, as already mentioned, the late Mr. John Ballantyne, the Author's publisher, had a quarreling with the interfering *Metropolit*, such insisting that his *Jewell* *Quicksilver* was the *real* *Silence* *Poem*,



THE MONASTERY.

(1852.)



They ! the Monks, the Monks, they did the mischief!
They all the grasses, all the heathbushes,
Did a most gross and impudentious sign—
May He be praised that sent the toothful temper
And water'd all their posthumous vapours !
But had we never them all to yester-morn,
Threw on the seven hills with her cup of gold,
I will no more before, with blood Sir Roger,
West and West White took wing with me and bennetts,
And ruined the last night's chamber. *THE PLATE.*

The village described in the Benedictine's manuscript, by the name of Kenseghair, bears the same Celtic termination which occurs in Tuanphair, Capphair, and other compounds. The learned Chalmers derives this word Caphair, from the winding course of a stream; a definition which coincides, in a remarkable degree, with the serpentine turns of the river Tweed near the village of which we speak. It has been long famous for the splendid Monastery of Saint Mary, founded by David the First of Scotland, in whose reign were formed, in the same county, the no less splendid establishments of Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso. The donations of land with which the King endowed

these wealthy fraternities preserved him from the Moschian historian the epithet of Slaught, and from one of his impudent descendants the sanguineous charge, "that he had been a son-saint for the Crown."²

It seems probable, notwithstanding, that David, who was a man as well as a pious monarch, was not moved solely by religious motives to those great acts of漫annexation to the church, but secured political views to his pious generosity. His possessions in Northumberland and Cumbria became possessions after the loss of the Battle of the Standard; and since the comparatively fertile valley of Teviotdale was likely to become the frontier of his kingdom, it is probable he wished to secure at least a part of these valuable possessions by placing them in the hands of the monks, whose property was for a long time respected, even amidst the rage of a frontier war. In this manner alone had the King such chance of ensuring protection and security to the cultivation of the soil; and, in fact, for several ages the possessions of these Abbeys were such a sort of Quaker, enjoying the calm light of peace and tranquillity, while the rest of the country, occupied by wild clans and marauding barons, was one dark scene of confusion, blood, and tumultuous outrage.

But these invasions did not continue down to the union of the crowns. Long before that period the wars between England and Scotland had lost their original character of international hostility, and had become as the part of the English a struggle for subjugation, as that of the Scots a desperate and infatuated defense of their liberty. This introduced on both sides a degree of fury and malice unknown to the earlier period of their history; and as religious scruples now gave way to rational hatred spurred by a love of plunder, the piety of the Church was no longer sacred. Monasteries on either side still, however, the tenants and ransoms of the great Abbeys had many advantages over those of the lay barons, who were harassed by constant military-duty, until they became desperate, and lost all relish for the acts of peace. The vessels of the

² [This saying in regard to King David's liberality in building and endowing religious houses in Scotland, as used by his successor James the First, is preserved in the old Scottish Chronicle, and repeated by Sir David Lyndsay in his Dialogue on the Monasteries, as well as in the Judges on the Priors Statute.]

Church, on the other hand, were only liable to be called to arms on general occasions, and at other times were permitted to comparative quiet to pursue their farms and flocks." They of course exhibited superior skill in everything that related to the cultivation of the soil, and were therefore both wealthier and better informed than the military retainers of the nobles still and nobles in their neighbourhood.

The residence of these church vessels was usually in a small village or hamlet, where, for the sake of mutual aid and protection, some thirty or forty families dwelt together. This was called the Town, and the land belonging to the various families by whom the Town was inhabited, was called the Township. They usually possessed the land in common, though in various proportions, according to their several grants. The part of the Township properly arable, and kept in each constantly under the plough, was called *out-field*. Here the use of quantities of manure supplied in some degree the exhaustion of the soil, and the flocks rated tolerable carts and bone,[†] usually sowed in alternate ridges, on which the labour of the whole community was bestowed without distinction, the produce being divided after harvest, agreeably to their respective interests.

There was, besides, unfertilized land, from which it was thought possible to extract a crop now and then, after which it was abandoned to the "silky influences," until the exhausted power of vegetation was restored. These out-field spots were selected by any Farmer at his own choice, amongst the sheep-walks and hills which were always annexed to the Township, to serve as pasture to the community. The trouble of cultivating these patches of out-field, and the premium charge that the crop would pay the labour, were considered as giving a right to any farmer, who chose to undertake the adventure, to the produce which might result from it.

There remained the pasturage of extensive areas, where the valleys often afforded good grass, and upon which the whole cattle belonging to the community fed indiscriminately during

[†] Small portions conferred upon vessels and their heirs, held for a small quantum, or a moderate proportion of the pasture. This was a favorite name, by which the shepherds peopled the pasture of their masters; and many descendants of such flocks, as they are called, are still to be found in possession of their family inheritance in the neighbourhood of the great Monasteries of Ireland.

† Or *bags*, a kind of coarse basket.

the summer, under the charge of the Town-head, who regularly drove them out to pasture in the morning, and brought them back at night, without which precaution they would have fallen a speedy prey to some of the Sandhogs in the neighbourhood. These are things to make modern agriculturists hold up their hands and stare; but the same mode of cultivation is not yet entirely disused in some distant parts of North Britain, and may be witnessed to full times and exercise in the Scottish Archipelago.

The habitations of the sheard-saxons were not less primitive than their agriculture. In each village or town were several small towers, having battlements projecting over the side walls, and usually an advanced angle or two with port-holes for flanking the draw-way, which was always defended by a strong door of oak, studded with nails, and often by an exterior grating door of iron. These small pent-houses were exclusively inhabited by the principal family and their families; but, upon the alarm of approaching danger, the whole inhabitants thronged from their own miserable cottages, which were situated around, to garrison those points of defense. It was then no easy matter for a hostile party to penetrate into the village, for the men were habited to the use of bows and firearms, and the towns being generally so placed, that the discharge from one creased that of another, it was impossible to assault any of them individually.

The interior of these houses was usually sufficiently wretched, for it would have been folly to have furnished them in a manner which could excite the sneers of their lawless neighbours. Yet the families themselves exhibited in their appearance a degree of comfort, information, and independence, which could hardly have been expected. Their husband supplied them with bread and home-kneaded ale, their herbs and stocks with beef and mutton (the extravagance of killing lambs or calves was never thought of). Each family killed a mact, or fat bullock, in November, which was salted up for winter use, to which the geeseflocks could, upon great occasion, add a dish of pigeons, or a fat capon—the ill-cultivated gardens afforded “lang-rode”—and the river gave salmon to serve as a relish during the season of Lent.

Of fuel they had plenty, for the bogs afforded turf; and the remains of the abated woods enabled to give them logs for

bending, as well as shelter for the usual domestic purposes. In addition to these comforts the Goodman would now and then sail forth to the greensward, and mark down a batch of swans with his gun or his cross-bow; and the Father Confessor would refuse him absolution for the trespass, if duly invited to take his share of the shooting honour. Some, still bolder, made, either with their own domestics, or by associating themselves with the game-keepers, in the language of sheep-shears, "a start and overtake," and the golden ornaments and silver head-gear worn by the females of one or two families of note, were furiously traced by their neighbours to such successful excursions. This, however, was a more inexplicable crime in the eyes of the Abbot and Community of Saint Mary's, than the borrowing one of the "gude king's deer;" and they failed not to circumstanced and punish, by every means in their power, offences which were sure to lead to severe retaliation upon the property of the church, and which tended to alter the character of their peaceful village.

As for the information possessed by these dependants of the Abbess, they might have been truly said to be better fed than taught, even though their fare had been worse than it was. Still, however, they enjoyed opportunities of knowledge from which others were excluded. The monks were in general well acquainted with their vessels and tools, and familiar in the families of the better class among them, where they were sure to be received with the respect due to their twofold character of spiritual father and secular landlord. Thus it often happened, when a boy displayed talents and inclination for study, one of the brothers, with a view to his being bred to the church, or out of good-eatire, in order to pass away his own idle time, if he had no better master, initiated him into the mysteries of reading and writing, and imparted to him such other knowledge as he himself possessed. And the heads of those allied families, having more time for reflection, and more skill, as well as stronger motives for improving their small properties, bore amongst their neighbours the character of shrewd, intelligent men, who claimed respect on account of their comparative wealth, even while they were despised for a low warlike and enterprising turn than the other Barons. They lived in much as they well could amongst themselves, avoiding the company of others, and dreading nothing more

than to be inspired by the deadly feuds and ceaseless contentions of the smaller landholders.

Such is a general picture of these manazaries. During the fatal wars in the commencement of Queen Mary's reign, they had suffered dreadfully by the hostile invasions. For the English, now a Protestant people, were as far from sparing the church-lands, than they spared them with more unmerciful severity than even the possessors of the laity. But the peace of 1558 had restored some degree of tranquillity to those distracted and harassed regions, and mirth began again gradually to settle upon the former footing. The masters repaired their ruined abodes—the floor again roodled his small hearthstone which the enemy had raised—the poor labourer rebuilt his cottage—an easy task, where a few rods, stones, and some pieces of wood from the next copse, furnished all the materials necessary. The cattle, hitherto, were driven out of the wastes and thickets in which the remnant of them had been scattered; and the mighty bull moved at the head of his scruples and their followers, to take possession of their wasted pasture. There ensued peace and quiet, the state of the age and nation considered, to the Monastery of Saint Mary, and its dependencies, for several tranquil years,

CHAPTER SECOND.

In you have seen his early youth was bred,
Not military then—the high-born
Or bold. Above often roared his whistling,
From where the brook joins the majestic river,
To the wild northern bog, the master's haunt,
Where comes forth his first and boldie stream.

OUR PLATE.

We have said, that most of the farmers dwelt in the villages belonging to their townships. This was not, however, universally the case. A lonely tower, to which the reader must now be introduced, was at least one exception to the general rule.

It was of small dimensions, yet larger than those which occurred in the village, as intimating that, in case of assault,

the proprietor would have to rely upon his own unassisted strength. Two or three miserable huts, at the foot of the fountain, held the banditti and tramps of the glen. The site was a beautiful grass knoll, which started up suddenly in the very throat of a wild and narrow glen, and which, being surrounded, except on one side, by the winding of a small stream, afforded a position of considerable strength.

But the great security of Glendalough, for so the place was called, lay in its seclusion, and almost hidden situation. To reach the tower it was necessary to travel three miles up the glen, crossing about twenty times the Harte stream, which, winding through the narrow valley, encountered at every hundred yards the opposition of a rock or precipitous bank on the one side, which altered its course, and caused it to shoot off in an oblique direction to the other. The hills which stood on each side of this glen are very steep, and rise boldly over the stream, which is thus imprisoned within their barriers. The sides of the glen are impenetrable for horses, and are only to be crossed by means of the sheep-paths which lie along their sides. It would not be readily supposed that a road so hopeless and so difficult could lead to any habitation more important than the success sheeling of a shepherd.

Yet the glen, though lonely, nearly inaccessible, and sterile, was not then absolutely void of beauty. The turf which covered the small portion of level ground on the sides of the stream, was as close and verdant as if it had occupied the scythe of a hundred gardeners once a fortnight; and it was garnished with an embroidery of daisies and wild flowers, which the scythe would certainly have destroyed. The little brook, now confined between close banks, now left at large to choose its course through the narrow valley, dashed merrily on from stream to pool, light and watery, as that better class of spirits who pass their way through life, yielding to innumerable obstacles, but as far from being subdued by them as the sailor who meets by chance with an unfavourable wind, and shapes his course so as to be driven back as little as possible.

The mountains, as they would have been called in England, seemed the steep base, nose abruptly over the little glen, bare presenting the grey face of a rock, from which the turf had been peeled by the tempests, and these displaying patches of wood.

and vapour, which had escaped the maws of the cattle and the sheep of the flocks, and which, gathering naturally up the beds of empty torrents, or occupying the concave surfaces of the land, gave at once beauty and variety to the landscape. Above these scattered woods rose the hill, in burns, bat purple majesty ; the dark rich loam, particularly in autumn, contrasting beautifully with the thickets of oak and birch, the mountain ash and thorn, the alders and quivering aspens, which decorated and variegated the descent, and not less with the dark-green and velvet turf, which composed the level part of the narrow glen.

Yet, though thus embellished, the scene could neither be strictly termed sublime nor beautiful, and scarcely even pictoresque or striking. But its extreme solitude pressed on the heart ; the traveller felt that uncertainty whether he was going, or in what a wild a path was to terminate, which, at times, strikes more on the imagination than the grand features of a show scene, when you know the exact distance of the inn, where your dinner is bespoke, and at the moment preparing. These are ideas, however, of a far later age ; for at the time we lived in, the pictoresque, the beautiful, the sublime, and all their intermediate shades, were then absolutely unknown to the inhabitants and occasional visitors of Glendalough.

These had, however, attached to the name feelings fitting the time. Its name, signifying the Bed Valley, seems to have been derived, not only from the purple colour of the loam, with which the upper part of the rising banks was profusely clothed, but also from the dark red colour of the rocks, and of the precipitous northern banks, which in that country are called *moors*. Another glen, about the head of Ettrick, has acquired the same name from similar circumstances ; and there are probably more in Scotland to which it has been given.

As our Glendalough did not abhor in mortal visitants, superstition, that it might not be absolutely destitute of inhabitants, had peopled its recesses with beings belonging to another world. The *mangie* and *apparitions*, *Breen Mea of the Moors*, a being which assumes the gigantic descendant of the northern dwarfs, was supposed to be seen there frequently, especially after the autumnal equinox, when the fogs were thick, and objects not easily distinguished. The Scottish fairies, too, a whimsical, irritable, and mischievous tribe, who, though at times exceedingly benevolent, were more frequently adverse to mortals,

were also supposed to have formed a residence in a particularly wild recess of the glen, of which the real name was, in allusion to such circumstance, *Cerris an Shas*, which, in corrupted Celtic, signifies the Hollow of the Pheasants. But the neighbours were more cautious in speaking about this place, and avoided giving it a name, from an idea common then throughout all the British and Celtic provinces of Scotland, and still retained in many places, that to speak either good or ill of this supicious race of imaginary beings is to provoke their resentment, and that misery and gloom is what they shirkly desire from those who may intrude upon their revels, or discover their haunts.

A mysterious tower was thus attached to the dale, which afforded access from the broad valley of the Tweed, up the little glen we have described, to the fortress called the Tower of Glendevon. Beyond the knoll where, as we have said, the tower was situated, the hills grew more steep, and narrowed on the slender brook, so as scarce to leave a footpath; and there the glen terminated in a wild waterfall, where a slender thread of water dashed in a precipitous line of foam over two or three precipices. Yet farther in the same direction, and above these successive cataracts, lay a wild and extensive morass, frequented only by waterfowl, wild, waste, apparently almost interminable, and serving in a great measure to separate the inhabitants of the glen from those who lived to the northward.

To retreat and insatiable mass-trappers, indeed, these marshes were well known, and sometimes afforded a retreat. They often rode down the glen—called at this tower—asked and received hospitality—but still with a sort of reserve on the part of its more peaceful inhabitants, who contrived them as a party of North-American Indians might be received by a new European settler, as much out of fear as hospitality, while the apprehension with of the landlord in the speedy departure of the savage guests.

This had not always been the current of feeling in the little valley and its tower. Since Glendevon, its former inhabitant, boasted his connection by blood to that ancient family of Glendevons, on the western border. He used to narrate at his fireside, in the autumn evenings, the doings of the family to which he belonged, one of whom fell by the side of the brave Earl of Douglas at Otterburne. On these occasions Sir John

usually held upon his bier as ancient bannermen, which had belonged to his ancestors before any of the family had consented to accept a fief under the peaceful donation of the Monks of Saint Mary's. In modern days Simon might have lived at ease on his own estates, and quietly measured against the fate that had doomed him to drift there, and cut off his access to martial renown. But on many opportunities, say, as many odds there were for him, who in those days spoke big, to make good his words by his actions, that Simon Glendinning was soon under the necessity of marching with the men of the Highlands, as it was called, of Saint Mary's, in that disastrous campaign which was concluded by the battle of Flodden.

The Catholic clergy were deeply interested in that national quarrel, the principal object of which was to prevent the union of the Infanta Queen Mary with the son of the heretical Henry VIII. The Monks had called out their retainers under an experienced leader. Many of themselves had taken arms, and marched to the field, under a banner representing a female, supposed to personify the Scottish Church, kneeling in the attitude of prayer, with the legend, *Afflita Spes et afflita cura*.^{*}

The Scots, however, in all their wars had more concern for good and cautious generals than for exultation, whether political or enthusiastic. Their hasty and impetuous courage uniformly induced them to rush into action without duly weighing either their own situation or that of their enemies, and the inevitable consequence was frequent defeat. With the dolorous slaughter of Flodden we have nothing to do, excepting that, among the thousand men of low and high degree, Simon Glendinning, of the Tower of Glendour 'lit the dust, as way disengaging to his death that ancient sun from which he claimed his descent.'

When the dolorous news, which spread terror and mourning through the whole of Scotland, reached the Tower of Glendour, the widow of Simon, Elizabeth Boylston by her family name, was alone in that desolate habitation, excepting a maid or two, stills past mortal and agricultural labour, and the helpless widows and families of those who had fallen with their master. The feeling of desolation was universal;—but what qualified it! The monks, their patrons and protectors, were driven from their abbey by the English forces, who now roamed the country, and

^{*} Propt sit et afflita spes.

refused at least an appearance of submission on the part of the inhabitants. The Protector however formed a strong camp among the ruins of the ancient Castle of Roxburgh, and compelled the neighbouring country to come in, pay tribute, and take assurance from him, as the phrase then went. Indeed, there was no power of resistance remaining; and the few barons whose high spirit dictated even the appearance of armament could only retreat into the wildest fastnesses of the country, leaving their houses and property to the wrath of the English, who detested parties everywhere to distress, by military exaction, those whose chiefs had not made their submission. The Abbot and his community having retreated beyond the Forth, their lands were severely foraged, as their adherents were held peculiarly tainted in the alliance with England.

Amongst the troops detached on this service was a small party commanded by Starvoth Bolton, a captain in the English army, and full of the blunt and unfeeling gallantry and generosity which has so often distinguished that nation. Resistance was in vain. Elizabeth Ryklowe, when she dressed a dozen of horsemen threading their way up the glen, with a man at their head, whose marl cloak, bright armor, and dancing plume, proclaimed him a leader, saw no better protection for herself than to issue from the iron grate, covered with a long mourning veil, and holding one of her two sons in each hand, to meet the Englishman—state her deserted condition—place the little tower at his command—and beg for his mercy. She stated in a few brief words her intention, and added, “I submit, because I have no means of resistance.”

“And I do not ask your submission, mistress, for the same reason,” replied the Englishman. “To be satisfied of your peaceful intentions is all I ask; and from what you tell me there is no reason to doubt them.”

“At least, sir,” said Elizabeth Ryklowe, “take share of what our spouses and our parents offered. Your horses are tired—your folk want refreshment.”

“Not a whit—not a whit,” answered the honest Englishman; “it shall never be said we disturbed by crossed the widow of a brave soldier while she was mourning for her husband.—Comrades, face about.—Yet stay,” he added, clutching his war-horn, “my parties are not in every direction; they must have some token that your family are under my assurance of safety.—Here,

"my little fellow," said he, speaking to the elder boy, who might be about nine or ten years old, "had me thy breast?"

The child reddened, looked wily, and hesitated, while the mother, with many a feeble and wavering pulse, and such anxious feelings as tender mothers give to spoiled children, at length succeeded in extracting the breast from him, and handing it to the English leader.

Stewart Bolton took his embittered red cross from his breast-cape, and putting it into the loop of the boy's bosom, said to the mistress (for the title of lady was not given to dames of her degree), "By this token, which all my people will respect, you will be freed from my impertinence on the part of our foreigners." He placed it on the boy's head; but it was no sooner there, than the little fellow, his veins swelling, and his eyes shooting fire through tears, snatched the breast from his head, and, ere his mother could intercede, dashed it into the brook. The other boy ran hastily to fish it out again, threw it back to his brother, first taking out the cross, which, with great reverence, he kissed and put into his bosom. The Englishman was half diverted, half surprised with the scene.

"What means ye by throwing away Saint George's red cross?" said he to the elder boy, in a tone between jest and earnest.

"Because Saint George is a southern saint," said the child, suddenly.

"Good!" said Stewart Bolton.—"And what did you mean by taking it out of the brook again, my little fellow?" he demanded of the younger.

"Because the priest says it is the common sign of salvation to all good Christians."

"Why, good again!" said the honest soldier. "I protest unto you, sirrahs, I envy you these boys. Are they both yours?"

Stewart Bolton had reason to put the question, for Halbert Glendinning, the elder of the two, had hair as dark as the raven's plumage, black eyes, large, bold and sparkling, that glittered under eyebrows of the same complexion; a skin deeply tanned, though it could not be termed swarthy, and an air of activity, frankness, and determination, far beyond his age. On the other hand, Edward, the younger brother, was light-

* Note G. Gallantry.

haired, blue-eyed, and of fair complexion, in countenance rather pale, and not exhibiting that ruddy hue which colours the magazine cheek of robust health. Yet the boy had nothing sickly or ill-conditioned in his looks, but was, on the contrary, a fair and handsome child, with a smiling face, and mild, yet cheerful eye.

The mother glanced a proud motherly glance, first at the one, and then at the other, over the narrow, the Englishman, "Sisterly, sir, they are both my children."

"And by the same father, mistress?" said Staverton; but, seeing a blush of displeasure arise on her brow, he instantly added, "Nay, I mean no offence; I would have asked the same question of any of thy gossip in sunny Lancashire.—Well, dame, you have two fair boys; I would I could borrow one, for Dame Bolton and I have children in our old hall.—Come, little fellow, which of you will go with me?"

The trembling mother, half-fearing as he spoke, drew the children towards her, and with either hand, while they both answered the stranger. "I will not go with you," said Gilbert, boldly, "for you are a false-hearted Southern; and the Southern killed my father; and I will war on you to the death, when I can draw my father's sword."

"God-a-menry, thy little levin-bolt," said Staverton, "the goodly system of deadly foul will never go down in thy day, I presume,—and you, my fair whit-hound, will you not go with me, to ride a mack-hame?"

"No," said Edward, firmly, "for you are a heretic."

"Why, God-a-menry still!" said Staverton Bolton. "Well, dame, I see I shall find no recruits for my troupe from you; and yet I do envy you those two little divilish knowers." He sighed a moment, as was visible, in spite of gorged and overfed, and then added, "And yet, my dame and I would but quarrel which of the lasses we should like best; for I should wish for the blushing negus—and she, I warrant me, for that blue-eyed, fair-haired darling. Nutmegs, we must brook our solitary walkabout, and wish joy to them that are more fortunate. Sergeant Britton, do thou remain here till recruited—protect this family, as under assurance—do them no wrong, and suffer no wrong to be done to them, as thou wilt answer it.—Dame, Bolton is a married man, old and steady; feed him on what you will, but give him not over much liquor."

Dame Glendinning again offered refreshments, but with a faltering voice, and an obvious desire her invitation should not be accepted. The fact was, that, supposing her boys as probes in the eyes of the Englishman as in her own (the most ordinary of parental errors), she was half afraid that the admiration he expressed of them in his blunt manner might end in his actually carrying off one or other of the little darlings whom he appeared to love so much. She kept hold of their hands, therefore, as if her feeble strength could have been of service, had any violence been intended, and said, with joy she could not disguise, the little party of tame mountaineers, in order to descend the glen. Her feelings did not escape Stewart Bolton : " I forgive you, dame," he said, " for being suspicious that an English felon was hovering over your Scottish neighbourhood. But fear not—those who have fewest children have fewest woes; nor does a wise man covet those of another household. Action, dame; when the black-eyed rogue is able to drive a forty from England, teach him to spare women and children, for the sake of Stewart Bolton."

" God be with you, gallant Southern!" said Elspeth Glendinning, but not till he was out of hearing, spurring on his good horse to regain the head of his party, whose plumes and armor were now glancing and gradually disappearing in the distance, as they winded down the glen.

" Mother," said the elder boy, " I will not say amen to a prayer for a Southern."

" Mother," said the younger, more reverentially, " is it right to pray for a heretic?"

" The God to whom I pray only knows," answered poor Elspeth ; " but these two words, Southern and heretic, have already cost Scotland ten thousand of her best and bravest, and not a husband, and you a father; and, whether blessing or banishing, I never wish to hear them more.—Follow me to the Pheas, sir," she said to Robert, " and such as we have to offer you shall be at your disposal."

CHAPTER THIRD.

They lighted down on Tross' waves,
And knew their ends no less,
And found the March and Teviotides,
All in an evening late.

ALEX. MACLAREN.

The report soon spread through the patrimony of Saint Mary's and its vicinity, that the Mistress of Glendurg had received succour from the English Captain, and that her cattle were not to be driven off, or her cows turned. Among others who heard this report, it reached the ears of a lady, who, one much higher in rank than Elizabeth Glendinning, was now by the same calamity reduced to even greater misfortune.

She was the widow of a brave soldier, Walter Avesel, descended of a very ancient Border family, who once possessed immense estates in Roxburgh. These had long since passed from them into other hands, but they still enjoyed an ancient Barony of considerable extent, not very far from the patrimony of Saint Mary's, and lying upon the same side of the river with the narrow vale of Glendurg, at the head of which was the little town of the Glendinings. Here they had lived, bearing a respectable mark amongst the gentry of their province, though neither wealthy nor powerful. This general regard had been much augmented by the skill, courage, and enterprise which had been displayed by Walter Avesel, the last Baron.

When Scotland began to recover from the dreadful shock she had sustained after the battle of Pinkie-Cleuch,² Avesel was one of the first who, assembling a small force, set an example in those bloody and unsparring skirmishes, which showed that a nation, though conquered and overthrown by invaders, may yet wage against them such a war of detail as shall in the end become fatal to the foreigners. In one of these, however, Walter Avesel fell, and the news which came to the house of his fathers was followed by the distracting intelligence, that a party

² [This engagement took place in 1547 on a field about seven miles east of Edinburgh. The Scotch forces were defeated with much loss by the English under the Earl Moray, afterwards Duke of Albany.]

of Englishmen were coming to plunder the houses and lands of his widow, in order, by this act of terror, to prevent others from following the example of the deceased.

The unfortunate lady had no better refuge than the miserable cottage of a shepherd among the hills, to which she was hastily removed, unconscious where or for what purpose her terrified attendants were removing her and her infant daughter from her own home. Here she was tended with all the dutiful service of ancient times by the shepherd's wife, Tibb Tacket, who in better days had been her own housekeeper. For a time the lady was unconscious of her misery; but when the first staggering effect of grief was so far passed away that she could form an estimate of her own situation, the widow of Arundel had cause to envy the lot of her husband in his dark and silent abode. The domestics who had guided her to her place of refuge, were presently obliged to dispense for their own safety, or to seek for necessary assistance; and the shepherd and his wife, whose poor cottage she shared, were soon after deprived of the means of sheltering their late relatives even that coarse raiment which they had gladly shared with her. Some of the English fugitives had discovered and driven off the few sheep which had escaped the fast massacre of their masters. Two cows shared the fate of the remnant of their stock; they had afforded the family almost their sole support, and now nothing remained to stave them in the face.

"We are broken and beggared now, out and out," said old Martin the shepherd—and by wrong his hands in the bitterness of agony, "the blarves, the harping blarves! not a cloot left of the half-blaird!"

"And is me poor Grizy and Crumble," said his wife, "turning back their backs to the byre, and roasting while the stony-hearted villains were hoggaging them on wi' their knives!"

"They were but few of them," said Martin, "and I have seen the day forty and not haen restored this length. But our strength and manhood is gone with our pair mates."

"For the sake of the holy soul, whilst, miss," said the yokelwife, "our babbie is half-gone already, as ye may see by that brightening of the m-hai—a wood-mair and she's dead cert-right."

"I could almost wish," said Martin, "we were o' gone, for what to do passes my pair wit. I see little for myself, or you,

Tibb—we can make a fool—weak or want—we can do both, but she can do neither."

They surveyed their situation thus openly before the lady, convinced by the paleness of her look, her quivering lip, and dazed eye, that she neither heard nor understood what they were saying.

"There is a way," said the shepherd, "but I know if she could bring her heart to it—that's Dame Glendinning's widow of the glen, yonder, has had assurances from the Southern lords, and no soldier to stow them for one cause or other. Now, if the lady could bairn her mind to take quarters with Elspeth Glendinning till better days cast up, ne'er doubt it wad be doing us honour to the like of her, but——"

"An honour," answered Tibb, "ay, by my word, an honour as wad be paine to her hir many a lang year after her bones were in the mould. Oh! guidman, to hear ye even the Lady of Avenel to seeking quarters wif a Kirk-ravens' widow!"

"Least should I be to wish her to it," said Martin; "but what may we do?—to stay here is mere starvation; and where to go, I'm sure I ha'e nae mair than oay top I ever herded."

"Speck no mair at it," said the widow of Avenel, suddenly joining in the conversation, "I will go to the town.—Dame Elspeth is of good folk, a widow, and the mother of orphans—she will give us house-room until something be thought upon. These cold showers make the low leath better than ne'cold."

"See there, see there," said Martin, "you see the lady has twice our sense."

"And natural it is," said Tibb, "seeing that she is conventional, and can lay silk broidery, fishy white-silk and shallock-work."

"Do you not think," said the lady to Martin, still clinging her child to her bosom, and making it clear from what motives she desired the refuge, "that Dame Glendinning will make us welcome?"

"Bithly welcome, bithly welcome, my lady," answered Martin cheerily, "and we shal deserve a welcome at her hand. Men are scarce now, my lady, with these wars; and give me a thought of time to it, I can do as good a day's dung as ever I did in my life, and Tibb can set arow with my living woman."

"And nuchle mair could I do," said Tibb, "wur it oay

Scalable house; but there will be neither pleasure to mind, nor pleasure to break up, in Elspeth Glendinning."

" Whaith w' your pride, woman," said the shepherd; " enough ye can do, both outside and inside, as ye set your mind to it; and hard it is if we two canna work for three fello' meat, thairby my daurty wae holdy them. Come awa, man awa, we use to stayin here longer; we have five Scott miles over moor and moor, and that is no easy walk for a holdy hame and baird."

Household stuff there was little or none to remove or take far; an old pony which had escaped the ploughshares, owing partly to its pitiful appearance, partly from the robustness which it showed to be caught by strangers, was employed to carry the few blankets and other trifles which they possessed. When Shagran came to his master's well-known whistle, he was surprised to find the poor thing had been wounded, though slightly, by an arrow, which one of the Frenchmen had shot off in anger after he had long chased it in vain.

" Ay, Shagran," said the old man, as he applied something to the wound, " man you was the lang-love as well as all of us!"

" What corner in Scotland rass is not?" said the Lady of Avenel.

" Ay, ay, madam," said Martin, " God keep the kindly Scott from the cloot-yard shaft, and he will keep himself from the handie stroke. But let us go our way; the trash that is left I can soon back fu. There is noon to stir it but the good neighbours, and they"—

" For the love of God, goodman," said his wife, in a remonstrating tone, " leave your peace! Think what ye're saying, and we has nae muchie wild land to go over before we com to the girth gate."

The husband nodded acquiescence; for it was deemed highly impudent to speak of the fairies, either by their title of good neighbours or by any other, especially when about to pass the place which they were supposed to haunt.

They set forward on their pilgrimage on the last day of October. " This is thy birthday, my sweet Mary," said the mother, as a ring of lilies necklace crossed her wrist. " Oh, who could have believed that the head, which, a few years since, was cauled amongst so many rejoicing friends, may perhaps this night see a never to rise?"

* Note D. *The Fairies.*

The called family then set forward,—Mary Arundel, a lovely girl between five and six years old, riding gaily fashion upon Shagreen, between two bundles of bedding; the Lady of Arundel walking by the animal's side; Tibb leading the bridle, and old Martin walking a little before, looking anxiously around him to explore the way.

Martin's task as guide, after two or three miles' walking, became more difficult than he himself had expected, or than he was willing to allow. It happened that the extensive range of pastureage, with which he was conversant, lay to the west, and to get into the little valley of Gladengro, he had to proceed mostly. In the wilder districts of Scotland, the passage from one vale to another, otherwise than by descending that which you know, and mounting the other, is often very difficult.—Heights and hollows, rocks, and rocks intervening, and all those local impediments which throw a traveler out of his course. So that Martin, however sure of his general direction, became anxious, and at length was forced reluctantly to admit, that he had missed the direct road to Gladengro, though he insisted they must be very near it. "If we can but win across this wide bog," he said, "I shall warrant ye are on the top of the bower."

But to get across the bog was a point of no small difficulty. The farther they ventured into it, though proceeding with all the caution which Martin's experience recommended, the more mireous the ground became, until after they had passed some places of great peril, their best argument for going forward cause to be, that they had to encounter equal danger in returning.

The Lady of Arundel had been tenaciously nurtured, but what will not a woman endure when her child is in danger! Complainting less of the dangers of the road than her attendant, who had been forced to walk from their infancy, she kept herself close by the side of the pony, watching its every footstep, and ready, if it should flounder in the mire, to snatch her little Mary from its back. At length they came to a place where the guide greatly hesitated, for all around him were broken lumps of heath, divided from each other by deep sloughs of black treacherous mire. After great consideration, Martin, selecting what he thought the safest path, began himself to lead forward Shagreen, in order to afford greater security to the child.

But Shagran snarled, laid his own back, stretched his two feet forward, and drew his hind feet under him, so as to adopt the best possible posture for obstinate resistance, and refused to move one yard in the direction indicated. Old Martin, much puzzled, now hesitated whether to exert his sheafet's authority, or to defer to the customary shadaw of Shagran, and was not greatly comforted by his wife's observation, who, seeing Shagran stare with his eyes, distend his nostrils, and tremble with terror, blurted that "he rarely ever moves when they could see."

In this dilemma, the child suddenly exclaimed—"Bony billy signs to us to come you gone." They all looked in the direction where the child pointed, but saw nothing, save a wreath of rising mist, which fancy might form into a human figure; but which afforded to Martin only the sorrowful conviction, that the danger of their situation was about to be increased by a heavy fog. He once more essayed to lead forward Shagran; but the animal was inflexible in his determination not to move in the direction Martin recommended. "Take your own way for it, then," said Martin, "and let us see what you can do for us."

Shagran, abased to the direction of his own free-will, set off boldly in the direction the child had pointed. There was nothing wonderful in this, nor in its bringing them safe to the other side of the dangerous ravine; for the instinct of these animals in traversing bags is one of the most curious parts of their nature, and is a fact generally established. But it was remarkable, that the child more than once mentioned the beautiful lady and her signals, and that Shagran seemed to be in the secret, always moving in the same direction which she indicated. The Lady of Arrosa took little notice at the time, her mind being probably occupied by the instant danger; but her attendants exchanged expressive looks with each other more than once.

"All-Hallow Eve!" said Tibb, in a whisper to Martin.

"For the mercy of Our Lady, not a word of that now!" said Martin in reply. "Tell your heads, wretches, if you cannot be silent."

When they got once more on firm ground, Martin recognised certain landmarks, or cairns, on the tops of the neighbouring hills, by which he was enabled to guide his course, and see long they arrived at the Town of Gloucester.

It was at the sight of this little fortalice that the misery of her lot pressed hard on the poor Lady of Arundel. When by any accident they had met at church, market, or other place of public resort, she remembered the distant and respectful air with which the wife of the wealthy baron was addressed by the spouse of the humble fanner. And now, so much was her pride humbled, that she was to ask to share the precarious safety of the same fanner's widow, and her pittoresque friend, which might perhaps be yet more precarious. Martin probably guessed what was passing in her mind, for he looked at her with a watchful glance, as if to detect any change of resolution; and answering to his looks, rather than his words, she said, while the sparkle of rebuked pride once more glowed from her eye, "If it were for myself alone, I could but die—but for this infant—the lost pledge of Arundel!"—

"True, my lady," said Martin, hastily; and, as if to prevent the possibility of her retreating, he added, "I will step on, and see Dame Elspeth—I know her husband well, and have bought and sold with him, for as great a man as he was."

Martin's tale was soon told, and met all acceptance from her companion in misfortune. The Lady of Arundel had been mark and martress in her prosperity; in adversity, therefore, she met with the greatest sympathy. Besides, there was a point of pride in sheltering and supporting a woman of such exalted birth and rank; and, not to do Elspeth Glenhauling injustice, she felt sympathy for one whose fate resembled her own in so many points, yet was no man more severe. Every species of hospitality was gladly and respectfully extended to the distressed travellers, and they were kindly requested to stay as long at Glenhauling as their circumstances rendered necessary, or their inclination prompted.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Never be I found by thee censured,
In that valiant-helmed one, indeed,
When golden-horned, from him, or her,
Or mine, or thine, the walls of men!

Donizetti's Ode to Pier.

As the country became more settled, the Lady of Arundel would have willingly returned to her husband's mansion. But that was no longer in her power. It was a reign of robbery, when the strongest had the best right, and when acts of usurpation were frequent amongst those who had much power and little conscience.

Julian Arundel, the younger brother of the deceased Walter, was a person of this description. He hesitated not to seize upon his brother's house and lands, so soon as the retreat of the English permitted him. At first, he occupied the property in the name of his sister; but when the lady proposed to return with her child to the mansion of her father, he gave her to understand, that Arundel, being a male heir, descended to the brother, instead of the daughter, of the last possessor. The ancient philosopher declined a debate with the usurper who commanded twenty legions, and the widow of Walter Arundel was in no condition to maintain a contest with the leader of twenty thousand troops. Julian was also a man of service, who could look a friend in case of need, and was sure, therefore, to find protectors among the ruling powers. In short, however clear the Little Mary's right to the possessions of her father, her mother saw the necessity of giving way, at least for the time, to the usurpation of her uncle.

Her patience and forbearance were as far extended with advantage, that Julian, for very shame's sake, could no longer suffer her to be absolutely dependent on the charity of Elspeth Glendevon. A drove of cattle and a bull (which were probably raised by some English farmer) were driven to the pasture of Glendevon; presents of raiment and household stuff were sent liberally, and some little money, though with a more sparing hand: for those in the situation of Julian Arundel could

were more easily by the goods, than the representative masters of value, and made their payments chiefly in kind.

In the meantime, the wives of Walter Avenel and Simon Glendinning had become habituated to each other's society, and were unwilling to part. The lady could hope no more secret and secure residence than in the Tower of Glendinning, and she was now in a condition to support her share of the married housekeeping. Elspeth, on the other hand, felt pride, as well as pleasure, in the society of a guest of such distinction, and was at all times willing to pay much greater deference than the Lady of Walter Avenel could be prevailed on to accept.

Martin and his wife diligently served the united family in their several vocations, and yielded obedience to both mistresses, though always considering themselves as the especial servants of the Lady of Avenel. This distinction sometimes caused a slight degree of difference between Dame Elspeth and Tibb; the former being jealous of her own consequence, and the latter apt to lay too much stress upon the rank and family of her mistress. But both were alike desirous to avoid such petty squabbles from the lady, her brother always yielding to her old domestic respect for her person. Neither did the difference exist in such a degree as to interrupt the general harmony of the family, for the one kindly gave way as she saw the other become wroth; and Tibb, though she often gave the first provocation, had generally the sense to be the first in relinquishing the argument.

The world which lay beyond was gradually forgotten by the inhabitants of this sequestered glen, and unless when she attended mass at the Monks' Church upon some high holiday, Alice of Avenel almost forgot that she once held an equal rank with the proud wives of the neighbouring barons and nobles who on such occasions crowded to the abbey. The recollection gave her little pain. She loved her husband for himself, and in his irretrievable loss all lower subjects of regret had ceased to interest her. At times, indeed, she thought of claiming the protection of the Queen Regent (Mary of Guise) for her little orphan, but the fear of Julian Avenel always came between. She was sensible that he would have neither scruple nor difficulty in spiritting away the child (if he did not proceed further), should he once consider its existence as favourable to his interest. Besides he led a wild and unsettled life, ming-

lieg in all trials and fancies, wherever there was a spear to be broken; he entered no purpose of marrying, and the fits which he continually was having might at length remove him from his usurped inheritance. Alice of Arundel, therefore, judged it wisest to check all ambitious thoughts for the present, and remain quiet in the rude, but peaceful retreat to which Providence had conducted her.

It was upon an All-Hallow's Eve, when the family had rubbed together for the space of three years, that the domestic circle was assembled round the blazing turf-fire, in the old square hall of the Tower of Ghentzeng. The idea of the master or mistress of the mansion keeping or living apart from their domestics, was at this period never countenanced. The highest end of the board, the most sumptuous settle by the fire,—these were the only marks of distinction; and the servants unshod, with deference indeed, but unopposed and with freedom, in whatever conversation was going forward. But the two or three domestics, kept merely for agricultural purposes, had retired to their own cottage without, and with them a couple of women, usually employed within doors, the daughters of one of the kindly.

After their departure, Martin locked, first, the iron grate; and, secondly, the inner door of the bower, when the domestic circle was thus arranged. Dame Elspeth was pulling the thread from her shawl; Tilla watched the progress of sucking the whey, which hung in a large pot upon the nest, a chain terminated by a hook, which was suspended in the chimney to serve the purpose of the modern cradle. Martin, while busied in repairing some of the household articles (he every now in those days was his own carpenter and smith, as well as his own tailor and dressmaker), kept from time to time a watchful eye upon the three children.

They were allowed, however, to associate their juvenile merriment by running up and down the hall, behind the seats of the older members of the family, with the privilege of occasionally making excursions into one or two small apartments which opened from it, and gave excellent opportunity to play at hide-and-seek. This night, however, the children seemed not disposed to avail themselves of their privilege of visiting those dark regions, but preferred carrying on their gambols in the vicinity of the light.

In the monastic life, Alice of Arundel, sitting close to an open window-side, which supported a minstrel's touch of domestic manufacture, read small detached passages from a thick clapped volume, which she preserved with the greatest care. The art of reading the lady had acquired by her residence in a nunnery during her youth, but six o'clock, of late years, put it to suspicion, as thus perusing this little volume, which formed her whole library. The friendly listened to the portions which she selected, as to some good thing which there was a merit in hearing with respect, whether it was fully understood or no. To her daughter, Alice of Arundel had determined to impart their mystery more fully, but the knowledge was at that period attended with personal danger, and was not ready to be crested to a child.

The noise of the racing children interrupted, from time to time, the voice of the lady, and drew on the noisy subjects the voices of Klegarth.

"Could they not go farther a-field, if they believed to make such a din, and distract the lady's good works?" And this question was backed with the threat of sending the whole party to bed if it was not intended to punctually. Acting under the injunction, the children first played at a greater distance from the party, and more quietly, and then began to stray into the adjacent apartments, as they became impatient of the restraint to which they were subjected. But, all at once, the two boys came open-mouthed into the hall, to tell that there was no armed man in the spaces.

"It must be Christie of Cheshill," said Martin, rising; "what can have brought him here at this time?"

"Or how came he in?" said Illyaph.

"Alice! what can he want?" said the Lady of Arundel, to whom this name, a relation of her husband's brother, and who sometimes exercised his commissions at Glenderry, was an object of most apprehension and suspicion. "Grazing Heaven!" she added, rising up, "where is my child?" All rushed to the spaces, Hubert Glenderry first striking himself with a ready sword, and the younger seizing upon the lady's book. They hastened to the spaces, and were relieved of a part of their anxiety by meeting Mary at the door of the apartment. She did not seem in the slightest degree alarmed, or disturbed. They rushed into the spaces (a sort of lateral apartment) in

which the family ate their victuals in the summer season), but there was no one there.

"Where is Christie of Cliffield?" asked Martin.

"I do not know," said Little Mary; "I never saw him."

"And what made you, ye misleadde bairns," said Dame Elspeth to her two boys, "come you gae into the hame, rassing the bairnings, to frighten the lady, and her fair face strong?" The boys looked at each other in silence and confusion, and their mother proceeded with her lecture. "Could ye find me night be daffin but Hallowe'en, and nae time but when the lady was walking in about the haly Sanctis? May never he in my bairns, if I dinna sort ye both for it!" The eldest boy burst his eyes on the ground, the younger began to weep, but neither spoke; and the mother would have proceeded to excommunicate, but for the interposition of the little maid.

"Dame Elspeth, it was my fault—I did say to them, that I saw a man in the spousen."

"And what made you do so, child," said her mother, "to startle us all thus?"

"Because," said Mary, lowering her voice, "I could not help it."

"Not help it, Mary!—you occasioned all this bairn noise, and you could not help it? How mean you by that, minnie?"

"There really was an armed man in this spousen," said Mary; "and because I was surprised to see him, I cried out to Halbert and Edward!"

"She has told it herself," said Halbert Gleadlessing, "or it had never been told by me."

"Nor by me neither," said Edward, anxiously.

"Mistress Mary," said Elspeth, "you never told us anything before that was not true; tell us if this was a Hallowe'en coward, and make an end of it." The Lady of Arundel looked as if she would have interceded, but knew not how; and Elspeth, who was too eagerly anxious to regard any distant Met, persevered in her inquiries. "Was it Christie of the Cliffield?—I would set for a mask that he were about the house, and a bairn as he were."

"It was not Christie," said Mary; "it was—it was a gentleman—a gentleman with a bright countenance, like what I has seen langsyne, when we dwelt at Arundel!"

"What like was he?" continued Tibb, who now took share in the investigation.

"Black-hair'd, black-eyed, with a peaked black beard," said the child, "and many a thid of peeling round his neck, and hanging down his breast over his breastplate; and he had a beautiful hawk, with silver bells, standing on his left hand, with a crimson silk hood upon its head!"

"Ask her no more questions, for the love of God," said the workless manial to Elspeth, "but look to my bairn!" But the Lady of Arvad, taking Mary in her hand, turned hastily away, and, walking into the hall, gave them no opportunity of remarking in what manner she received the child's communication, which she then cut short. What Tibb thought of it appeared from her crossing herself repeatedly, and whispering into Elspeth's ear, "Saint Mary preserve us!—the bairn has seen her father!"

When they reached the hall, they found the lady holding her daughter on her knee, and kissing her repeatedly. When they entered, she again arose, as if to shun observation, and retired to the little apartment where her child and she occupied the same bed.

The bairns were also sent to their nabis, and no one remained by the hall but save the faithful Tibb and Dame Elspeth, excellent persons both, and as thorough goudys as ever wagged a tongue.

It was but natural that they should instantly resume the subject of the supernatural appearance, for such they deemed it, which had this night alarmed the family.

"I could ha' wished it had been the dill himself—be good to and preserve us!—rather than Christie o' the Clisthill," said the matron of the mansion, "for the weel run ride in the country, that he is one of the naist muckle-thieves ever lay on horse."

"Hour-twa, Dame Elspeth," said Tibb, "for ye neednae fear Christie; gods keep their ain holes clean. 'Tis kirk-folk makes a' the fashonable aboot men shifting a wee bit for their living! Our Border-lairds would ride with five men at their back, if a' the light-handed lads were out o' gaun."

"Better they ride w' noise than distress the country-side the gate they do," said Dame Elspeth.

"But who is to haud back the Southern, then?" said Tibb,

"if ye take away the houses and broadwealds? I know we sold
wings enow as do that w' took and wheld, and as little the
monks w' toll and boalt."

"And was used as the houses and broadwealds has kept them
back, I, now!—I was mair bakewell to as Southern, and that
was Stewart Dantes, than to a' the border-villars ever were.
Saint Andrew's cross—I reckon their sticking back and forward,
and lifting honest men's gree, has been a mair cause o' a' the
breach between us and Englaund, and I am sure that was nae a
kind goddesse. They spoke about the wedding of the Prince
and our Queen, but it's as like to be the slitting of the Chamber-
lain's faulks that brought them down on us like dragons." Tibb
would not have failed in other circumstances to know what
she thought ridiculous disengaging to her country folk; but she
recollects that Dame Elspeth was mistress of the family,
carried her own malice patrician, and hastened to change the
subject.

"And is it not strange," she said, "that the ladies of Avenel
should have seen her father this blessed night?"

"And ye think it was her father, then?" said Elspeth Glen-
dining.

"What else can I think?" said Tibb.

"It may ha been something war in his honestes," said Dame
Glen-dining.

"I haen nothing aboot that," said Tibb,—"but his honestes
it was, that I will be sworn to, just as he used to ride out
a-hunting; for having enemies in the country, he seldom held
off the Bassoppain; and for my part," added Tibb, "I dinna
think a man looks like a man unless he ha sted on his honest,
and by his side too."

"I have no skill of your honestes, an' honest or side either,"
said Dame Glen-dining; "but I know there is Little Jack in
Hallowe'en sight, for I have had me wryal."

"Indeed, Dame Elspeth!" said old Tibb, edging her stool
closer to the large elbow-chair occupied by her friend. "I should
like to hear about that."

"Ye mair boy, than, Tibb," said Dame Glen-dining, "that
when I was a bairn o' sixteen or twenty, it wren my fash
if I wrene at a' the merry-makings this about."

"That was very natural," said Tibb; "but ye ha sobered
since that, or ye mair haud on law gaffaws the lightly."

"I have had that wad after me or o'er me," said the woman. "Awest, Tibb, a less like me wooman is look wayer, for I wuzza was ill-favoured that the thim wad bark after me."

"How shoud that be," said Tibb, "and you ate a well-favoured wooman to this day!"

"Pis, de, ev'ryone," said the wootion of Glenshaug,itching her nose of however, in her turn, a little nearer to the scuttle-hole in which Tibb was seated; "wool-favoured is past my time of day; but I might pass then, for I wuzza was thickerless hot what I had a bit hand at my knowleses. My father was portious of Littlebawng."

"Ye has told me that before," said Tibb, "but about the Hallowe'en?"

"Awest, awest, I had mair jess than one, but I favoured none o' them; and one, at Hallowe'en, Father Nicolas the collar—he was collarer before this father, Father Clement, that now is—was cracking his nuts and drinking his brown beer with us, and as latthe as night be, and they would have me try a snuff to leev wha could wed me; and the weak said there was noe ill in it, and if there was, he would assell me for it. And wha but I into the horn to winnow my three weightis o' noothinng—nair, nair my mind misgave me for fear of wrong-doing and wrong-wurkinng bish; but I had ye a badl spirit. I had not winnowed the last weight clean yet, and the moon was shinin bright upon the floor, when I studied the presence of my dear Simon Glenshaug, that is now happy. I never saw him plainer in my life than I did that moment; he hold up an arrow as he passed me, and I wair'd ave wif fricht. Muckle wark there was to bring me to myself agen, and aye they tried to make me believe it was a trick of Father Nicolas and Simon between them, and that the arrow was to signify Cupids shaft, as the Father called it; and many a time Simon wad threep it to me after I was married—gracious, he liked not it should be said that he was seen out o' the body!—But mark the end o' it, Tibb; we were married, and the gray-gone wing wus the death o' him after a'!"

"As it has been of over many brave men," said Tibb, "I wish there wrount a bird as a gone, in the wide world, forty the decking that we lay at the housetide."

"Dot tell me, Tibb," said Dame Glenshaug, "what does your lally eyes do reading out o' that thick blank book wif the

silver sheep!—there are over many gude words in it to come free o' thy body but a priest—ain't it wae about Robin Hood, or some o' David Lindsay's ballants, and wad ha' better what to say to it. I am no misdooning your mistress mey way, but I wad like ill to ha' a decent bairn haunted wi' ghosts and gycrashins."

" Ye ha' me reason to doubt my bodily, or anything else says ye does, Dame Glendinning," said the faithful Tibb, something afflicated ; " and touching the bairn, it's well know she was born on Hallowe'en, was nine years gone, and they that are born on Hallowe'en whilst are mair than other folk."

" And that wad be the case, then, that the bairn didna walk wouldn't din about what it was?—if it had been my Hallowe'en bairn, forby Edward, who is o' softer nature, he wad ha' passed the full night o' a contancy. But it's the Mistress Mary ha' sic eighteener natural to her."

" That may wend be," said Tibb ; " for on Hallowe'en she was born, as I tell ye, and our awfu' parish priest wad fain ha' had the eight even, and All-Hallow day began. But for a' that, the sweet bairn is just likeither bairns, as ye may see yourself ; and except this blessed night, and once before when we were in that weary bog on the road here, I know that it saw nae than other folk."

" But what wae she in the bog, then," said Dame Glendinning, " furky snare-crooks and haudier blisters!"

" The wae saw something like a white lassie that waled to the gate," said Tibb ; " when we were like to ha' perished in the moorships—certain it was that Shagran related, and I know Martin thinks he saw something."

" And what might the white lassie be?" said Elspeth ; " have ye any gane o' that?"

" It's well know that, Dame Elspeth," said Tibb ; " if ye had been under grit folk as I ha' done, ye wadna lie to talk to that matter."

" I ha' myskeen my ails ha' haens abune my head," said Elspeth, not without emphasis, " and if I ha'veen livid wi' grit folk, grit folk ha've lived wi' me."

" Wae, wae, dame," said Tibb, " poor parson's plagued, there was nee offense meant. But ye mair for the great ancient families comes to just scurried wi' the ordinary scents (justise to them) like Saint Anthony, Saint Christopher, and the like, that

comes and goes at every master's bidding, but they has a sort of
marks or angles, or what not, to themselves; and as for the
White Maiden of Arros, she is laid over the hall country.
And she is say seen to passher and walk before any o' that
family dies, as was say heard by twenty folk before the death
of Walter Arrosel, lady be his mat!"

"If she can do me mair than that," said Elspeth, somewhat
unwillingly, "they needna make many vows to her, I trow. Can
she make me better dead for them than that, and has nothing
better to do than wait on them?"

"Many haev services can the White Maiden do for them in
the book of that, and haes done in the old Historie," said Tibb,
"but I mind o' nothin in my day, except it was her that the
laird saw in the bog."

"Aweel, awed, Tibb," said Dame Glendinning, rising and
lighting the fire lamp, "these are great privileges of your
grand folk. But Our Lady and Saint Paul are good enough
saints for me, and the warrast them never leave me in a bog
that they can help me out o', ussing I send four waxen candles
to their chapels evry Candlemas; and if they are not seen to
weep at my death, the warrast them smile at my joyful rising
again, while Heaven send to all o' us, Amen."

"Amen," answered Tibb, devoutly; "and now it's time I
should hop up the wan bit gathering turf, as the fire is cover
low."

Soothily she set herself to perform this duty. The relish of
Dame Glendinning did but possess a moment to cast a heedful
and cautious glance all around the hall, to see that nothing was
out of its proper place; then, wishing Tibb good-night, she
retired to repose.

"The devil's in the earline," said Tibb to herself; "because
she was the wife of a scurvydog, she thinks herself grandier, I
trow, than the housewoman of a lady of that ilk!" Having
given vent to her suppressed spleen in this little ejaculation,
Tibb also betook herself to slumber.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

A priest, ye say, a priest !—how shepherds they.
 How shod they go ! in the straggling flock !
 Twenty dogs which bark not—how shall they stamp
 The barking vagrants to the Master's fold ?
 River to bank before the blazing fire,
 And snuff the mere mortals ! Pallas dooms,
 Thus on the man-wreath battle with the world.

Exegyptian.

The health of the Lady of Arundel had been gradually decaying ever since her disaster. It seemed as if the few years which followed her husband's death had done all but the work of half a century. She lost the fresh elasticity of form, the colour and the vivacity of health, and became wasted, wan, and feeble. She appeared to have no formal complaint; yet it was evident to those who looked on her, that her strength wasted daily. Her lips at length became blanched and her eyes dim; yet she spoke not of any desire to see a priest, until Elspeth Glenstalming in her soul could not refrain from touching upon a point which she deemed essential to salvation. Alice of Arundel received her kindly, and thanked her for it.

"If any good priest would take the trouble of such a journey," she said, "he should be welcome; for the prayers and lessons of the good past by all these advantages."

This quiet acquiescence was not quite what Elspeth Glenstalming wished, or expected. She made up, however, by her own estimation, for the lady's want of eagerness to avail herself of ghostly counsel, and Martin was disappointed with such haste as Elspeth would make, to pray one of the religious men of Saint Mary's to come up to administer the last consolations to the widow of Walter Arundel.

When the Sacristan had announced to the Lord Abbot, that the Lady of the unspoilable Walter de Arundel was in very weak health in the Tower of Gloucester, and desired the assistance of a father confessor, the lordly monk paused on the carpet.

"We do remember Walter de Arundel," he said; "a good knight and a valiant; he was dispossessed of his lands, and slain by the Southrons—May not the lady come hither to the sacrament of confession? the road is distant and painful, to travel."

"The lady is well, holy father," answered the Servitiae, "and ready to bear the journey."

"True—ay—yes—you must one of our brethren go to her—Knowest thou if she hath ought of a joiner from this Waller de Arundel?"

"Very little, holy father," said the Servitiae; "she hath resided at Glenderry since her husband's death, well-nigh on the charity of a poor widow, called Esopeth Glenderry."

"Why, then knowest all the widow in the country-side!" said the Abbot. "Ho! ho! ho!" and he shook his portly sides at his own jest.

"Ho! ho! ho!" echoed the Servitiae, in the tone and tone in which an inferior applauds the jest of his superior.—Then added, with a hypocritical smile, and a sly twinkling of his eye, "It is our duty, most holy father, to comfort the widow—ho! ho! ho!"

This last laugh was more malignant, until the Abbot should put his aversion on the jest.

"Ho! ho!" said the Abbot; "then, to leave jesting, Father Philip, take thou thy riding gear, and go to confuse this Dame Arundel."

"But," said the Servitiae.—

"Give me no buts; neither buts nor If you between monk and Abbot, Father Philip; the bands of discipline must not be relaxed—hence go forth like a snowball—the multitude expect confessions and penitences from the Benedictine, as they would from so many beggary friars—and we may not desert the vineyard, though the tail be given over unto us."

"And with so little advantage to the holy monastery," said the Servitiae.

"True, Father Philip; but wot you not that what preventeth harm doth good? This Julian de Arundel lives a light and evil life, and should we neglect the widow of his brother, he might carry our heads, and we never able to shew who hurt us—moreover it is our duty in an ancient family, who, in their day, have been benefactors to the Abbey. Away with thee, instantly, brother; ride night and day, as it be necessary, and let men see how diligent Abbot Boniface and his faithful children are in the execution of their spiritual duty—toil not deterring them, for the pain is five miles in length,—fair not withholding them, for it is said to be haunted of spooks,—nothing moving them

from penance of their spiritual calling; to the confusion of schismatic heretics, and the comfort and salvation of all true and faithful sons of the Catholic Church. I wonder what our brother Basilio will say to this!"

Basilios with his own picture of the dangers and toll which he was to encounter, and the time which he was to aspire (both by grace), the Abbot moved slowly to finish his breakfast in the refectory, and the Sacristan, with no very good will, accompanied old Martin in his return to Glastonbury; the greatest impediment in the journey being the trouble of restraining his jaded mule, that she might tread in something like an equal pace with poor jaded Shagreen.

After remaining an hour in private with his patient, the monk returned, nobly and full of thought. Dame Blisoph, who had played for the honoured guest some refreshment in the hall, was struck with the embarrassment which appeared in his countenance. Blisoph watched him with great anxiety. She observed there was that on his brow which rather resembled a person come from hearing the confession of some enormous罪人, than the look of a confessor who assigned a recited penitent, not to earth, but to heaven. After long hesitating, she could not at length refrain from troubling a question. She was sure, she said, the lady had made an easy shift. Five years had they rotted together, and she could safely say, without lived better.

"Woman," said the Sacristan, sternly, "thou speakest thou knowest not what—What avails clearing the outside of the platter, if the inside be foul with honey?"

"Our dishes and trenchers are not so clean as they could be wished, lady deth," said Blisoph, but half understanding what he said, and beginning with her spoon to wipe the dust from the plates, of which she supposed him to complain.

"Perish, Dame Blisoph," said the monk; "your plates are as clean as wooden trenchers and porter flagnes can well be; the filthiness of which I speak is of that pestilential honey which is daily becoming impasted in this our Holy Church of England, and as a malignorum in the regardland of the Saxon."

"Holy Mother of Heaven!" said Dame Blisoph, crossing herself, "have I kept house with a heretic?"

"No, Blisoph, no," replied the monk; "it were too strong a

speech for me to make of this unhappy lady, but I would I could say she is free from heretical opinions. Aren't they fly about like the pestilence by noon-day, and infect even the first and fairest of the flock? For it is easy to see of this dame, that she hath been high in judgment as in rank."

"And she can write and read, I had almost said, as well as your reverence," said Elspeth.

"Whom doth she write to, and what doth she read?" said the monk eagerly.

"Nay," replied Elspeth, "I cannot say I ever saw her write at all, but her manner that was—she now wears the family—says she can write—and for reading, she has often read to us good things out of a thick black volume with silver clasps."

"Let me see it," said the monk, hastily, "on your silence is a true witness on your faith in a Catholic Christian—instantly—instantly let me see it."

The good woman hesitated, glanced at the tons in which the confessor took up her information; and being master of opinion, that what so good a woman as the Lady of Arundel studied so devoutly, could not be of a tendency actually evil. But borne down by the clamour, exhortations, and threatening like threats used by Father Philip, she at length brought him the fatal volume. It was easy to do this without suspicion on the part of the owner, as she lay on her bed exhausted with the fatigues of a long conference with her confessor, and in the small room, or turret closet, in which was the book and her other trifling property, was accessible by another door. Of all her effects, the book was the last she would have thought of securing, for of what use or interest could it be in a family who neither read themselves, nor were in the habit of seeing any who did? so that Dame Elspeth had no difficulty in possessing herself of the volume, although her heart all the while accused her of an impious and an inexpressible pertinacity towards her friend and master. The double power of a knavish and a foolish supposition was before her eyes; and to my truth, the bairness, with which she might otherwise have resisted this double authority, was, I grieve to say it, much qualified by the custody she intrusted, as a daughter of Eve, to have some explanation respecting the mysterious volume which she cherisched with so much care, yet whose contents she imparted with such caution. For none had Alice of Arundel read them-

any passage from the book in question until the front door of the tower was locked, and all possibility of intruders prevented. Even then, she had shewn, by the selection of particular passages, that she was more anxious to impress on their minds the principles which the volume contained, than to introduce them to it as a new rule of faith.

When Elspeth, half curious, half remorseful, had placed the book in the monk's hands, he exclaimed, after turning over the leaves, "Now, by mine order, it is as I suspected!—My mate, my mate!—I will abide no longer here—well hast thou done, dame, in placing in my hands this pernicious volume."

"In it then, whencesoever or devil's work!" said Dame Elspeth, in great agitation.

"Nay, God forbid!" said the monk, signing himself with the cross. "It is the Holy Scripture. That it is translated into the vulgar tongue, and therefore, by the order of the Holy Catholic Church, unfit to be in the hands of any lay person."

"And yet is the Holy Scripture commanded for our common salvation," said Elspeth. "Good father, you must instruct mine ignorance better; but lack of wit cannot be a deadly sin, and truly, to my poor thinking, I should be glad to read the Holy Scripture."

"I dare say thou wouldst," said the monk; "and even then did our mother Eve seek to have knowledge of good and evil, and thus Sin came into the world, and Death by Sin."

"I am sure, and it is true," said Elspeth. "Oh, if she had died by the command of Saint Peter and Saint Paul!"

"If she had deserved the command of Heaven," said the monk, "which, as it were, her birth, life, and happiness, stood upon the grand scale condition as best corresponded with His holy pleasure. I tell thee, Elspeth, the Word almighty—that is, the text alone, read with unblotted eye and unshalked lips, is like those strong medicines which sick men take by the advice of the learned. Such patients recover and thrive; while those dealing in them, at their own hand, shall perish by their own deed."

"We doubt, we doubt," said the poor woman, "your reverence knows best."

"Not I," said Father Philip, in a tone as deferential as he thought could possibly become the Superior of Saint Mary's.—"Not I, but the Holy Father of Christendom, and our own

holy father the Lord Abbot, know best. I, the poor Servitrix of Saint Mary's, can but repeat what I hear from others my superiors. Yet of this, good woman, be assured—the Word, the mere Word, slayeth. But the church hath her ministers to glose and to expound the same unto her faithful congregation; and this I say, not so much, my beloved brothers—I mean my beloved sisters" (for the Servitrix had got into the end of one of his old sermons)—"This I speak not so much of the rectors, curates, and secular clergy, so called, because they live after the fashion of the world or age, unbound by these ties, which seprate us from the world; neither do I speak this of the monastic friars, whether black or grey, whether crossed or uncrossed; but of the monks, and especially of the monks Dissolutes, reformed on the rule of Saint Benedict of Nursia, thence called Cistercians, of which monks, Christian brethren—sister, I would say—great is the happiness and glory of the country in possessing the holy ministrations of Saint Mary's, whereof I, though an unworthy brother, may say it hath produced more saints, more bishops, more popes—may our patres make no thumbnail!—than any holy foundation in England. Wherefore—But I see Master hath my task in readiness, and I will but salute you with the kiss of sisterhood, which maketh not ashamed, and so beseeche me to my telicute return, for the glos is of bad reputation for the evil spirits which haunt it. Moreover, I may smite too late at the bridge, whereby I may be obliged to take the river, which I observed to be somewhat wroon."

Accordingly, he took his leave of Dame Elegoth, who was confounded by the rapidity of his utterance, and the doctrine he gave forth, and by no means easy on the subject of the book, which her associates told her she should not have communicated to any one, without the knowledge of its author.

Notwithstanding the hints which the monk, as well as his mate, made to return to better quarters than they had left at the head of Glastonbury; notwithstanding the anger which Father Phibby had to be the very first who should acquaint the Abbot that a copy of the book they most dreaded had been found within the Hallions, or patrimony of the Abbey; notwithstanding, moreover, certain feelings which induced him to hurry as fast as possible through the gloomy and unoccupied glen, still the difficulties of the road, and the rider's want of habitude

of quick motion, were such, that twilight came upon him ere he had nearly cleared the narrow glen.

It was indeed a gloomy ride. The two sides of the vale were so near, that at every double of the river the shadows from the western sky fell upon, and totally obscured, the eastern bank; the thoughts of separation seemed to wax with a pertinacious agitation of thoughts and fears, and the very crags and stones seemed higher and grimmer than they had appeared to the monk while he was travelling in daylight, and in company. Father Philip was heartily rejoiced, when, emerging from the narrow glen, he gained the open valley of the Tweed, which held on its majestic course from current to pool, and from pool stretched away to other meadows, with a dignity peculiar to itself amongst the Scottish rivers; for whatever may have been the drought of the season, the Tweed usually fills up the space between its banks, seldom leaving those extensive sheets of shining which deform the margins of many of the celebrated Scottish streams.

The monk, insensible to beauties which the eye had not regarded as deserving of notice, was, nevertheless, like a general pleased to find himself out of the narrow glen in which the enemy might have stolen upon him unperceived. He drew up his bridle, released his mare to her natural and luxuriant gait, instead of the agitating and broken trot at which, to his small inconvenience, she had hitherto proceeded, and, wiping his brow, gazed forth at leisure on the broad scene, which, now mingling with the lights of evening, was rising over field and forest, village and fortalice, and, above all, over the stately Monastery, seen far and dim amid the yellow light.

The worst part of the magnificent view, in the monk's apprehension, was that the Monastery stood on the opposite side of the river, and that of the many fine bridges which have since been built across that classical stream, not one then existed. There was, however, in response, a bridge then standing which has since disappeared, although its ruins may still be traced by the currier.

It was of a very peculiar form. Two strong abutments were built on either side of the river, at a part where the stream was peculiarly contracted. Upon a rock in the centre of the current was built a solid pier of masonry, constructed like the pier of a bridge, and presenting the a pier, an angle to the

current of the stream. The roadway continued solid until the pier rose to a level with the two abutments upon either side, and from thence the building rose in the form of a tower. The lower story of this tower consisted only of an arched or passage through the building, over either entrance to which hung a drawbridge with counterpoises, either of which, when dropped, connected the roadway with the opposite abutment, where the further end of the drawbridge rested. When both bridges were thus lowered, the passage over the river was complete.

The bridge-keeper, who was the dependent of a neighbouring baron, resided with his family in the second and third stories of the tower, which, when both drawbridges were raised, formed an insulated fortress in the midst of the river. He was entitled to a small toll or custom for the passage, according to the amount of which disputes sometimes arose between him and the passengers. It is needless to say, that the bridge-ward had usually the latter in these disputes, since he could at pleasure detain the traveller on the opposite side, or, refusing him to pass half-way, might keep him prisoner in his tower till they were agreed on the rate of passage.*

But it was most frequently with the monks of Saint Mary's that the warden had to dispute his privileges. These holy men insisted for, and at length obtained, a right of gratis passage to themselves, greatly to the discontent of the bridge-keeper. But when they demanded the same liberty for the numerous pilgrims who visited the shrine, the bridge-keeper would refuse, and was supported by his lord in his resistance. The controversy grew animated on both sides; the Abbot remonstrated, excommunicated, and the keeper of the bridge, though unable to retaliate in kind, yet made each individual monk who had to cross and re-cross the river, endure a sort of purgatory, as he would accommodate them with a passage. This was a great inconvenience, and would have proved a more serious one, but that the river was fordable for man and horse in ordinary weather.

It was a fine moonlight night, as we have already said, when Father Philip approached this bridge, the singular construction of which gives a striking idea of the insecurity of the time. The river was not in flood, but it was above its ordinary level—a busy water, as it is called in that country, through which the

* See E. Dentallip's *Brigand*.

man had no particular inclination to ride, if he could manage the master better.

"Peter, my good friend," cried the Scurrian, raising his voice; "my very excellent friend, Peter, be so kind as to lower the drawbridge. Peter, I say, dost thou not hear—it is thy master, Father Philip, who calls thee."

Peter heard him perfectly well, and saw him into the barge; but as he had considered the Scurrian as peculiarly his enemy in his dispute with the curate, he went quietly to bed, after reconnoitring the moat through his loop-holes, observing to his wife, that, "riding the water in a moonlight night would do the Scurrian no harm, and would teach him the value of a long the noisy time, on whilst a man might pass high and dry, winter and summer, flood and ebb."

After exhausting his voice in entreaties and threats, which were equally unavailing to be Peter of the Brig, as he was called, Father Philip at length moved down the river to take the ordinary ford at the head of the next stream. Coming the rustic obstinacy of Peter, he began, nevertheless, to persuade himself that the passage of the river by the ford was not only safe but pleasant. The banks and scattered trees were as beautifully reflected from the bosom of the dark stream, the whole cool and delicious picture formed so pleasing a contrast to his late agitation, to the warmth occasioned by his vain endeavours to move the rebellious parts of the bridge, that the result was rather agreeable than otherwise.

As Father Philip came close to the water's edge, at the spot where he was to enter it, there sat a female under a large broken-topped oak-tree, or rather under the remains of such a tree, weeping, wringing her hands, and looking earnestly on the current of the river. The monk was struck with astonishment to see a female there at that time of night. But he was, in all honest service,—and if a step farther, I put it upon his own conscience,—a devoted squire of durance. After observing the maid for a moment, although she seemed to take no notice of his presence, he was moved by her distress, and willing to offer his assistance. "Dame," said he, "there cannot be no ordinary distress; penitent, like myself, thou hast been refused passage at the bridge by the surly bargee, and thy crossing may concern thee, either the performance of a vow, or some other weighty charge."

The maid uttered some hurried words, looked at the river, and then to the face of the Sacerdot. It struck Father Philip at that instant, that a Highland Chief of distinction had been for some time expected to pay his visit at the shrine of Saint Mary's; and that possibly this fair maid might be one of his family, travelling along for accomplishment of a vow, or left behind by mere accident, to whom, therefore, it would be but right and prudent to use every ability in his power, especially as she seemed unacquainted with the Lowland tongue. Such at least was the only motive the Sacerdot was ever known to assign for his courtesy; if there was any other, I can make no rule it to his own conscience.

To express himself by signs, the common language of all nations, the cautious Sacerdot first pointed to the river, then to his mare's crupper, and then made, as gracefully as he could, a sign to induce the fair military to mount behind him. She seemed to understand his meaning, for she got up as if to accept his offer; and while the good mare, who, as we have blithed, was no great creature, laboured, with the pressure of the right leg and the use of the left ribs, to place her neck with her side to the bank in such a position that the lady might mount with ease, she rose from the ground with rather pretentious activity, and at one bound sat behind the mare upon the animal, much the former size of the two. The maid by no means seemed to approve of this double burden; she bounded, bolted, and would soon have thrown Father Philip over her head, had not the maiden with a firm hand detained him in the saddle.

At length the rustic hench charged her banners; and, from refusing to budge off the spot, suddenly stretched her legs however, and dashed into the flood as fast as she could scamp. A new terror now possessed the maid's mind—the ford seemed unusually deep, the water added off in strong ripples from the center of the mare, and began to rise upon her side. Philip lost his presence of mind, which was at no time his most ready attribute, the mare plodded to the weight of the current, and as the rider was not attentive to keep her head turned up the river, she drifted downward, lost the ford and her footing at once, and began to swim with her head down the stream. And what was sufficiently strange, at the same moment, notwithstanding the extreme peril, the damsel began to sing, thereby

interesting, if anything could interest, the boldy star of the weekly sacrifices.

I.

Merrily comes we, the moon shines bright,
Dark current and ripples are dancing in light.
We have rowed the night over, I have laid me down,
As we plodded along beneath the sun.
That flags its fatal banners so far and so wide,
These shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.
"Who wakes my matlings," the raven he said,
"My bark shall see more in his blood he said ;
For a dark swain always is a deadly man,
And I'll have my share with the pike and the eel."

II.

Merrily comes we, the moon shines bright,
There's a golden glow on the eastern height ;
There's a silver gleam on the western sky,
And the drowsy rollers roll on the land.
I see the others, both friend and bane,
It is all well for the rafter beam ;
The masts by the shore are bearing each well,
But where's Father Philip, should tell the bell ?

III.

Merrily comes we, the moon shines bright,
Downward we drift through shadow and light,
Unless you took the hidden way,
Olm and silent, dark and deep.
The Kelpie has risen from the bottomless pool,
He has lighted his match of death and of doom :
Lass, Pussan, look, and you'll laugh to see
How he gapes and glows with his eyes on thee !

IV.

Good luck to your fishing, when catch ye tonight ?
A man of meat, or a man of night ?
Is it leynes or pike that you float in your net,
Or lees who comes to visit his love ?
Mark I hand ye the Kelpie reply, as we pass' ;—
"God's blessing on the water, as I left the bridge last !
All that come to me now are meat,
I want no leynes, lees or meat."

How long the dismal night have continued to sing, or where
the terrified neeb's journey might have ended, is uncertain,
As she sang the last stanza, they arrived at, or rather in, a
broad tranquil sheet of water, caused by a strong wear or dam.

head, running across the river, which dashed in a broad cataract over the barrier. The noise, whether from chafe, or influenced by the action of the current, made towards the east intended to supply the current mills, and caused it half swimming half wading, and pitching the unlucky monk to and fro in the middle at a fruitful迷津.

As his person grew higher and thicker, his garment became looser, and in an effort to retain it, his hand lighted on the volume of the *Life of Anne*, which was in his bosom. No sooner had he grasped it, than his companion plucked his arm off the saddle into the stream, where, still keeping her hand on his collar, she gave him two or three good smacks in the watery field, so as to ensure that every other part of him had its share of wetting, and then quitted her hold when he was so near the side that by a slight effort (of a great one he was incapable) he might scramble on shore. This accordingly he accomplished, and turning his eyes to see what had become of his extraordinary companion, she was nowhere to be seen; but still he heard, as if from the surface of the river, and mixing with the roar of the water breaking over the damsel, a fragment of her wild song, which seemed to run thus:—

"Lo! lo!—lo! lo! the black took both me,
Who had you men therewith with me?—
This ye, and now ye, and little and ye lo,
For whom they laid that go swimming with me."

The agony of the monk's torse could be endured no longer; his head grew dizzy, and, after staggering a few steps forward and running himself against a wall, he sank down in a state of insensibility.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

*Now let us all be soldiers. That those winds
Be rooted from the vineyard of the church,
That those foul tempests be severed from the wheat.
We are, I know, agreed.—But how to do this,
Nor how the wholemen stop and trample the plants,
Ours good admittance.*

THE BUREAUCRAT.

The vesper service in the Monastery Church of Saint Mary's was now over. The Abbot had dismissed himself of his mazy

formal vestments of ceremony, and assumed his ordinary habit, which was a black gown, worn over a white cassock, with a narrow surplice; a decent and venerable dress, which was calculated to set off to advantage the portly mien of Abbot Boniface.

In quiet times no one could have filled the state of a mitred Abbot, for such was his dignity, more respectably than this worthy prelate. He had, no doubt, many of those habits of self-indulgence which men are apt to acquire who live for themselves alone. He was vain, moreover; and when boldly confronted, had sometimes shown symptoms of timidity, not very consistent with the high claims which he preferred as an eminent member of the church, or with the pastoral delineases which he enacted from his religious brethren, and all who were placed under his command. But he was hospitable, charitable, and by no means of himself disposed to proceed with severity against any one. In short, he would in other times have shamed even his term of preferment with as much credit as any other "purple Abbot," who lived easily, but at the same time decently—died easily, and did not despise himself with dreams.

But the wide alarm spread through the whole Church of Rome by the progress of the reformed doctrine,亟ly disturbed the repose of Abbot Boniface, and opened to him a wide field of duty and care which he had never so much as dreamt of. There were opinions to be combated and refuted—positions to be inspired into—heresies to be detected and punished—the fallen off to be rebuked—the wavering to be confirmed—scandal to be removed from the clergy, and the rigour of discipline to be re-established. Post upon post arrived at the Monastery of Saint Mary's—letters roofing, and ridges exhausted—this from the Privy Council, that from the Primate of Scotland, and this other again from the Queen Mother, exhorting, approving, condemning, repeating advice upon this subject, and requiring information upon that.

These missions Abbot Boniface received with an imperturbable air of helplessness, or a helpless air of importance, whichever the reader may please to term it, evincing an over qualified vanity, and profound treachery of mind.

The sharp-witted Primate of Saint Andrews had foreseen the delusions of the Abbot of Saint Mary's, and endeavoured to

provide for them by getting admitted into his Monastery as Sub-Prior a brother Gaterius, a man of parts and knowledge, devoted to the service of the Catholic Church, and very capable not only to advise the Abbot on occasions of difficulty, but to make him sensible of his duty in case he should, from good-nature or timidity, be disposed to shrink from it.

Father Eastoe played the same part in the Monastery as the old general who, in farrago stories, is placed at the elbow of the Prince of the Blood, who nominally commands in chief, on condition of attempting nothing without the advice of his dry-servant ; and he shared the fate of all such dry-servants, being hourly chaffed as well as feared by his principal. Still, however, the Ursuline intention was fully answered. Father Eastoe became the constant theme and often the laughter of the worthy Abbot, who hardly dared to turn himself in his bed without considering what Father Eastoe would think of it. In every case of difficulty, Father Eastoe was consulted, and his opinion asked ; and no easier was the embarrassment removed, than the Abbot's next thought was how to get rid of his adviser. In every letter which he wrote to those in power, he recommended Father Eastoe to some high church prelature, a bishopric or an abbey ; and as they dropped one after another, and were otherwise preferred, he began to think, as he confessed to the Mauritanian in the bitterness of his spirit, that the Monastery of Saint Mary's had got a liberal dose of their Sub-Prior.

Yet more indulgent he would have been, had he suspected that Father Eastoe's ambition was fixed upon his own office, which, from many attacks of an apoplectic nature, deemed by the Abbot's friends to be more severe than by himself, it was supposed might be shortly vacant. But the confidence which, like other dignitaries, he reposed in his own health, prevented Abbot Eastoe from suspecting that it told any concoction with the motives of Father Eastoe.

The necessity under which he found himself of consulting with his grand adviser, in cases of real difficulty, rendered the worthy Abbot particularly desirous of doing without him in all ordinary cases of administration, though not without considering what Father Eastoe would have said of the matter. He scorned, therefore, to give a hint to the Sub-Prior of the bold stroke by which he had despatched Brother Philip to Gloucester ; but

when the response came without his re-appearance he became a little uneasy, the more as other matters weighed upon his mind. The flood with the master or keeper of the bridge threatened to be attended with bad consequences, as the man's quarrel was taken up by the martial bands under whom he served; and pressing letters of an unpleasant tendency had just arrived from the Primate. Like a guilty man, who catches hold of his crutch while he carries the lateness that induces him to use it, the Abbot, however reluctant, found himself obliged to require Rastor's presence, after the service was over, in his house, or rather palace, which was attached to, and made part of, the Monastery.

Abbot Beaufort was seated in his high-backed chair, the graining carved back of which terminated in a niche, before a fire where two or three large logs were reduced to one red glowing mass of charcoal. At his elbow, in an oxen stool, stood the remains of a roasted capon, on which his servants had made his evening meal, thickened by a goodly supply of Yorkshire of excellent flavor. He was gazing thoughtfully at the fire, partly engaged in meditation on his past and present fortune, partly occupied by endeavouring to trace towers and steeples in the red embers.

"Yes," thought the Abbot to himself, "in that red perspective I could fancy to myself the pointed towers of Dunelmensis, where I passed my life as I was called to pass, and to toil. A quiet brotherhood we were, regular in our domestic duties; and when the fruits of humanity prevailed over us, we conformed, and were absorbed by such others, and the most formidable part of the process was the just of the current on the culprit. I can almost fancy that I see the cloister garden, and the pomegranates which I grafted with my own hands. And for what have I changed all this, but to be overwhelmed with business which concerns me not, to be called My Lord Abbot, and to be tutored by Father Rastor! I would these towers were the Abbey of Aberbrothick, and Father Rastor the Abbot,—or I would he were in the fire on my terms, so I were rid of him! The Primate says for Holy Father the Pope hath no advice—I am sure he could not live a week with such a curse as mine. Then there is no knowing what Father Rastor thinks till you confess your own difficulties—No hint will bring forth his opinion—he is like a miser, who will not unlatch his purse to know how much

darkling, until the monk who seek it has owned his own of poverty, and won out the best by importunity. And thus I am dismoured in the eyes of my religious brethren, who behold me treated like a child which hath no sense of its own—I will bear it no longer!—Brother Boniface” —(a lay brother answer'd to his call)—“ told Father Boniface that I need not his presence.”

“I came to say to your reverence, that the holy father is entering even now from the cloisters.”

“Be it so,” said the Abbot, “he is welcome,—remove these things—or rather, place a trencher, the holy father may be a little hungry—yet, no—remove them, for there is no good fellowship in this—let the stoup of wine remain, however, and place another cup.”

The lay brother obeyed these ministerial commands in the way he judged most ready—he removed the canopy of the half-shaded canopy, and placed two goblets beside the stoup of Burgundy. At the same instant entered Father Boniface.

He was a thin, sharp-faced, slight-combined little man, whose keen grey eyes seemed almost to look through the person to whom he addressed himself. His body was encircled not only with the farts which he observed with rigid prudentiality, but also by the active and unceas'd energies of his sharp and piercing intellect:—

A sharp soul, which, masking not its way,
Forsooth the poor body to destroy,
And over-inform'd the business of day.

He turned with countenanced reverence to the Lord Abbot; and as they stood together, it was scarce possible to see a more complete difference of form and expression. The grand-entwined long hair and laughing eye of the Abbot, which even his present anxiety could not greatly muffle, was a wonderful contrast to the thin pallid cheek and quick penetrating glance of the monk, in which an eager and keen spirit glimmer'd through eyes to which it seemed to give supernatural lustre.

The Abbot opened the conversation by inquiring to his monk to take a stool, and inviting to a cup of wine. The courtesy was declined with respect, yet not without a remark, that the weaker service was past.

“For the stomach's sake, brother,” said the Abbot, colouring a little—“ You know the rest.”

"It is a dangerous one," answered the monk, "to travel alone, or at late hours. Cut off from human society, the jaws of the grave become a perilous companion of solitude, and therefore I ever shun it."

Abbot Boniface had passed himself out a gorget which might hold about half an English pint; but, after straining with the truth of the observation, or ashamed to act in direct opposition to it, he suffered it to remain unstrung before him, and immediately changed the subject.

"The Primate hath written to us," said he, "to make strict search within our bounds after the heretical persons descended in this land, who have withdrawn themselves from the justice which their opinions deserve. It is deemed probable that they will attempt to retire to England by our Borders, and the Primate requireth us to watch with vigilance, and what not."

"Assuredly," said the monk, "the magistrate should not hear the sword in vain—those be they that turn the world upside down—and doubtless your reverend wisdom will with due diligence second the exertions of the Right Reverend Father in God, being in the peremptory defense of the Holy Church."

"Ay, but how in this to be done!" answered the Abbot; "Saint Mary aid us! The Primate writes to me as if I were a temporal baron—a man under command, having soldiers under him! He says, send forth—scour the country—guard the passes—Truly these men do not travel as those who would give their lives for nothing—the last who went north passed the dry-march at the Riding-burn with an escort of thirty spears, as our reverend brother the Abbot of Kelso did write unto us. How are evils and singularities to stay the way?"

"True Baillif is accounted a good man at arms, holy father," said Shuteon; "your vessels are obliged to rise for the defense of the Holy Kirk—it is the tenure on which they hold their lands—if they will not make faith for the Church which gives them bread, let their possessions be given to others."

"We shall not be wanting," said the Abbot, collecting himself with importance, "to do whatever may advantage Holy Kirk—thysell shall bear the charge to our Baillif and our officials—but here again is our underray with the warden of the bridge and the Heros of Brigallot—Saint Mary! vexations do so multiply upon the House, and upon the generation, that

a man were not where to turn to ! Then didst say, Father Bertram, thou wouldst look into our evidence touching this free passage for the pilgrims?"

"I have looked into the Charters of the House, holy father," said Bertram, "and therein I find a written and formal grant of all rights and customs possible at the shrineship of Brigton, not only by confirmation of this foundation, but by every pilgrim truly desirous to accomplish his vows at this House, to the Abbot Alford, and the Books of the house of Saint Mary in Kinsale, from that time and forever. The deed is dated on Saint Brigid's Even, in the year of Redemption 1137, and bears the sign and seal of the grantor, Charles of Melgilleot, great-great-grandfather of this house, and purports to be granted for the safety of his own soul, and for the souls of the souls of his father and mother, and of all his predecessors and successors, being Barons of Melgilleot."

"But he alleges," said the Abbot, "that the bridge-wards have been in possession of those dues, and have rendered them available for more than fifty years—and the baron threatens violence—meanwhile, the journey of the pilgrims is interrupted, to the prejudice of their own souls and the diminution of the revenue of Saint Mary. The Baristers advised us to put on a boat; but the warden, whom thou knowest to be a godless man, has sworn the devil near him, that if they put on a boat on the baron's stream, he will seize her board from board—and then some say we should compound the claim for a small sum in silver." Here the Abbot paused a moment for a reply, but receiving none, he added, "But what thinkest thou, Father Bertram? why art thou silent?"

"Because I am surprised at the question which the Lord Abbot of Saint Mary's asks of the youngest of his brethren."

"Youngest is thou of your tribe with us, Brother Bertram," said the Abbot, "not youngest in years, or I think in experience. Sub-Prior also of this convent."

"I am astonished," continued Bertram, "that the Abbot of this venerable house should ask of any one whether he can alienate the patrimony of our holy and divine patrimony, or give up to all disinheritation, and perhaps a heretic law, the rights conferred on this church by his devout progenitor. Popes and councils alike prohibit it—the honor of the living, and the well of departed souls, alike forbid it—it may not be. To force,

If he dare see it, we must surrender; but never by our consent should we see the gods of the church plundered, with as little scruple as he would drive off a herd of English boars. Rouse yourself, reverend father, and doubt nothing but that the good cause shall prevail. What the spiritual need, and direct it against the wicked who would usurp our holy rights. What the temporal need, if it be necessary, and stir up the courage and mind of your loyal monks."

The Abbot sighed deeply. "All this," he said, "is often spoken by him who hath to act it not; but"— He was interrupted by the entrance of Basset rather hastily. "The trials on which the Scismatic had set out in the morning had returned," he said, "to the convent stable all over wet, and with the saddle turned round beneath her belly."

"Sancta Maria!" said the Abbot, "our dear brother hath perished by the way!"

"It may not be," said Basset, hastily—"let the bell be tolled—raise the brethren to get torches—alarm the village—hurry down to the river—I myself will be the foreman."

The real Abbott stood astonished and aghast, when at once he beheld his often filled, and now all which he ought to have ordered, going forward at the instance of the youngest monk in the convent. But ere the orders of Basset, which nobly dreaded of disparting, were carried into execution, the necessity was prevented by the sudden appearance of the Scismatic, whose supposed danger excited all the alarm,

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

Read not the written tokens of the brain,
Choose the studied lesson of that portion still
Which weighs upon the heart.

Mosheim.

Wiser between cold and bright, the afflicted Scismatic stood before his Superior, propped on the friendly arm of the earnest abbot, drenched with water, and scarce able to utter a syllable,

After various attempts to speak, the first words he uttered were—

"Here we marry—the moon shines bright."

"Swim we merrily!" reported the Abbot, indigently; "a merry night have ye chosen for swimming, and a bewailing soliloquy to your Superior!"

"Our brother is bewilarded," said Bastard;—"spok, Father Philip, how is it with you?"

"Good luck to your fishing!"

continued the Recruit, making a most dolorous attempt at the tone of his strange companion.

"Good luck to your fishing!" repeated the Abbot, still more surprised than displeased; "by my halibutts he is drunken with wine, and comes to our priory with his jolly catches in his throat! If bread and water can cure this folly!"

"With your pardon, venerable father," said the Sub-Prior, "of water our brother has had enough; and methinks, the confusion of his eye is rather that of terror than of sight unbecoming his profession. Where did you find him, Hob Miller?"

"An it please your reverence, I did but go to shoot the stags of the mill—and as I was going to shot the stags, I heard something groan near to me; but judging it was one of Giles Fletcher's hags—de, as please you, be never shot his gags—I caught up my lever, and was about—Saint Mary forgive me!—to strike where I heard the sound, when, as the ablate would have it, I heard the sound groan just like that of a living man. So I called up my knees, and found the Father Mauritan lying wet and senseless under the wall of our kiln. He soon as we brought him to himself a bit, he prayed to be brought to your reverence, but I doubt not his wits have gone a bell-ringing by the road. It was but now that he spoke in somewhat better terms."

"Well!" said Brother Bastard, "thou hast done well, Hob Miller; only begone now, and remember a second time to pause, ere you strike in the dark."

"Please your reverence, it shall be a lesson to me," said the Miller, "not to mistake a holy man for a beg again, so long as I live." And, making a bow, with profound humility, the Miller withdrew.

"And now that this chart is gone, Father Philip," said Rastus, "will thou tell our venerable Superior what all these I say that you grants, man? If we will have this to thy will."

"Water! water! says who?" snarled the exasperated Secretary.

"Nay," said the monk, "if that be thy complaint, wine may perhaps cure thee;" and he raised him a cup, which the patient drank off to his great benefit.

"And now," said the Abbot, "let his garments be changed, or rather let him be carried to the infirmary; for it will protract our festivity, should we have his convalescence while he stands there, shaming like a rising lass-trout."

"I will bear his adventure," said Rastus, "and report it to your reverence." And, accordingly, he attended the Sacrament to his cell. In about half-an-hour he returned to the Abbot.

"How is it with Father Philip?" said the Abbot; "and through what cause he falls into such a state?"

"He comes from Glenside, reverend sir," said Rastus; "and for the rest, he telleth such a legend, as has not been heard in this Monastery for many a long day." He then gave the Abbot the outline of the Sacristan's adventure in the howeverred journey, and added, that for some time he was inclined to think his brain was before, noting he had sung, laughed, and wept, all in the same instant.

"A wonderful thing it is to me," said the Abbot, "that Satan has been permitted to put such his hand thus far on one of our sacred brothers!"

"True," said Father Rastus; "but be every task there is a punishment; and I have my suspicion, that if the drowsing of Father Philip smoteth of the Evil One, yet it may not have been altogether without his own personal fault."

"Now!" said the Father Abbot; "I will not believe that there naked doubt that Satan, in former days, hath been permitted to afflict saints and holy men, even as he afflicted the poor Job!"

"God forbid I should make question of it," said the monk, crossing himself; "yet, where there is no deposition of the Sacristan's tale, which is less than miraculous, I hold it safe to consider that least, if not to abide by it. Now, this Web the Miller hath a Foster daughter. Suppose—I say only suppose—

that our Superior met her at the field or her return from her walk on the other side, for there she had this evening been—suppose, that, in courtesy, and to save her stripping him and羞恥, the Superior brought her across behind him—suppose he carried his familiarity farther than the master was willing to admit; and we may easily suppose, further, that this writing was the result of it."

" And this legend invented to deserve us!" said the Superior, reddening with wrath; " but most strictly shall it be sifted and inquired into; it is not upon us that Father Philip must hope to give the result of his own evil practices for things of State. To-morrow after the mass, to appear before us—we will examine, and we will punish."

" Under your reverence's favour," said Bontecou, " that were but poor policy. As things now stand with us, the heretics will hold of such flying report which tends to the scandal of our clergy. We must shun the evil, not only by strengthening discipline, but also by supressing and silencing the voice of scandal. If my conjectures are true, the master's daughter will be silent for her own sake; and your reverence's authority may also impose silence on her father, and on the heretics. If he is again found to afford room for throwing discredit on his order, he can be punished with severity, but at the same time with economy. For what say the Decretals? *Nescimus credere deum peccato;* *peccato est omnis obnoxia absentia.*"

A sentence of Latin, as Bontecou had before observed, had often much influence on the Abbot, because he understood it not fluently, and was induced to acknowledge its ignorance. On these terms they parted for the night.

The next day, Abbot Bontecou stoutly interrupted Philip on the next cause of his distress of the previous night. But the Superior stood firm to his story; nor was he found to vary from any point of it, although the answer he returned was in some degree incoherent, owing to his babbling along with them over and over again of the strange damsel's song, which had made such deep impression on his imagination, that he could not prevent himself from uttering it repeatedly in the course of his examination. The Abbot had compassion with the Superior's inveterate folly, to which something supernatural seemed annexed, and freely became of opinion, that Father Bontecou's more natural explanation was rather plausible than just. And,

Indeed, although we have received the adventure as we find it written down, we cannot doubt to add that there was a addition on the subject in the original, and that several of the brethren pretended to have good reason for thinking that the editor's blushing daughter was at the bottom of the affair after all. Whatever way it might be interpreted, all agreed that it had been judicious a man to be permitted to get abroad, and therefore the Recruit was charged, on his vow of obedience, to say no more of his doings; an injunction which, having once rated his mind by telling his story, it may be well conjectured that he joyfully obeyed.

The attention of Father Busineau was much less readily arrested by the marvellous tale of the Recruit's dangers, and his escape, than by the mention of the volume which he had brought with him from the Tower of Glendalough. A copy of the Scripture, translated into the vulgar tongue, had found its way even into the proper territory of the church, and had been discovered in one of the most hidden and sequestered recesses of the Halls of Saint Mary's.

He anxiously requested to see the volume. In this the Recruit was unable to gratify him, as he had lost it, as far as he pretended), when the supernatural being, as he conceived her to be, took her departure from him. Father Roature went down to the spot in person, and searched all around it, in hope of recovering the volume in question; but his labour was in vain. He returned to the Abbey, and reported that it must have fallen into the river or the mill-stream; "for I will hardly believe," he said, "that Father Philip's blessed Blood would fly off with a copy of the Holy Scripture."

"Being," said the Abbot, "as it is, an heretical translation, it may be thought that Satan may have given over it."

"Ay!" said Father Roature, "it is indeed his chief magazine of artillery, when he inspirith presumption and daring men to set forth their own opinions and expositions of Holy Writ. But though thus abjured, the Scriptures are the means of salvation, and are no cause to be rejected wholly, because of these rash men's perversities, than a powerful medicine is to be contumacious, or bold poisoners, because bold and evil lookers have employed it to the prejudice of their patients. With the permission of poor reverent, I would that this matter were looked into more closely. I will myself visit the Tower of

Gloaming am I am many hours older, and we shall see if any spectre or white woman of the wild will venture to interrupt my journey or return. Have I your reverend permission and your blessing?" he added, but in a tone that appeared to me no great store by either.

" Thou hast had, my brother," said the Abbot; but no sooner had Brother left the apartment, than Brother could not help breaking in the willing ear of the Sacerdotus his master's wish, that any spirit, black, white, or grey, would read the adviser such a lesson, as to cure him of his presumption in intruding himself older than the whole humanity.

" I wish him no worse lesson," said the Sacerdotus, " than to go swimming merrily down the river with a ghost behind, and Kelpies, right-ways, and end-ways, all waiting to have a swim at him.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright!
Good luck to poor Viking, whom watch you to-night!"

" Brother Philip," said the Abbot, " we cannot thank thee for thy prayers, compose thyself, and banish that foolish doubt from thy mind; that is but a symptom of the devil."

" I will essay, reverend father," said the Sacerdotus, " but the time hangs by my memory like a burr in a beggar's rags; it wriggles with the pester—the very bane of the current seem to repeat the words, and jingle to the tune; and were you to put me to death at this very moment, it is my belief I should die singing it—" How swim we merrily—it is as it were a spell upon me."

He then again began to murmur

" Good luck to poor Viking."

And shaking himself in the strait with difficulty, he exclaimed, " It is too certain—I am but a lost print! Behold we merrily—I shall sing it at the very same—Woe is me! I shall sing all the remainder of my life, and yet never be able to change the tune!"

The honest Abbot replied, " he knew many a good fellow in the same condition;" and concluded the remark with " ho! ho! ho! ho!"—for his reverence, as the reader may partly have observed, was one of those dull folks who love a quiet joke.

The Sacerdotus, well acquainted with his Superior's humor,

endeavoured to join in the laugh, but his unfortunate master came again across his laughter, and interrupted the liberty of his customary joke.

"By the rood, Brother Philip," said the Abbot, much moved, "you become altogether unbearable! and I am convinced that such a spell could not subvert even a person of religion, and in a religious house, unless he were under mortal sin. Wherefore, say the seven penitentiary penances—make diligent use of the scruples and haircloth—refrain for three days from all food, save bread and water—I myself will shew thee, and we will see if this singular devil may be driven out of thee; at least I think Father Basilio himself could derive no better exorcism."

The Sacristan sighed deeply, but knew remonstrance was vain. He retired therefore to his cell, to try how far penitence might be able to drive off the scurals of the spirit that haunted his memory.

Knowwhale, Father Basilio proceeded to the drawbridge, in his way to the lonely valley of Glenserry. In a brief conversation with the cheerful washer, he had the address to render him more tractable in the controversy betwixt him and the convert. He reminded him that his father had been a vessel under the community; that his brother was childless; and that their possessions would revert to the church on his death, and might be either granted to himself, the washer, or to some greater thievish of the Abbot, as matters chanced to stand betwixt them at the time. The Sub-Prior suggested to him also, the necessary connection of interests betwixt the Monastery and the office which this man enjoyed. He listened with temper to his sage and cheerful master; and by keeping his countenance firm pitched in his view, he had the satisfaction to find that Peter gradually softened his tone, and consented to let every pilgrim who travelled upon that path free of tax and Pardon; and; they who travelled on horseback or otherwise, contenting to pay the ordinary custom. Having thus accommodated a master in which the wile of the convert was so deeply interested, Father Basilio proceeded on his journey.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

May, daily set with time, the wise man's treasure,
 Though fools are lavish w^t—the said Father
 Waste much, while we waste moment.

Our Poet.

A November mist overspread the little valley, up which slowly but steadily waded the Monk Bassett. He was not insensible to the feeling of melancholy inspired by the scene and by the season. The stream seemed to murmur with a deep and oppressed note, as if bemoaning the departure of autumn. Among the scattered aspens which here and there fringed its banks, the calicoes only retained that pallid green that precedes their russet hue. The leaves of the willows were most of them stripped from the branches, lay rustling at each breath, and disturbed by every step of the monk; while the foliage of other trees, totally withdrawn, kept still precious possession of the boughs, waiting the first wind to scatter them.

The monk dropped into the natural train of passive thought which these natural emblems of mortal hope are peculiarly calculated to inspire. "There," he said, looking at the leaves which lay scattered around, "lie the leaves of early youth, that formed that they may remain wither, and hovering in spring to become most resumptive in winter; but you, ye laurels," he added, looking to a knot of boughs which still bore their willow-green leaves, "you are the proud plants of autumnal meadow, fenced later, and still clinging to the rib of age, although it acknowledges their beauty! None last—none endure, save the foliage of the hardy oak, which only begins to show itself when that of the rest of the forest has enjoyed half its existence. A pale and decayed hue is all it possesses, but still it retains that spark of vitality to the last.—So be it with Father Bassett! The fairy hopes of my youth I have trod under foot like those neglected rustlers—to the grander dreams of my manhood I look back as to long chimeras, of which the pith and essence have long since faded; but my religious views, the faithful profession which I have made in my mature age, shall retain life while ought of Bassett lives. Dangerous it may be—foible it must be—yet live it shall, the grand determination to serve the church of which I am a

member, and to exhibit the benefits by which she is assailed." Thus spoke, at least thus thought, a man musing according to his imperfect knowledge, confounding the vital interests of Christianity with the unscripted and unscripted claims of the Church of Rome, and dictating his course with an ardent wistfulness of a better.

While moving onward in this contemplative mood, he could not help thinking more than once, that he saw in his path the form of a monk dressed in white, who appeared in the attitude of benediction. But the impression was only momentary; and whenever he looked steadily to the point where he conceived the figure appeared, it always proved that he had mistaken some natural object, a white eagle, or the trunk of a disengaged birch-tree with its silver bark, for the appearance in question.

Father Eustace had dwelt too long in Rome to partake the superstitious feelings of the more ignorant Scottish clergy; yet he certainly thought it extraordinary, that so strong an impression should have been made upon his mind by the legend of the *Saints*. "It is strange," he said to himself, "that this story, which doubtless was the fabrication of Brother Philip to cover his own impropriety of conduct, should run so much in my head, and distract my more serious thoughts—I am won, I think, to have more command over my sense. I will repeat my prayer, and banish such folly from my recollection."

The task accordingly began with dexterous to tell his beads, in pursuance of the prescribed rule of his order, and was not again disturbed by any wanderings of the imagination, until he found himself beneath the little dialle of Glendalough.

Dame Glendalough, who stood at the gate, set up a shout of surprise and joy at seeing the good father. "Martin," she said, "Master, where be o' the folk?—help the right reverend Bishop Prior to Massanant, and take his note from him.—O father! God has sent you in our need—I was just going to send mess and horse to the current, though I ought to be ashamed to give so much trouble to your reverence."

"Our trouble matters not, good dame," said Father Eustace; "In what can I please you? I came hither to visit the body of Aeneas."

"Well-a-day!" said Dame Alice, "and it was on her part that I had the boldness to think of summoning you, for the

good lady will never be able to wear over the day!—Would it please you to go to her chamber?"

"Hath she not been driven by Father Philip?" said the monk.

"Shefren she was," said the Dame of Glastonbury, "and by Father Philip, as your reverence truly says—but—I wish it may have been a clean shrift—methought Father Philip looked but moodily upon her—and there was a book which he took away with him, that"—

"Speak not, Dame Glastonbury," said the Father; "with us it is your duty to have no secrets."

"Nay, if it please your reverence, it is not that I would keep anything from your reverence's knowledge, but I fear I should prejudice the lady in your opinion; for she is an excellent lady—moral and勇敢 hath she dwelt in this tower, and more-moral exemplary than she; but this matter, doubtless, she will explain it herself to your reverence."

"I desire first to know it from you, Dame Glastonbury," said the monk; "and I again repeat, it is your duty to tell it to me."

"This book, if it please your reverence, which Father Philip received from Glastonbury, was this morning returned to us in a strange manner," said the good widow.

"Battered!" said the monk; "how mean you!"

"I mean," answered Dame Glastonbury, "that it was brought back to the Tower of Glastonbury, the saintly host knew how—that same book which Father Philip carried with him but yesterday. Old Martin, that is my tinker and the lady's servant, was driving out the cows to the pasture—for we have three good milk-cows, reverend father, blessed be Saint Waldegrave, and thanks to the holy Monastery!"

The monk groaned with impatience; but he remembered that a woman of the good dame's condition was like a top, which, if you let it spin on untouched, must at last come to a pause; but, if you interrupt it by flogging, there is no end to its gyrations. "But, to speak as none of the cows, your reverence, though they are likely still as ever were tied to a stake, the tinker was driving them out, and the lady, that is my Halbert and my Edward, that your reverence has seen at church on holidays, and especially Halbert,—for you patted him on the head and gave him a brooch of Saint Cuthbert,

which he wears in his breast,—and Tibb Mary Arundel, that is the lady's daughter, they ran all after the cattle, and began to play up and down the pasture as young folk will, poor reverence. And at length they lost sight of Martin and the cows ; and they began to run up a little dingle, which we call Cervantes-Slade, where there is a wavy bit strip of a bank, and they saw there—Good grame me !—a White Woman sitting on the bank-side wringing her hands—so the lasses were frightened to see a strange woman sitting there, all but Halbert, who will be driven come Whitsunday ; and, besides, he never durst say thing—and when they went up to her—behold she was passed away !"

" For shame, good women !" said Father Mathias ; " a woman of your sense to listen to a tale so idle !—the young folk told you a lie, and that was ill."

" Nay, sir, it was more than that," said the old dame ; " for, besides that they never told me a lie in their lives, I must warn you that on the very ground where the White Woman was sitting, they found the Lady of Arundel's book, and brought it with them to the tower."

" That is worthy of mark at least," said the monk. " Know you no other copy of this volume within these bounds ?"

" Now, your reverence," returned Ebenezer ; " why should there be ?—no one could read it were there twenty."

" Then you are sure it is the very same volume which you gave to Father Philip ?" said the monk.

" As sure as that I now speak with your reverence."

" It is most singular !" said the monk ; and he walked across the room in a musing posture.

" I have been upon notice to hear what your reverence would say," continued Dame Oldbuckling, " respecting this matter—There is nothing I would not do for the Lady of Arundel and her family, and this has been proved, and for her servants to boot, both Martin and Tibb, although Tibb is not so civil sometimes as altogether. I have a right to expect ; but I cannot think it becoming to have angels, or ghosts, or fairies, or the like, walking upon a bobby when she is in another woman's house, in respect it is no ways creditable. Only thing also had to do was always done to her hand, without casting her either pain or peace, as a country lady says ; and besides the discredit, I cannot but think that there is no safety in having such uncanny creatures about one. But I have tied red thread

round the bairn's throat" (so her friends still called them), "and gives ilk one of them a rolling-wand of reem-tree, decky serving up a slip-of-witch-clad into their doublets; and I wish to know of your reverence if there be any thing mair than a lone woman can do in the matter of ghosts and fairies!—Be here I that I should have named their unlucky names twa year!"

"Dame Glendinning," answered the monk, somewhat abruptly, when the good woman had finished her narrative, "I pray you, do you know the miller's daughter?"

"Did I know Kate Hopper?" replied the widow; "as well as the beggar knows his dish—a nasty queen was Kate, and a special creature of my auld maugre, twenty years agone."

"She cannot be the wench I mean," said Father Rotane, "she affer wha I inquire is name Eileen, a black-eyed girl—you may have seen her at the hirk."

"Your reverence must be in the right; and she is my comon'er's niece, doubtless, that you are pleased to speak of: But, I thank God I have always been too distract in attention to the names, to know whether young wenches have black eyes or green ones."

The good father had so much of the world about him, that he was unable to avoid smiling, when the dame boasted her absolute resistance to a temptation, which was not quite so liable to bewitch her as those of the other sex.

"Perhaps, then," he said, "you know her usual dress, Dame Glendinning?"

"Ay, ay, father," answered the dame maddily enough, "a white kirtle the wench wears, to hide the dust of the mill no doubt—and a May hood, that might weel be spared, for pride-fallers."

"Then, may it not be she," said the father, "who has brought back this book, and stepped out of the way when the children came near her?"

The dame passed—was unwilling to confess the suspicion suggested by the monk—but was at a loss to conceive why the laird of the mill should come so far from home into so wild a corner, merely to leave an old book with three children, from whose observation she wished to conceal herself. Above all, she could not understand why, since she had no pretensions in the family, and since the Dame Glendinning had always paid her visitors and knaveship duly, the said laird of the mill had

not come in to rest himself and eat a morsel, and tell her the curiosities of the world.

These very objections satisfied the monk; that his conjectures were right. "There," he said, "you must be cautious in what you say. This is an instant—*I* would it were the sole case—of the power of the Society in these days. The master must be shielded with a curious and awful hand."

"Indeed," said Elspeth, trying to catch and chase it with the ideas of the Sub-Prior, "I have often thought the master's folk at the Monastery-wall were far over anxious in trifling over mables, and in halting it too—some folk say they will not stick at trifles to put in a handful of cobs amongst Christian folk's corn-mound."

"That shall be looked after also, dame," said the Sub-Prior, not displeased to see that the good old woman went off in a false start; "and now, by your leave, I will see this lady—do you go before and prepare her to see me."

Dame Glendinning left the lower apartment, accordingly, which the monk passed in anxious reflection, considering how he might best discharge, with humanity as well as with effect, the important duty imposed on him. He resolved to approach the bedside of the sick person with reprimands, mitigated only by a feeling for her weak condition—he determined, in case of her reply, to which late examples of hardened heretics might encourage her, to be prepared with answers to their contumacious scruples. High thought, also, with soul against her unauthorised intrusion into the private function, by study of the Sacred Scriptures, he brought to himself the answers which one of the masters school of living might return to him—the visitation refutation which should lay the eloquent protestant at the Confessor's mercy—and the healing, yet awful extirpation, which, under pain of refusing the last consolations of religion, he designed to make to the patient, conjuring her, in the fervor her own souls' welfare, to disclose to him what she knew of the dark mystery of Falstaff, by which heretics were introduced into the most secluded spots of the very partitionery of the Church herself—what agents they had who could thus glide, as it were unseen, from place to place, being back the volumes which the Church had intrusted to the spots from which it had been removed under her express suspicion; and who, by encouraging the daring and profane, think also knowledge

forbidding and useless to the lady, had encouraged the father of souls to use with effect his old bolt of ambition and vainglory.

Much of this premeditated despatch escaped the good father, when Elspeth returned, her tears flowing faster than her spouse could dry them, and made him a sign to follow her. "Now," said the monk, "is she then so near her end!—may the Church not break or trample, when conquest is yet possible;" and forgetting his penitence, the good Sub-Priest hastened to the little apartment, where, on the wretched bed which she had occupied since her misfortunes had driven her to the Trevor of Glendeng, the widow of Walter Arundel had rendered up her spirit to her Creator. "My God!" said the Sub-Priest, "and has my unfortunate darling suffered her to depart without the Church's consolation!—Look to her, dame," he exclaimed with eager impatience; "Is there not yet a spark of the life left!—may she not be recalled—recalled but for a moment!—Oh! would that she could express, but by the most imperfect word—but by the most feeble motion, her negligence in the useful task of penitential prayer!—Does she not breathe!—Art thou sure she doth not?"

"She will never breathe more," said the nation. "Oh! the poor fatherless girl—owr motherless sive—Oh, the kind companion I have had these many years, when I shall never see again! But she is in heaven for certain, if ever woman went there; for a woman of better life!"

"Woe to me," said the good monk, "if indeed she went not hence in good assurance—wot to the reckless shepherd, who suffered the wolf to carry a sheep away from the flock, while he buried himself with trimming his sling and his staff to give the master battle! Oh! if in the long hereafter, sight but well should that poor spirit share, what has my delay cost!—the value of an immortal soul!"

He then approached the body, full of the deep remorse natural to a good man of his persuasion, who devoutly believed the doctrines of the Catholic Church. "Ay," said he, gazing on the pallid corpse, from which the spirit had passed so placidly as to leave a smile upon the thin blue lips, which had been so long wasted by decay that they had parted with the last tokens of animation without the slightest convulsive tremor—"Ay," said Father Rosalie, "there lies the fabled tree, and,

as it fit, so it bewailed thought for me, should my neglect have left it to descend in an evil direction?" He then again and again conjured Dame Glendinning to tell him what she knew of the deceased and ordinary walk of the deceased.

All tended to the high honour of the deceased lady; for her companion, who abhorred her sufficiently while alive, notwithstanding some trifling points of jealousy, now visited her after her death, and could think of no attribute of penitence with which she did not adorn her memory.

Indeed, the Lady of Arundel, however she might privately doubt some of the doctrines promulgated by the Church of Rome, and although she had probably tacitly appealed from that corrupted system of Christianity to the volume on which Christianity itself is founded, had nevertheless been regular in her scruples as to the worship of the Church, not, perhaps, exacting her scruples so far as to break off communion. Such indeed was the first sentiment of the author's reformation, who seemed to have studied, for a time at least, to avoid a schism, until the violence of the Pope rendered it inevitable.

Peter Brantoe, on the present occasion, listened with impatience to everything which could lead to accuse him of the lady's orthodoxy in the main points of belief; for his conscience reproached him, much, that, instead of protesting conversion with the Dame of Glendinng, he had not instantly hastened where his presence was necessary. "It," he said, addressing the dead lady, " thou art yet free from the stated penalty due to the followers of false doctrine—if thou dost but suffice for a time, to expiate faults done in the body, but partaking of mortal bodily more than of bodily sin, fear not that thy soul shall be long in the penal register in which thou expectest to descend—if eight—if sixteen—if twenty—if cessation of my body, till it resembles that extended form which the soul hath abondoned, may seem thy difference. The Holy Church—the godly foundation—our blessed Petrus' bound, shall intercede for me whom thou wert intercalated by so many virtues.—Leave me, dame—here, and by her bed-side, will I perform those duties which this pious case demands."

Eloegath left the room, who employed himself in fervent and sincere, though evanescent prayer, for the rest of the departed spirit. For an hour he remained in the apartment of death,

and then returned to the hall, where he found the still weeping friend of the deceased.

But it would be injustice to Mrs. Gloucestering's hospitality, if we suppose her to have been weeping during this long interval, or rather if we suppose her so entirely absorbed by the tribute of sorrow which she paid frankly and plausibly to her deceased friend, as to be incapable of attending to the rights of hospitality due to the holy visitor—who was moreover at once, and Sub-Prior—nighly in all religious and secular considerations, as far as the wants of the Monastery were concerned.

Her bushy-bred had been toasted—her choicest morsel of home-brewed ale had been broached—her best butter had been placed on the hall-table, along with her most savory ham, and her choicest cheese, etc., she abandoned herself to the extremity of sorrow; and it was not till she had arranged her little repast neatly on the board, that she sat down in the chimney corner, threw her shawled arms over her head, and gave way to the excess of tears and woe. In this there was no grudge or affection. The good dame held the honour of her house to be as essential a duty, especially when a monk was her visitor, as any other pressing call upon her conscience; nor could these woes naturally attach her to did she feel herself at liberty to indulge her sorrow for her departed friend.

When she was conscious of the Sub-Prior's presence, she rose with the same attention to his reception; but he declined all the offers of hospitality with which she endeavoured to tempt him. Not her butter, as yellow as gold, and the best, she assured him, that was made in the patrimony of Saint Mary—not the barley-meal, which "the departed saint, God save her! used to say was so good"—not the ale, nor any other morsel which poor Elspeth's stores afforded, could prevail on the Sub-Prior to break his fast.

"This day," he said, "I must not taste food until the sun go down, happy if, in so doing, I can avert my own negligence—happier still, if my offerings of this trifling nature, calculation in pure faith and singleness of heart, may benefit the soul of the deceased. Yet, dame," he added, "I may not so far forget the living in my care for the dead, as to leave behind me that book, which is to the ignorant what, to our first parents, the tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil unhappily

proved—excellent indeed in itself, but that becomes used by those to whom it is prohibited."

"Oh, kindly, reverend father," said the widow of Simon Glendinning, "will I give you the book, if so be I can whilst it is from the before; and however poor things, as the case stands with them poor now, you might take the heart out of their bodies, and they never find it out, they are not beggarish."

"Give them this school history, good dame," said the father, drawing from his pocket one which was seriously illustrated with paintings, "and I will come myself, or send one at a fitting time, and teach them the meaning of these pictures."

"The bonny images!" said Dame Glendinning, forgetting for an instant her grief in her admiration, "and wad I wed," added she, "it is another sort of a book than the poor Lady of Arundel's; and blessed night we have been this day, if your reverence had found the way up the glen, instead of Father Philip, though the Recruit is a powerful man too, and speaks as if he would get the house by himself, were that the walls were grey thick. 'Saxon's Sorrows' (may be and they be Missed!) took care of that."

The monk uttered his malediction, and was about to take his leave; and the good dame was still delaying him with questions about the funeral, when a horseman, armed and accoutred, rode into the little courtyard which surrounded the Keep.

* Separation—every-way.

CHAPTER NINTH.

For these they rule among our domes
With spear on spear and many spears,
There grows no fruit into our fles;

Thus said John Glastonbury.

Illustration 112.

The Scottish laws, which were as wisely and judiciously made as they were curiously and ineffectually executed, had in vain endeavoured to restrain the damage done to agriculture, by the thick and loaded precipitations remaining in their service what were called *jach-ans*, from the *jach*, or dothit quilted with iron

which they were as defensive slaves. These military retainers conducted themselves with great insolence towards the religious part of the community—lived for a great measure by plunder, and were ready to execute any commands of their master, however unlawful. In adopting this mode of life, men resigned the quiet hopes and regular labours of industry, for an unsettled, precarious, and dangerous trade, which yet had such charms for those once accustomed to it, that they became incapable of following any other. Hence the complaint of John Upland, a fictitious character, representing a countryman, late whose mouth the poets of the day put their general satire upon men and manners.

They ride about in such a way,
By horse, till, and boat,
With leather, love, and bread.
Lo ! where they ride out through the eyre !
The Devil not man the company.
Quoth John Upland.

Christie of the Cliftill, the laiceman who now arrived at the little Town of Glendalough, was one of the hapless company of whom the poet complains, as was indicated by his "spine or speak!" (iron plates on his shoulder), his rusted spurs, and his long lame. An iron skull-cap, made of the brigandine, bore for distinction a sprig of the holly, which was Averell's badge. A long two-edged straight sword, having a handle made of polished oak, hung down by his side. The meagre condition of his horse, and the wild and untrained look of the rider, showed their companion could not be accounted an easy or a thriving case. He saluted Dame Glendalough with little courtesy, and the monk with less; for the growing disrespect to the religious orders had not failed to extend itself among a class of men of such disorderly habits, although it may be supposed they were tolerably indifferent alike to the new or the ancient doctrines.

"So, our lady is dead, Dame Glendalough I" said the josh-man ; "my master has sent you over now a fat bullock for her mass—it may serve for her funeral. I have left him in the upper trough, so he is somewhat lousy,"⁴ and is marked both with cut and bite—the outer skin is off, and he is in misery, the less like you are to have trouble—you understand me? Let me have a peck of oats for my horse, and beef and beer for

⁴ *Lousy*—that which is much infested by the louse.

myself, for I must go on to the Monastery—though I think this monk here might do rather errand."

"Thine errand, rude man!" said the Sub-Prior, knitting his brows—

"For God's sake!" cried poor Dame Gloucestering, terrified at the idea of a quarrel between them,—"O Christe!—it is the Sub-Prior—O reverend sir, it is Christe of the Chirchill, the late'st chief jackson; no know that little bairings can be expected from the like o' them."

"Are you a relation of the Laird of Avenal?" said the monk, addressing himself to the baroness, "and do you speak these words to a brother of Saint Mary's, to whom thy master is so much beholden?"

"He means to be got more bairlings to your house, Sir Monk," answered the fellow; "for bearing his sister-in-law, the widow of Walter of Avenal, was on her death-bed, he sent me to say to the Father Abbot and the brethren, that he will hold the funeral-boast at their convent, and invite himself thereto, with a score of lords and wores friends, and to abide there ffor three days and three nighty,—bearing bairlings and men's merv at the charge of the community; of which his intention he made due notice, that fitting preparation may be timesay much."

"Friend," said the Sub-Prior, "believe me that I will do to the Father Abbot the indignity of delivering such an errand.—Think't then the goods of the church were bestowed upon her by holy priests and pious nobles, now dead and gone, to be consumed in revelry by every profligate layman who numbers in his train more followers than he can support by honest means, or by his own knawledge! Tell thy master, from the Sub-Prior of Saint Mary's, that the Priests hath issued his commands to us that we submit no longer to this compulsory exactation of hospitality on slight or like pretense. Our lands and goods were given to pious pilgrims and pious persons, not to stout heads of rascall soldiers."

"This to me!" said the angry spearman, "this to me and to my master—Look to yourself then, Sir Prior, and try if Ann and Orrie will keep bairlings from wandering, and bay-studs from bearing."

"Deut thou receive the Holy Church's patrimony with waste and lawlessness," said the Sub-Prior, "and that in the face of

the sun! I call on all who hear me to bear witness to the words this ruffian has spoken. Remember how the Lord James drowned such as you by scores in the black pool at Jedburgh,—To him and to the Prelate will I complain." The abbot shifted the position of his hands, and brought it down to a level with the monk's body.

Dame Glendinning began to shriek for assistance. "Tibb Tadde! Martin! where ha ye all t—Christie, for the love of God, consider he is a man of Holy Kirk!"

"I care not for his spouse," said the Sub-Prior; "if I am耽 in defending the rights and privileges of my community, the Prelate will know how to take vengeance."

"Let him look to himself," said Christie, but at the same time depositing his lance against the wall of the tower; "if the Fifes man spoke true who came hither with the Governor in the last raid, Norman Leslie has him at flood, and is like to set him hard. We know Norway a true bloodthirsty, who will never quit the shot. But I had no design to offend the holy father," he added, thinking perhaps he had gone a little too far; "I am a rude man, used to knave and thieve, and not used to deal with book-learned men and priests; and I am willing to sue his forgiveness—and his blessing, if I have saidught amiss."

"For God's sake! your reverence," said the widow of Glendury apart to the Sub-Prior, "lay low on his poor房ignorance—how shall we poor folk sleep in security in the dark nights, if the convent is at flood with such men as he is!"

"You are right, dame," said the Sub-Prior, "your safety should, and must be, in the first instance consulted.—Sabbath, I forgive thee, and may God bless thee and send thee heavenly."

Christie of the Clashill made an unwilling inclination with his head, and muttered apart, "That is as much as to say, God send thee starvation. But now to my master's demand, Sir Prior! What answer am I to return?"

"That the body of the widow of Walter of Arred," answered the Father, "shall be interred as becomes her rank, and in the tomb of her valiant husband. For your master's professed visit of three days, with such a company and retinue, I have no authority to reply to it; you must intimate your Chief's purpose to the Reverend Lord Abbot."

"That will cost me a further ride," said the man, "but it is

all in the day's work.—How now, my lad," said he to Halbert, who was handling the long lance which he had laid aside; "how do you like such a plaything?—Will you go with me and be a lance-trumper?"

"The halberd is their money-bridal!" said the poor mother; and then, afraid of having displeased Christie by the vivacity of her exclamation, she followed it up by explaining, that since Simon's death she could not look on a spear or a bow, or any implement of destruction, without trembling.

"Pshaw!" answered Christie, "then shan't take another husband, d'yea, and drive such follies out of thy thoughts—what sayest thou to such a strapping lad as I? Why, this old town of thine is feasible enough, and there is no want of strength, and courage, and brawn, and thick-lips, if one was set hard; a man might ride here and keep his hand-free of lads, and as many geldings, and live on what he could lay his hand on, and be kind to thee, old woman."

"Aho! Master Christie," said the matron, "that you should talk to a lone woman in such a fashion, and death in the house besides!"

"Lone woman!—why, that is the very reason thou shan't take a mate. Thy old friend is dead, why, good—choose thou another of somewhat tougher frame, and that will not die of the pip like a young chicken.—Better still—Come, d'yea, let me have something to eat, and we will talk more of this."

Dame Elegy, though she well knew the character of the man, whom in fact she both disliked and feared, could not help whispering at the personal address which he thought proper to make to her. She whispered to the Sub-Prior, "say nothing just to keep him quiet," and went into the tower to eat before the soldier the food he desired, trusting between good dame, and the power of her own charms, to keep Christie of the Ulsterhill as well armed, that the alteration between him and the holy Father shan't be removed.

The Sub-Prior was equally unwilling to banish any unnecessary raptures between the community and such a person as Julian of Avenel. He was sensible that moderation, as well as firmness, was necessary to support the tottering cause of the Church of Rome; and that, contrary to former times, the spiritual leaders the clergy and holy men, in the present, usually terminated to the advantage of the latter. He resolved, there-

fore, to avoid further strife by withdrawing, but failed not, in the first place, to possess himself of the volume which the Sacristan carried off the evening before, and which had been returned to the gloo in such a marvellous manner.

Edward, the younger of Dame Blisepit's boys, made great objections to the book's being removed, in which Mary would probably have joined, but that she was now in her little sleeping chamber with Tibb, who was exerting her simple skill to console the young lady for her mother's death. But the younger Clermontine stood up in defence of her property, and, with a frankness which had hitherto made no part of his character, declared, that now the kind lady was dead, the book was Mary's, and no one but Mary should have it.

"But if it is not a fit book for Mary to read, my dear boy," said the father, gently, "you would not wish it to remain with her?"

"The lady read it," answered the young champion of property; "and as it could not be wrong—it shall not be taken away—*I* wonder where Halbert is—listening to the bewailing tales of gay Christie, I reckon,—he is always wishing for fighting, and now he is out of the way."

"Why, Edward, you would not fight with me, who am both a priest and an old man!"

"If you were as good a priest as the Pope," said the boy, "and as old as the hills to boot, you shall not carry away Mary's book without her leave. I will do battle for it."

"But you you, my love," said the monk, armed with the insatiable friendship manifested by the boy, "I do not take it, I only borrow it; and I leave it in place of my own gay volume, as a pledge I will bring it again."

Edward opened the volume with eager curiosity, and glanced at the pictures with which it was illustrated. "Saint George and the dragon—Halbert will like that; and Saint Michael brandishing his sword over the head of the Wicked One—and that will do for Halbert too. And see the Saint John leading his lamb in the wilderness, with his little cross made of reeds, and his scap and staff—that shall be my favourite; and where shall we find one for poor Mary?—here is a beautiful woman weeping and lamenting herself!"

"This is Saint Mary Magdalene repenting of her sins, my dear boy," said the father.

"That will not suit our Mary; for she commits no faults, and is never angry with us, but when we do something wrong."

"Then," said the doctor, "I will show you a Mary, who will protect her and you, and all good children. See how fairly she is represented, with her gown covered with golden stars."

The boy was lost in wonder at the portrait of the Virgin, which the Sub-Priest turned up to him.

"This," he said, "is really like our sweet Mary; and I think I will let you take away the black book, that has no such goodly shows in it, and leave this for Mary herself. But you must promise to bring back the book, good father—for now I think upon it, Mary may like that book which was her mother's."

"I will certainly return," said the monk, smiling his answer, "and perhaps I may teach you to write and read such beautiful letters as you see there written, and to paint them blue, green, and yellow, and to blazon them with gold."

"Ay, and to make such figures as these Nunsed Saints, and especially these two Marys!" said the boy.

"With their blessing," said the Sub-Priest, "I can teach you that art too, so far as I am myself capable of showing, and you of learning it."

"Then," said Edward, "will I paint Mary's picture—and remember you are to bring back the black book; that you must promise me."

The Sub-Priest, anxious to get rid of the boy's pertinacity, and to set forward on his return to the convent, without having any further interview with Christie the goldsmith, managed by giving the precious Edward a rapier, mounted his mule, and set forth on his return homewards.

The November day was well spent ere the Sub-Priest resumed his journey; for the difficulty of the road, and the various delays which he had met with at the tower, had detained him longer than he proposed. A still noisome wind was sighing among the withered leaves, and stripping them from the boughs they had yet retained on the parent trees.

"Even so," said the monk, "our prospects in this vale of time grow more desolate as the stream of years passes on. Little have I gained by my journey, saving the certainty that living is long among us with more than his usual activity, and that the spirit of bounding religious orders, and plundering the

Church's property, so general in the eastern districts of Scotland, has now quite ceased."

The head of a horse which came up behind him, interrupted his reverie, and he soon saw he was mounted by the same wild rider whom he had left at the town.

"Good morn, my son, and benedic!" said the Bob-Prior as he passed; but the rude soldier scarce acknowledged the greeting, by bowing his head; and dashing the spur into his horse, went on at a pace which soon left the monk and his mule far behind. "And there," thought the Bob-Prior, "goes another plague of the times—a fellow whom birth designed him to cultivate the earth, but who is perverted by the unshovelled and uncultivated divisions of the country, into a daring and desperate robber. The barons of Scotland are now turned mortal thieves and robbers, oppressing the poor by violence, and wasting the Church, by exacting free quarters from abbots and priors, without either shame or reason. I fear me I shall be too late to cause the abbot to make a stand against those daring scoundrels—I must make haste." He struck his mule with his riding-whip unmercifully; but, instead of sending her pace, the animal suddenly started from the path, and the rider's vigorous efforts could not force her forward.

"Art thou, too, infected with the spirit of the times?" said the Bob-Prior; "then wear want to be ready and serviceable, and art now as callous as any wild jack-ass or stolid horn-bearer of them all."

While he was contending with the startled animal, a noise, like that of a female, chanted in his ear, or at least very close to it,

"Good evening, Sir Prior, and as late as you still,
With your mule on this, and your pony on that;
But ride you through valley, or this you're lost,
There's one that has moment to wish on you still.
 Black, black.

The *Volume black!*

I have a moment to wish on you still."

* To arrest, in Scotland, is to meet the master against the wall of the landlord. It is declared equivalent to *black*, by a statute passed in the year 1348. The great nobles oppressed the peasants very much by citations of this nature. The community of Aberdeenshire complained of Mr. Earl of Angus, I think, who was in the regular habit of visiting them when absent, with a train of a thousand men, and seizing till the whole winter provision of the peasant were exhausted.

The Bob-Priest looked around, but neither bush nor bank was near which could furnish an unobstructed prospect. "May Our Lady have mercy on me!" he said; "I trust my master loves me; besides me—yea, how my thoughts should arrange themselves into rhymes which I despise, and music which I care not for, or why there should be the sound of a funeral solemnity here, in which His melody has been so long indifferent, baffle my comprehension, and almost realize the vision of Philip the Navigator. Come, good man, betake thee to the path, and let us have while our judgment serves us."

But the maid stood as if it had been nailed to the spot, trembled from the point to which it was pressed by its rider, and by her own laid close unto her neck, and her eyes almost starting from their sockets, testified that she was under great terror.

While the Bob-Priest, by alternate threats and soothing, endeavored to restrain the wayward animal to her duty, the wild warlike voice was again heard close beside him.

"What, ho! Bob-Priest, and come you, but have
We ne'er had a book from a dead woman's hand!
Bob-priest, and come you, in woe and woe,
Take back with the book, or you'll pay for your price.

Book, book,

There's death in the track!

In the name of my master I bid thee bear back."

"In the name of my Master," said the astonished monk, "that name before which all things crooked tremble, I venture to say what thou art that hauntest me thus?"

The same voice replied,

"That which is neither of nor with,
That which belongs not to Heaven nor to hell,
A world of his own, a bubble of the upper,
Twixt a walking thoughts and a sleeping dream;
A form that can apper,
With the half-shut eye,
To the human of the walking eye, am I."

"This is more than simple fantasy," said the Bob-Priest, viewing himself; though, notwithstanding the natural hardness of his temper, the snarling presence of a supernatural being so near him, failed not to make his blood run cold, and his hair bristle. "I charge thee," he said aloud, "be thine

cerned what it will, to depart and trouble me no more? This spirit, thou must not appal my nerve those who do thy work negligently."

The voice immediately answered—

" Truly, Sir Prior, wouldst thou have me say right!
 Since the star which it aboves, I can dare through the night;
 I can dance on the bared and bale on the air,
 And travel the world with the heavy night-mare.

Agoe, agoe,

At the crook of the glee,

Where balaes the bones, I'll meet thee agoe.

The male was now apparently left alone; for the male collected himself, and changed from her posture of terror to one which promised absence, although a profound respiration, and general trembling of the joints, indicated the bodily terror she had undergone.

"I used to doubt the existence of Cabalists and Rosicrucians," thought the Sub-Prior, "but, by my Holy Order, I know no longer what to say!—My pulse beats tamperately—my hand is cold.—I am feeling from everything but air, and possessed of my ordinary faculties—Other sons foul is permitted to besidder me, or the tales of Cossacks, Apricots, Furcocks, and others who treat of occult philosophy, are not without foundation.—At the crook of the glee! I could have desired to avoid a mortal meeting, but I am on the service of the Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against me."

He moved around accordingly, but with prudence, and not without fear; for he neither knew the master in which, or the place where, his journey might be next interrupted by his invisible attendant. He descended the glen without interruption the about a mile further, when, just at the spot where the track approached the steep hill, with a winding so abrupt as to leave scarcely room for a horse to pass, the male was again visited with the same symptoms of terror which had before interrupted her course. Before separated than before with the name of her malice, the Friar employed no effort to make her present, but addressed himself to the object, which he doubted not was the same that had formerly interrupted him, in the words of solemn exorcism prescribed by the Church of Rome on such occasions.

In reply to his demands, the voice again sang—

" Men of good are bold as mastiffs,"
 Men of evildoing wild and untameable;
 Up there still,
 In the track of the hill,
 For soon he'll come that will tame all."

While the Sub-Prior listened, with his head turned to the direction from which the sounds seemed to come, he felt as if something crushed against him; and ere he could discover the cause, he was pushed from his saddle with gentle but irresistible force. Before he reached the ground his senses were gone, and he lay long in a state of insensibility; for the sunset had not ceased to gild the top of the distant hill when he fell,—and when he again became conscious of existence, the pale moon was gleaming on the heathscape. He awoke in a state of terror, from which, for a few minutes, he found it difficult to shake himself free. At length he sat upon the grass, and became sensible, by repeated exertion, that the only personal injury which he had sustained was the numbness arising from extreme cold. The motion of something near him made the blood again run to his heart, and by a sudden effort he started up, and looking around, saw to his relief that the noise was occasioned by the footsteps of his own master. The peasant who had remained quietly beside her master during his trance, leaping at the sound which gave plausibility to that unexpected visit.

With some emotion, he collected himself, recovered the control, and meditating upon his wild adventure, descended the glen all its junction with the broader valley through which the Tweed winds. The drawbridge was readily dropped at his first approach; and so much had he won upon the heart of the charitable woman, that Peter appeared himself with a lantern to show the Sub-Prior his way over the pernicious path.

" By my word, sir," he said, holding the light up to Festus Rastello's face, " you look surely hardened and deadly pale—but a little master serves to weary out you man of the soil. I give who speak to you—I have ridden—before I was pushed upon this pillar between wind and water—it may be thirty miles before I broke my fast, and here had the end of a sensible meal in my chock all the while—but will you taste some food, or a cup of distilled wine?"

" Another—another.

"I may not," said Father Weston, "bring under a vow; but I thank you for your kindness, and pray you to give what I may not accept to the next poor pilgrim who comes hither pale and fainting, for as it shall be the better both with him here, and with you hereafter."

"By my faith, and I will do so," said Peter Bridge-Ward, "even at thy sake—It is strange now, how this Sub-Prior gets round men's hearts more than the rest of them earthly gentry, that think of nothing but quaffing and railing!—Wife, I say—with, we will give a cup of distilled water and a crust of bread unto the next pilgrim that comes over; and ye may keep for the parson the gruel of the last greyhound," and the ill-baked bannock which the bairns couldn't eat."

While Peter heard these charitable, and, at the same time, prudent injunctions, the Sub-Prior, whose mild intercession had availed nothing the Bridge-Ward to such an act of unfeigned generosity, was passing onward to the Monastery. In the way, he had to converse with and rebuke his own rebellious heart, as always, he was sensible, more formidable than any which the diabolical power of Satan could place in his way.

Father Weston had indeed strong temptation to suppose the extraordinary incident which had troubled him, which he was the more reluctant to confess, because he had passed so severe a judgment upon Father Flaxy, who, as he was not unwilling to allow, had, on his return from Glendalough, committed abominations somewhat similar to his own. Of this the Sub-Prior was the more convinced, when, setting by his lesson for the monk which he had brought off from the Tower of Glamisburg, he found it was oxidizing, which he could only account for by supposing it had been stolen from him during his trance.

"If I confess this strange visitation," thought the Sub-Prior, "I become the ridicule of all my brethren—I, whom the Priests used hitherto to be a watch, as it were, and a cloak upon their follies. I give the Abbot an advantage over me which I shall never again recover, and Heaven only knows how he may abuse it. In His foolish simplicity, to the dishonour and loss of Holy Kirk.—But then, if I make not true confession of my shame, with what face can I again present to admiring or reverent others—I, knave, proud heart," continued he, addressing himself, "that the word of Holy Church interests this less in this matter

* An old-fashioned name for an audience for the living spirits.

this, this own humiliation—Yes, Heaven has punished thee even in that point in which thou didst deem thyself most strong, in thy spiritual pride and thy usual wisdom. Thou hast laughed at and despised the impotence of thy brethren—steep thyself in tears to their distress—tell what they may not believe—affirm that which they will suffice to kill thee, or perhaps to kill themselves—arrest the progress of a silly visionary, or a wild dreamer.—Be it so; I will do my duty, and make ample recompence to me superior. If the discharge of this duty destroys my usefulness in this house, God and Our Lady will send me where I can better serve them."

There was no little merit in the resolution thus piously and generously formed by Father Rustace. To men of any rank the esteem of their superiors is naturally most dear; but in the monastic establishment, not so; as the brethren are, from other objects of ambition, as well as from all exterior friendship and relationship, the place which they hold in the opinion of each other is all in all.

But the consciousness how much he should rejoice the Abbot and most of the other monks of Saint Mary's, who were impatients of the unauthorised, yet irresistible control, which he was soon to exercise in the affairs of the convent, by a confession which would put him in a halcyon, or perhaps even in a criminal point of view, could not weigh with Father Rustace in comparison with the task which his holier injunctions.

As strong in his feelings of duty, he approached the exterior gate of the Monastery, he was surprised to see torches gleaming, and men assembled around it, some on horseback, some on foot, while several of the monks, distinguished through the night by their white capucines, were making themselves busy among the crowd. The half-Priest was moved with aconscious shew of joy, which at once made him sensible that he had himself been the object of their anxiety.

" There he is! there he is! God be thanked—there he is, baby, and Sot!" exclaimed the monks; while the moans continued, " To Deus dominum—the blood of thy servants is precious in thy sight!"

" What is the matter, children! what is the matter, my brethren?" said Father Rustace, descending at the gate.

" Nay, brother, if thou know'st not, we will not tell thee till thou art in the refectory," answered the monks; " suffice it that

the Lord Abbot had endowed those, our zealous and faithful vessels, instantly to set forth to guard them from imminent peril—Ye may ayeforth your horses, children, and diverses; and to-morrow, such who was at this maledicent may send to the convent kitchen for a quarter of a yard of roast beef, and a black-jack full of double ale.”²²

The vessels dispensed with joyful exclamation, and the monks, with equal jubilee, conducted the Sub-Prior into the refectory.

²² It was one of the few reminiscences of old Pore, or Henry Jenkins, a knight which, that at some instant in the veteran's neighbourhood, the monasteries, before the dissolution, used to dole out roast beef by the measure of feet and yards.

CHAPTER TENTH.

Here we stand—

Wretched and woe, why Heaven's high name is blasphe'm'd so'n!
An' still, we treason would a lance against ye.

Dante.

No sooner was the Sub-Prior hurried into the refectory by his rejoicing companion, than the first person on whom he cast his eye proved to be Christie of the Chestnut. He was seated in the chimney-corner, fittered and grizzled, his features drawn into that air of sulky and turbid resolution with which those hardened in guilt are accustomed to view the approach of punishment. But as the Sub-Prior drew near to him, his face assumed a more wild and startled expression, while he exclaimed—“The devil! the devil himself, brings the dead back upon the living!”

“ Nay,” said a voice to him, “ my master that One Lady calleth the tempter of the world; on her faithful servants—our dear brother lives and moves.”

“ Lives and moves!” said the rustick, rising and shuffling towards the Sub-Prior as well as his chair would permit; “ nay, then, I will never trust either shaft and steel, point man—It is even so,” he added, as he gazed on the Sub-Prior with satisfaction—“ neither won nor wond—not as much as a rent in his book!”

"And whence shold my wound have come?" said Father Weston.

"From the good lance that never failed me before," replied Christie of the Cheshill.

"Honest abbot thou art for the purpose!" said the Bob-Priest; "whilst thou hast耽 a servant of the other!"

"To church!" answered Christie; "the Pilgrim say, as the whole pack of ye were duds, there were more lost at Flodden."

"Villain! art thou honest as well as merciful?"

"Not I, by Saint Giles!" replied the abbot; "I returned Mithidle enough to the Lord of Blessum, when he told me ye were all duds and knaves; but when he would have had me go back see Winkheart, a gospeler as they call him, he might as well have persuaded the wild cat that had stung me rider to lievel down and help another into the muddle."

"There is some goodness about him yet," said the Burrian to the Abbot, who at that moment entered—"He refused to leave a heretic preacher."

"The better for him in the next world," answered the Abbot. "Pray for his soul, my son,—we deliver thon over to the tender care of our bairns, for execution on the Gallows-hill by power of light."

"Amen!" said the nation; "tis the end I must have come by sooner or later—and what care I whether I feel the cross at Saint Mary's or at Orcharde!"

"Let me implore your reverend patience for an instant," said the Bob-Priest, "until I shall inquire"—

"What?" exclaimed the Abbot, observing him for the first time—"Our dear brother returned to us when his life was unloved for I—say, knell not to a sinner like me—stared up—then bent my blessing. When this villain came to the gate accused by his own evil conscience, and crying out he had murdered them, I thought that the pillar of our realm this had fallen—no man shall a life so precious be exposed to such risks as occur in this border country; no longer shall one beloved and trusted of Heaven hold so low a station in the church as that of a poor Bob-Priest—I will write by express to the Prelate for thy speedily restored and advancement."

"Say, but let me understand," said the Bob-Priest; "did this villain say he had slain me?"

"That he had transfixed you," answered the Abbot, "in full career with his lance—but it seems he had taken an indifferent aim. But no sooner didst thou fall to the ground mortally gored, as he deemed, with his weapon, than our blessed Patroness appeared to him, as he swooned."—

"I averted no such thing," said the priest; "I add a woman in white interrupted me, as I was about to examine the prints caused, for they are usually well fixed—she had a bier-rod in her hand, with one touch of which she staved me from my lance, so I might strike down a child of four years old with an iron mace—and there, like a slaying fiend as she was, she sung to me,

"Thank the kindly-land,
That holds in thy bane;
Or with this master-rod,
I had smotred thee now!"

I gathered myself up with fear and difficulty, threw myself on my horse, and rode like a madman to get myself hanged for a rogue."

"Then soon, lamented brother," said the Abbot to the Sub-Priest, "in what favour thou art with our blessed Patroness, that she herself becomes the guardian of thy paths—Not since the days of our blessed founder hath she shown such grace to any one. All unworthy were we to hold spiritual superiority over thee, and we pray thee to prepare for thy speedy removal to Abytheberwick."

"Alas! my lord and father," said the Sub-Priest, "your words grieve my very soul. Under the seal of confession will I presently tell thee why I consider myself rather the loathed spirit of a spirit of another sort, than the protected favorite of the heavenly powers. But first let me ask this unhappy man a question or two."

"Do as ye list," replied the Abbot—"but you shall not convince me that it is fitting you remain in this inferior office in the convent of Saint Mary."

"I would ask of this poor man," said Father Justice, "for what purpose he nourished the thought of putting to death one who never did him evil?"

"Ay! but thou didst measure me with evil," said the robber, "and no one but a fool is measured twice. Dost thou not remember what you said touching the Priests and Lord

Jesús, and the black pool of Sodwedd! Didn't then think me
fool enough to wait till them hounds betrayed me to the neck and
the dock? There was small wisdom in that, methinks—as little
as in sending Hitler to tell my own misdeeds—I think the devil
was in me when I took this road—I might have pronounced
the present, "Never Prior forgot find!"

"And it was solely for that—for that only basty word of
mine, uttered in a moment of impatience, and forgotten ere it
was well spoken!" said Father Ernest.

"Ay! for that, and—for the love of thy gold crucifix," said
Christie of the Clifftill.

"Gracious Heaven! and could the yellow metal—the glisten-
ing earth—so far overcome, stay man of what is thereby
represented!—Father Abbot, I pray, as a dear kinsman, you will
deliver this guilty person to my mercy."

"Nay, brother," interposed the Superior, "in your doom, if
you will, not to your master—Remember, we are not all equally
favoured by our blessed Lady, nor is it likely that every frank
in the Convent will serve as a mat of proof when a laic is
couched against it."

"For that very reason," said the Bob-Priest, "I would not
that for my worthless self the community were to fall at flood
with Julian of Acre, this man's master."

"Our Lady forbid!" said the Superior, "he is a second
Julian the Apostate."

"With our reverend father the Abbot's permission, then,"
said Father Ernest, "I desire this man be freed from his
chains, and suffered to depart uninjured;—and here, friend,"
he added, giving him the golden crucifix, "is the image for
which thou wert willing to stain thy hands with murder. Throw
it well, and may it inspire thee with other and better thoughts
than those which returned to it as a piece of bait! Part with
it, nevertheless, if thy necessities require, and get thee one of
such coarse substance that I mean shall have no share in any
of the reflections to which it gives rise. It was the bequest of
a dear friend to me; but thou art welcome to it never do thou
that of handing a need to Heaven."

The Superior, now freed from his chains, stood gazing alternately on the Bob-Priest, and on the golden crucifix. "By
Saint Giles!" said he, "I understand ye not!—Am ye given me

gold for coaching my horse at thee, what wouldest give me to have it at a honestige?"

"The Church," said the Sub-Prior, "will try the effect of her spiritual charms to bring those strayed sheep into the fold, see she employ the edge of the sword of Saint Peter."

"Ay, but," said the ruffian, "they say the Priests removeth a man straying and hunting in all both of manner and of sword. But thou ye wouldest, I owe you a like; and it may be I will not forget my debt."

The bold new come hunting is, dressed in his blue coat and hauberk, and attended by two or three halberdiers. "I have been a thought too late in waiting upon your reverend lordship. I am grown somewhat fitter since the field of Pinkie, and my leather coat clings not on so soon as it was wont; but the danger is ready, and though, as I said, I have been somewhat late!"

Here his intended prisoner walked grovelling up to the officer's nose, to his great amazement,

"You have been taken a surly late, knave," said he, "and I am greatly obliged to your buff-coat, and to the time you took to put it on. If the weaver over had served some quarter of an hour sooner, I had been out of the reach of spiritual grace; but as it is, I wish you good even, and a safe ridlance out of your garment of surcoat, in which you have much the air of a hog in summer."

Wrath was the bold with this comparison, and remained in ire—"As it were not for the presence of the reverend Lord Abbot, thou knowest!"

"Nay, as thou wouldest try resolution," said Christie of the Chishill, "I will meet thee at day-break by Saint Mary's Well."

"Hastened scratch!" said Father Boston; "art thou but this instant delivered from death, and dost thou now have thoughts of slaughter?"

"I will meet with thee ere it be long, thou knowest," said the bold, "and teach thee thine Oaths."

"I will meet thy scuttle in a moonlight night before that day," said he of the Chishill.

"I will have thee by the neck ere misty morning, thou strong thief!" answered the reverend officer of the Church.

"Thou art thyself as strong a thief as ever robb'd," reported

Christie; "and if the worms were ever floating on that the success of this, I might well hope to have this office, by favour of those several men."

"A cast of their office and a cast of mine," answered the babbler; "a cast and a confessor, that is all thou wilt have from us."

"Mine," said the Sub-Prior, observing that his boyfellow began to take more interest than was exactly becoming in this swinging babbler justice and inquiry. "I pray you both to depart—Master Baile, ride with your kith and kin, and trouble not the man whom we have dismissed—and then, Christie, or whatever be thy name, take thy departure, and remember thou owe thy life to the Lord Abbot's clemency."

"Nay, as to that," answered Christie, "I judge that I owe it to your own; but implore it to whom ye list, I owe a life owing ye, and there is no end." And whistling as he went, he left the apartment, sounding as if he held the life which he had forfeited not worth further thanks.

"Christians even to brimfull!" said Father Bassett; "and yet who knows but some better are may lie under an evile exterior!"

"Save a thief from the gallows," said the Sacristan—"you know the rest of the proverb; and admiring, as may Heaven grant, that our Brethren and Sisters are safe from this outrageous knave, who shall insure our meal and our milt, our beds and our books!"

"Marry, that will I, my brothers," said an aged monk. "Ah, brethren, you little know what may be made of a neapartment robber. In Abbot Ingilram's days—ay, and I remember them as it were yesterday—the friarsfriars were the best welcome men that came to Saint Mary's. Ay, they paid tithe of every drove that they brought over from the South, and because they were something lightly come by, I have known them make the tithe a seventh—that is, if their confessors knew his business—ay, when we saw from the tower a drove of fat bullocks, or a drove of sheep coming down the valley, with two or three stout men-at-arms behind them with their glittering steel caps, and their bladetjacks, and their long lances, the good Lord Abbot Ingilram was wont to say—he was a merry man—There come the tithe of the spalders of the Egyptians! Ay, and I have seen the friars John the Armstrong—a fair tata, he was and

a godly, the more pity that he was ever haled for him—I have seen him come into the Abbey-church with nine tassels of gold in his bonnet, and every tassel made of nine English nobles, and he would go from chancel to chapter, and from bema to bema, and from altar to altar, on his knees—and there have a tassel, and there a noble, till there was as little gold on his bonnet as on my hood—you will find no such brother thievish now!"

"Ye truly, Brother Minster," answered the Abbot, "they are more apt to take any gold the Church has left, than to bequeath or bestow any—and for cattle, believe me if I think they care whether brethren have fed on the meadows of Lancingost Abbey, or of Saint Mary's!"

"There is no good thing left in them," said Father Minster; "they are clean rascals—Ah, the thieves that I have seen!—such proper rascals! and so pitiful as proper, and so plow as pitiful!"

"It giveth me talker of it, Brother Minster," said the Abbot; "and I will now thank you, my brethren, holding your meeting upon this our legislation concerning the danger of our reverend Sub-Prior, instead of the attendance on the bells this evening—Yet let the bells be duly rung for the salvation of the laymen without, and also that the sisters may give due reverence.—And now, Benedict, brethren! The collar will fasten on each a grange-cap and a mace as ye pass the battery, for ye have been termidol and怠慢, and dangerous it is to fall asleep in such case with empty stomach."

"Oratus agimus prope ministrum, Domini conseruacionem," replied the brethren, departing in their due order.

But the Sub-Prior remained behind, not falling on his knees before the Abbot, as he was about to withdraw, craved him to hear under the veil of confessor the adventures of the day. The reverend Lord Abbot yearned, and would have allowed indulgence; but to Father Rosalie, of all men, he was ashamed to show indifference in his religious duties. The confessor, therefore, presented, in which Father Rosalie told all the extraordinary circumstances which had befallen him during the journey. And being questioned by the Abbot, whether he was not conscious of any secret sin, through which he might have been subjected for a time to the delusions of evil spirits, the Sub-Prior admitted, with frank avowal, that he thought he

might have deserved such praise for having judged with unbiassed rigor of the report of Father Flippy the Flavious.

"However," said the penitent, "may have been willing to convince me, not only that he was at pleasure upon a communication between us and beings of a different, and, as we word it, superior class, but also to punish our pride of superior wisdom, or superior courage, or superior learning."

It is well said that virtue is her own reward; and I question if duty was ever more completely recognized, than by the audience which the reverend Abbot so unwillingly yielded to the confessor of the Sol-Priest. To find the object of his fear, shall we say, or of his envy, or of both, accusing himself of the very error with which he had so tactfully charged him, was a corroboration of the Abbot's judgment, a softening of his pride, and an allaying of his fears. The sense of triumph, however, rather increased than diminished, his natural goodnesses; and so far was Abbot Boniface from being disposed to tyrannize over his Sol-Priest, in consequence of this discovery, that in his exhortation he honored somewhat ludicrously both the natural exuberance of his own genial vanity, and his timid reluctance to hurt the feelings of Father Rustace.

"My brother," said he, or rather, "it cannot have escaped your judicious observation, that we have often declined our own judgment in favor of poor opinion, even about those matters which most nearly concerned the community. Nevertheless, grieved would we be, could you think that we did this, either because we deemed our own opinion less pregnant, or our wits more shallow, than that of our other brothers. For it was done exclusively to give the younger brothers, such as your much esteemed self, my dearest brother, that courage which is necessary to a free deliverance of your opinion,—we oft-times setting apart our proper judgment, that our brothers, and especially our dear brother the Sol-Priest, may be conducted and encouraged in proposing valiantly his own thoughts. Which our deference and lenity may, in some sort, have produced in your mind, most revered brother, that self-opinion of parts and knowledge, which hath led unfortunately in your own estimating your own faculties, and thereby subjecting yourself, as is but too visible, to the japes and mockerys of evil spirits. For it is assured that Heaven always holdeth us in the least esteem when we deem of ourselves most mighty; and also, on the other hand, it may be that we

have somewhat departed from what became our high seat in this Abbey, is suffering ourselves to be too much gilded, and even, as it were, controlled, by the voice of our inferior. 'Wherefore,' continued the Lord Abbot, "in both of us such faults shall and must be avoided—you hereafter pronouncing less upon your gifts and earthly wisdom, and I taking heed not so easily to relinquish your own opinion for that of our lower in place and in office. Nevertheless, we would not that we should thereby lose the high advantage which we have derived, and may yet derive, from your wise counsels, which hath been so often recommended to us by our most Reverend Priorate. Wherefore on affairs of high moment, we will call you to our presence in private, and listen to your opinion, which, if it shall agree with our own, we will deliver to the Chapter, as emanating directly from ourselves; thus sparing you, dearest brother, that seeming vanity which is so apt to engender spiritual pride, and availing ourselves the temptation of falling into that modest facility of opinion, whereby our office is lessened and our person (were that of consequence) rendered less important in the eyes of the community over which we preside."

Notwithstanding the high motives which, as a rigid Catholic, Father Eustace entertained of the movement of confessions, as his Church calls it, there was some danger that a sense of the ridiculous might have stolen on him, when he heard his Superior, with such simple earnestness, lay out a little plan for availing himself of the Sub-Prior's wisdom and experience, while he should take the whole credit to himself. Yet his conscience immediately told him that he was right.

"I should have thought more," he reflected, "of the spiritual Superior, and less of the individual. I should have spread my mantle over the frailties of my spiritual father, and done what I might to support his character, and, of course, to extend his utility among the brethren, as well as with others. The Abbot must be humbled, without the community being humbled in his person. Her best is, that over all her abilities, especially over those suited to places of distinction, she can diffuse those gifts which are necessary to render them illustrious."

Assisted by these sentiments, Father Rontayz frankly admitted to the charge which his Superior, even in that moment of authority, had rather intimated than made, and signified his humble acquiescence in any mode of countenancing his mental

which might be most agreeable to the Lord Abbot, and might best remove from himself all temptation to glory in his own wisdom. He then prayed the Reverend Father to resign him such personage as might best suit his offices, lamenting, at the same time, that he had already fated the whole day.

"And it is that I complain of," answered the Abbot, instead of giving him credit for his astuteness; "It is those very passions, fads, and rights, of which we complain, as tending only to generate sins and flaws of vanity, which, descending from the stomach into the head, do but puff us up with vain-glory and self-satisfaction. It is meet and becoming that no man should undergo fads and rights; for unto part of every community must that, and young students may best endure it. Besides, in these it abates wicked thoughts, and the desire of worldly delights. But, reverend brother, for those to that who are dead and married to the world, as I and thou, is work of supererogation, and is but the matter of spiritual pride. Wherefore, I enjoin thee, most reverend brother, go to the library, and obtain two copy, at least of good wise, rating without a comfortable name, such as may best suit thy taste and stomach, and in respect that thine opinion of thy own wisdom both at times made thee less conformable to, and compassionate with, the weaker and less learned brethren, I enjoin thee, during the said repast, to shew for thy companion our reverend brother Nicolas, and without interruption or impatience, to listen for a sufficient hour to his narration concerning these things, which beleft in the time of our venerable predecessor, Abbot Ingulfus, so when and may Heaven have mercy! And his such holy exercises as may further advantage your soul, and exalt the faults wherewith you have mortified and basely shewed yourself guilty, we will priser upon that master, and successour our will take you the next morning."

It was remarkable, that after this reasonable warning, the feelings of the worthy Abbot towards his adviser were much more kindly and friendly than when he denied the Sub-Prior the irreproachable and infallible person, in whose person of virtue and wisdom so far was to be discerned. It seemed as if this award of his own imperfections had recommended Father Rastus to the friendship of the Superior, although at the same time this sense of leniency was attenuated with some circumstances, which, to a man of the Sub-Prior's natural elevation

of mind and temper, were more grievous than even undergoing the legends of the dull and voracious Father Nicholas. For instance, the Abbot would ministered him to the other monks, without designing him nor beloved Brother Eustace, poor soul! —and now and then he used to name the younger brother against the snare of vainglory and spiritual pride, which discerns not the more rightly righteous, with such looks and demonstrations as did all but expressly designate the Sub-Prior as one who had fallen at one time under such delusions. Upon these occasions, it required all the reverent shyness of a monk, all the philosophical disengagement of the scholar, and all the patience of a Christian, to enable Father Eustace to endure the proupling and patronising power of his master, but somewhat bold-handed Superior. He layes himself to be chosen of having the Monastery, as at least he manifestly intended to interfere with its affairs, in that marked and authoritative manner which he had at first practised.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

You call this education, do you not?
Why 'tis the poorest match of a lord's子弟
Before a shouting audience. The glad was
More on my nose, and passed a while to match
A dancing master from the downy government,
While all the blues, the sailors, the soldiers,
Put on the creeps of the blotted paper.
That nippeth in the nose.

ONE PEAR.

Two or three years glided on, during which the storm of the approaching alterations in church government became each day louder and more pernicious. Owing to the circumstances which we have intimated in the end of the last chapter, the Sub-Prior Kestrel appeared to have altered considerably his habits of life. He attended, on all extraordinary occasions, to the Abbot, whether privately, or in the assembled Chapter, the aspect of his wisdom and experience, but in his ordinary habits he seemed now to live more for himself, and less for the community, than had been his former practice.

He often absented himself for whole days from the convent; and at the admissions of Gloucester fixed deeply on his memory, he was especially induced to visit that lonely tower, and to take an interest in the orphans who had their shelter under its roof. Besides, he felt a deep anxiety to know whether the volume which he had lost, when so strongly preserved from the hands of the murderer, had again found its way back to the Tower of Gloucester. "It was strange," he thought, "that a spirit," for such he could not help judging the being whose voice he had heard, "should, on the one side, seek the advancement of heresy, and, on the other, interpose to save the life of a zealous Catholic priest."

But few no inquiry which he made of the various inhabitants of the Tower of Gloucester could belearn that the copy of the translated Scriptures, for which he made such diligent inquiry, had again been seen by any of them.

In the meanwhile the good father's occasional visits were of no small consequence to Edward Gloucester and to Mary Avel. The former displayed a power of apprehending and retaining whatever was taught him, which filled Father Justice with admiration. He was at once acute and intuitional, sharp and accurate; two of those rare combinations of talent and industry which are seldom united.

It was the earnest desire of Father Justice that the excellent qualities thus fully displayed by Edward should be dedicated to the service of the Church, to which he thought the youth's own interest might be easily obtained, as he was of a calm, contemplative, retired habit, and seemed to possess knowledge as the principal object, and its enlargement as the greatest pleasure, in life. As to the mother, the Sub-Prior had little doubt that, trained as she was to view the merits of Saint Mary's with such profound serenity, she would be but too happy in an opportunity of confiding one of her sons to the honored community. But the good Father proved to be mistaken in both these particulars.

When he spoke to Elspeth Gloucester of that which a mother best loves to hear—the proficiency and abilities of her son—he listened with a delighted ear. But when Father Justice hinted at the duty of dedicating to the service of the Church talents which seemed fitted to defend and adore it, the dame endeavored always to shift the subject; and when

pressed further, enlarged on her own incapacity, as a lame woman, to manage the farm; on the advices which her neighbours of the township were often giving of her unprotected state, and on the wish she had that Edward, might till his father's place, remain in the tower, and close her eyes.

On such occasions the Sub-Prior would assure, that even in a worldly point of view the welfare of the family would be best consulted by one of the sons entering into the community of Saint Mary's, as it was not to be supposed that he would fail to afford his family the important protection which he could then surely extend towards them. "What could be a more pleasing prospect than to see him high in honour! or what more sweet than to have the last duties rendered to her by a son revered for his holiness of life, and exemplary manners! Besides, he endeavoured to impress upon the dame that her eldest son, Halbert, whose bold temper and headstrong indulgence of a wandering haviour rendered him incapable of learning, was, for that reason, as well as that he was her eldest son, fitted to travel through the cities of the world, and manage the little fief.

Hepheth durst not directly dissent from what was proposed, for fear of giving displeasure, and yet she always had something to say against it. Halbert, she said, was not like any of the neighbour boys—he was taller by the head, and stronger by the half, than any boy of his years within the Sheldene. But he was fit for no peaceful work that could be devised. If he had a book ill, he flung a plough or a paddle over. He had secured his father's old broadsword—seized it by a hilt round his waist, and seldom stirred without it. He was a rough boy and a gentle if spoken fair, but smot him and he was a born devil. "In a word," she said, bursting into tears, "desire me of Edward, good father, and ye leave my house of prop and pillar; for my heart tells me that Halbert will take to his father's gate, and die his father's death."

When the conversation came to this crisis, the good-humoured monk was always content to drop the discussion for the time, trusting some opportunity would occur of removing her prejudices, for such he thought them, against Edward's proposed destination.

Whom, having the mother, the Sub-Prior addressed himself to the son, admiring his wit for knowledge, and pointing out

how amply it might be gratified should he agree to take holy orders, he found the same repugnance which Dame Blipeth had exhibited. Edward pleaded a want of sufficient vocation to so serious a profession—his reluctance to leave his mother, and other objections, which the Bob-Priest treated as trifles.

"I plainly perceive," he said one day, in answer to them, "that the devil has his forces as well as Heaven, and that they are equally, or, at least the former are perhaps more, active, in suspending for their master the last of the mariners. I trust, young man, that neither libertines, nor licentious pleasure, nor the love of worldly gain and worldly grandeur, the chief baits with which the great Fisher of souls conceals his hook, are the names of your desiring the career to which I would lead to you. But above all I trust—above all I hope—that the vanity of superior knowledge—a sin with which those who have made predilection to learning are most frequently beset—has not led you into the awful hazard of listening to the dangerous doctrines which are now abroad concerning religion. Better far you that you were as grossly ignorant as the beasts which perish, than that the pride of knowledge should induce you to lead me over to the voice of heresy." Edward Glastonbury listened to the rebuke with a downcast look, and tripped out, when it was concluded, hurriedly to vindicate himself from the charge of having pushed his studies into any subjects which the Church forbade; and as the music was left to form vain conjectures respecting the cause of his reluctance to embrace the monastic state.

It is an old proverb, used by Chaucer, and quoted by Elizabeth, that "the greatest sloks are not the wheat men"; and it is as true as if the poet had not rhymed, or the queen reasoned on it. If Father Sustace had not had his thoughts turned so much to the progress of heresy, and so little to what was passing in the town, he might have read, in the sparkling eyes of Mary Arundel, now a girl of fourteen or fifteen, reasons which might distract her youthful admiration towards the monastic ways. I have said, that she also was a promising pupil of the good father, upon whom her innocent and intuitive beauty had an effect of which he was himself, perhaps, unconscious. Her rank and expectations entitled her to be taught the arts of reading and writing;—and each lesson which the monk assigned her was counsel over in company with Edward, and by his ex-

planned and re-explained, and again illustrated, until she became perfectly mistress of it.

In the beginning of their studies, Halbert had been their school companion. But the boldness and impatience of his disposition soon quarrelled with an occupation in which, without assiduity and unswinked attention, no progress was to be expected. The Sub-Priest's visits were at irregular intervals, and often weeks would intervene between them, in which case Halbert was sure to forget all that had been prescribed for him to learn, and much which he had partly acquired before. His delinquencies on those occasions gave him pain, but it was not of that sort which produces amendment.

For a time, like all who are fond of blunders, he endeavoured to detach the attention of his brother and Mary Averell from their task, rather than to learn his own, and such dialogues as the following would ensue :—

"Take your basket, Edward, and make haste—the Laird of Colonsay is at the head of the glen with his hounds."

"I can't wait, Halbert," answered the younger brother ; "two hours of drags may kill a deer without my being there to see them, and I must help Mary Averell with her lesson."

"Ay ! you will know at the next's lesson till you turn monk yourself," answered Halbert.—"Mary, will you go with me, and I will show you the eagles' nest I told you of ?"

"I cannot go with you, Halbert," answered Mary, "because I must study this lesson—it will take me long to learn it—I am sorry I am so dull; for if I could get my task as fast as Edward, I should like to go with you."

"Should you indeed?" said Halbert ; "then I will wait for you—and, what is more, I will try to get my lesson also."

With a smile and a sigh he took up the primer, and began leisurely to go over the task which had been assigned him. As if banished from the society of the two others, he sat sad and solitary in one of the deep window-seats, and after his vain straggling with the difficulties of his task, and his disinclination to leave it, he found himself involuntarily engaged in watching the movements of the other two students, instead of telling any longer.

The picture which Halbert looked upon was delightful in itself, but nowhere or other is afforded very little pleasure to him. The beautiful girl, with looks of simple, yet earnest

society, was bent on destroying those intricacies which obstructed her progress to knowledge, and looking over and over to Edward for assistance. While, seated close by her side, and watchful to remove every obstacle from her way, he seemed at once to be proud of the progress which his pupil made, and of the assistance which he was able to render her. There was a bond between them, a strong and interesting tie, the desire of obtaining knowledge, the pride of surmounting difficulties.

Feeling most ardently, yet ignorant of the nature and source of his own emotions, Halbert could no longer endure to look upon this quiet scene, but, starting up, dashed his book from him, and exclaimed aloud, "To the fiend I bequeath all books, and the cleaners that make them!—I would a score of Southern men come up the gins, and we should learn how little all this writing and scribbling is worth."

Mary Averell and her brother started, and looked at Halbert with surprise, while he went on with great animation, his features swelling, and the tears starting into his eyes as he spoke.—"Yes, Mary—I wish a score of Southern men come up the gins this very day; and you should see me good hand, and me good sword, do more to protect you, than all the bodies that were ever spinned, and all the pens that ever grew on a green's wing."

Mary looked a little surprised and a little frightened at his vehemence, but instantly replied affectionately, "You are vexed, Halbert, because you do not get your lesson so fast as Edward can; and so am I, for I am no stupid as you—But come, and Edward shall sit between us and teach on."

"He shall not teach me," said Halbert, in the same angry tone; "I never can teach him to do any thing that is honourable and manly, and he shall not touch me any of his manly trifles,—I hate the niggers, with their dawdling needless talk so many frogs, and their long black penitents like so many women, and their reverences, and their looks, and their long voices that do nothing but peep in the sun with plough and harrow them. Vale to Midwinter. I will call none lord, but him who wears a sword to make his life good; and I will call none man, but him that can bear himself manlike and masterful."

"For Heaven's sake, peace, brother!" said Edward; "If such words were taken up and reported out of the house, they would be our mother's ruin."

"Report them yourself, then, and they will be your making, and nobody's marvelling save mine own. Say that Halbert Gherdineux will never be raised to an old man with a wrinkled and shaven crown, while there are twenty barons who wear crests and plumes that look bold followers. Let them grant you these wretched news, and much need may they bear you to make poor brother." He left the room hastily, but instantly returned, and continued to speak with the same tone of quick and irritated feeling. "And you need not think so much, neither of you, and especially you, Edward, need not think so much of your parchment book there, and your master in reading it. By my faith, I will soon learn to read as well as you; and—for I know a better teacher than your god-dam old monk, and a better book than his printed *boucley*; and since you like scholasticism so well, Mary Ayred, you shall see whether Edward or I have most of it." He left the apartment, and came not again.

"What can be the matter with him?" said Mary, following Halbert with her eyes from the window, as with hasty and unequal steps he ran up the wild glen—"Where are poor brother he going, Edward!—what book!—what teacher does he talk of?"

"It avails not guessing," said Edward, "Halbert is angry, he knows not why, and speaks of he knows not what; let us go again to our lessons, and he will come home when he has tired himself with scowling among the crags as usual."

But Mary's anxiety on account of Halbert seemed more deeply rooted. She declined presenting the task in which they had been so pleasantly engaged, under the excuse of a headache; nor could Edward prevail upon her to resume it again that morning.

Meanwhile Halbert, his head unbonneted, his features swelled with jealous anger, and the tear still in his eye, sped up the wild and upper extremity of the little valley of Gherdineux with the speed of a rock-buck, chancing, as if in desperate defiance of the difficulties of the way, the wildest and most dangerous paths, and voluntarily exposing himself a hundred times to dangers which he might have escaped by turning a little aside from them. It seemed as if he wished his course to be as straight as that of the arrow to its mark.

He arrived at length in a narrow and winded cleft, or deep ravine, which ran down into the valley, and confronted a sunny

rivulet to the supply of the brook with which Glendurgan is watered. Up this he sped with the same precipitate haste which had marked his departure from the tower, nor did he pause and look around until he had reached the fountain from whence the rivulet had its rise.

Here Halbert stopped short, and cast a gloomy, and almost a frightened glance around him. A huge rock rose in front, from a skirt of which grew a wild holly-tree, whose dark green boughs reached over the spring which arose beneath. The banks on either hand rose so high, and approached each other so closely, that it was only when the sun was at its meridian height, and during the summer solstice, that its rays could reach the bottom of the chasm in which he stood. But it was now summer, and the hour was noon, so that the unbroken reflection of the sun was dancing in the polished fountain.

"It is the noon, and the hour," said Halbert to himself; "and now I——I might soon become wiser than Edward with all his pains! Many should see whether he alone is fit to be consulted, and to sit by her side, and hang over her as she stirs, and point out every weed and every bane. And she loves me better than him—I am sure she does—for she scarce of noble blood, and scarce cloth and countenance.—And do I myself not stand here doubtful and cowardly as my prior of them all!—Why should I fear to call upon this form—this shape!—Already have I entered the vision, and why not again? What can it do to me, who am a man of flesh and blood, and here by my side my father's sword! Does my heart beat—do my hairs tremble, at the thought of calling up a painted shadow, and how should I then a hand of Scythians in flesh and blood? By the soul of the first Glendurgan, I will make proof of the charm!"

He cast the broken boughs & boulders from his right foot, planted himself in a firm posture, unloosened his sword, and then looking around to reflect his resolution, he bowed three times deliberately towards the holly-tree, and as often to the little fountain, repeating at the same time, with a determined voice, the following rhyme:—

"There is the holly tree—

"There is the well:—

I bid thee welcome,

White Hand of Arundel!

Here glances on the Left—

Here glows on the Right—

Write this, O minstrel,

White Hand of Arundel!"

These lines were hardly uttered, when there stood the figure

of a female clothed in white, within three steps of Hubert Glendinning.

"I guess 'twas Agnes there we see
A lady richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly."

¹ *Catherick's Delights.*

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

There's something in God's ancient superstition,
Whiche, serving as it is, our fancy loves,
The spring that, with its thousand crystal bubbles,
Drops from the bosom of some steep rock,
Is sacred, natiue, may well be deev'd.
The least of mortall power, more helued,
And mightier than ourselves.

Our Poet.

Young Hubert Glendinning had scarcely pronounced the mystical rhymes, than, as we have mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter, no appearance, as of a beautiful female, dressed in white, stood within two yards of him. His terror for the moment overcame his natural courage, as well as the strong resolution which he had formed, that the figure which he had now twice seen should not a third time startle him. But it would seem there is something thrilling and abhorrent in flesh and blood in the consciousness that we stand in presence of a being in form like to ourselves, but so different in features and nature, that we can neither understand its purposes, nor calculate its means of pursuing them.

Hubert stood silent and gaped for breath, his hands crevicing themselves in his hair—his mouth open—his eyes fixed, and, as the sole remaining sign of his late determined purpose, his sword pointed towards the apparition. At length, with a voice of ineffable croakness, the White Lady, for by that name we shall distinguish this being, sang, or rather chanted, the following lines:—

² "Touch of the dark eye, wherelore didst thou call me?
Wherelore art thou here, if I never can appell thee?"

"He that seeks to find will never know; we flee our failing !
To errant and short our speech is dark, our gifts are unwilling.
The leaves that brought us make now, most tempest, Egyptian ground,
The tempest cloud on which I drift for Araby is bound;
The tempest cloud is drifting by ; the tempest night for my stay,
For I went out a thousand miles before the time of day."

The astonishment of Halbert began once more to grow with his revelation, and he gained voice enough to say, though with a faltering accent, "In the name of God, what art thou?" The answer was in melody of a different tone and measure —

"What I am I cannot tell—
What I am thou neither art nor know—
Something beyond human and tell—
Something that neither man nor bird—
Something that through thy wit or will
May work thou good or may work thou ill.
Halbert shuddered, quale his shadow,
Hunting lonely rose and meadow,
Dancing by the haunted spring,
Sitting on the white-wind's wing ;
Acting in fantastic fashion
Huffy change of human passion,
While o'er our faces winds they pass,
Like shadows from the vales' of glass.
Wayward, fickle is our mood,
Hunting hither bad and good,
Happier than heart-bated man,
Living wreath'd from life span ;
For him happy, for we here,
Holy nor happy beyond the grave !
Man comes to joy or sorrow :
Over the sleep that leaves no answer
This is all that I can share—
This is all that thou mayest know."

The White Lady paused, and appeared to smile, or rather, as Halbert hastened, how to frame his speech, the vision seemed gradually to fade, and became more and more insipid. Justly guessing this to be a symptom of her disappearance, Halbert compelled himself to say,—"Lady, when I saw you in the gloe, and when you brought back the Book book of Mary of Arval, then, didn't you I should one day learn to read it?"

The White Lady replied,

"Joy I had, I taught thee the word and the spell,
To whom no law by the Faeries' Wall ;

But thou hast loved the bones and barks
More than to walk thy banished walls ;
And thou hast loved the leaves and the earth,
More than poor man and holy word ;
And thou hast loved the deer in trees,
More than the lions and the latter black ;
And thou art a ranger of woods and of wood,
And possess the武器 of gentle blood."

"I will do no me longer, fair maiden," said Halbert; "I desire to leave; and, thou didst promise me, that when I did so desire, thou wouldst be my bairn; I am no longer afraid of thy presence, and I am no longer regardless of human life." As he uttered these words, the figure of the White Maiden grew gradually as distinct as it had been at first; and what had well-nigh faded into an ill-defined and colorless shadow, again assumed an appearance at least of corporeal consistency, although the lines were less vivid, and the outline of the features distinct and defined—so at least it seemed to Halbert—that those of an ordinary inhabitant of the earth. "With great my request," he said, "fair Lady, and prie in my keeping the body book which Mary of Arundel has so often wept for!"

The White Lady replied—

"Thy cause has my tears assuad;
Thine shield my trust assuad;
He that drives in harbors late,
Must sleep without, or break the gate.
There is a rest for thee which break's,
No influence moves, no power is move'd;
Valent and constanty alone
Can bring thee back the shores that's free."

"If I have been a leisore, Lady," answered young Glendinning, "thou shalt now find me willing to press forward with double speed. Other thoughts have filled my mind, other thoughts have engaged my heart, within a brief period—and, by blower, other occupations shall have crowded till up my time. I have livid in this day the space of years—I canna hither a lay—I will return a man—*a man*, such as may converse not only with his own kind, but with whatever God permits to be visible to him. I will learn the contours of that mysterious volume—I will learn why the Lady of Arundel loved it—why the priests feared, and would have stolen it—why thou didst twice recover it from their hands. What mystery is

wrapt in it—Speak, I conjure thee!" The lady remained as pale, pockmarked and pale as ever, as dropping her head, and folding her arms on her bosom, she replied:

"White that could robes best
To walk, to sleep, to hope, to pray,
The mystery of mysterious!
To sit in the book, and from the way;
Happier they of human race,
And better had they never been here,
To whom God has granted grace.
Who and what, or what became?"

"Give me the volume, Lady," said young Glendinning.
"They will not let me—they will not tell!—In this present my
industry shall not fail; you, with God's blessing, shall my
understanding. Give me the volume." The appellation again
replied:

"Many a hollow dash and sweep
I have laid the book to them;
Bent over it, round it, gloomy—
I have made over gloomy—
The world's pride of Hare's
All things strive,
Each in his sphere,
Now meet the White "was ghe's";
Laid thy hand, and thou shall spy
Things never seen by mortal eye."

Robert Glendinning boldly reached his hand to the White
Lady.

"Permit thou to go with me?" she said, as his hand
trembled at the soft and cold touch of her own—

"Permit thou to go with me?
Hold it in close to thine
A present to devil;
Then, myself drive the devil away,
And then the Devil's done;
But know more certain now
This honest wench."

"If what thou sayest be true," said the undaunted boy, "my
destinies are higher than thine own. These shall be neither
wail nor woe which I do not wish. No fear of night,
natural or supernatural, shall bar my path through my native
valley."

He had scarce uttered the words, when they both descended
through the earth with a rapidity which took away Robert's
breath and every other sensation, saving that of being hurried
on with the utmost velocity. At length they stopped with a

shock or sudden, that the mortal Jonsoper through this unknown space must have been thrown down with violence, had he not been upheld by his supernatural companion.

It was more than a minute, ere, looking around him, he beheld a grotto, or natural cavern, resplendent at the most splendid spire and crystal, which returned to a thousand prismatic rays the light of a brilliant flame that glowed on an altar of alabaster. This altar, with its fire, formed the central point of the grotto, which was of a round form, and very high to the roof, resembling in some respects the dome of a cathedral. Corresponding to the four points of the compass, there went off four long galleries, or arcades, constructed of the same brilliant materials with the dome itself, and the termination of which was lost in darkness.

No human imagination can conceive, or words suffice to describe, the glorious radiance which, shot thereby forth by the flame, was returned from so many hundred thousand points of reflection, affected by the sparry pillars and their numerous angular crystals. The fire itself did not remain steady and unshaken, but rose and fell, sometimes mounting in a brilliant pyramid of condensed flame half-way up the lofty expanse, and again falling into a softer and more racy hue, and herring, as it were, on, the surface of the altar to collect its strength for another powerful exertion. There was no visible fuel by which it was fed, nor did it emit either smoke or vapor of any kind.

What was of all the most remarkable, the black volume as often manifested by not only unaccus'd, but unashamed in the slightest degree, could this intensity of fire, which, while it seemed to be of force sufficient to melt adamant, had no effect whatever on the sacred book thus subjected to its utmost influence.

The White Lady, having passed long enough to let young Glendinning take a complete survey of what was around him, now sat in her usual chair,

"Now for the volume thou boldly hast sought;
Touch it, and take it,—'twill surely be length."

Familiarised, in some degree with marvels, and desperately desirous of showing the courage he had boasted, Hulbert plunged his hand, without hesitation, into the flame, trusting to the rapidity of the motion, to snatch out the volume before the fire could greatly affect him. But he was much disap-

painted. The flame instantly caught upon his sleeve, and though he withdrew his hand immediately, yet his arm was so dreadfully scorched, that he had well-nigh screamed with pain. He suppressed the natural expression of anguish, however, and only intimated the agony which he felt by a contortion and a muttered groan. The White Lady passed her cold hand over his arm, and, as she had finished the following incantation, his pain had entirely gone, and no mark of the scorching was visible!—

"Earth thy dust,
Mortal wood
To immortal flames applying;
Honest heat
The thing of fire,
On his poor soul work relying;
Holy love of such flames rule,
Bring, and prove thy book again."

Obedient to what he understood to be the meaning of his conductor, Hubert held his arm to the shoulder, throwing down the remains of his sleeve, which no sooner touched the floor on which he stood than it collected itself together, shrivelled itself up, and was without any visible fire reduced to light smoke, which a sudden breath of wind dispersed into empty space. The White Lady, observing the surprise of the youth, immediately repeated—

"Mortal every and mortal wood,
Crown back this charred root;
All that mortal art hath wrought,
In one old volume is sought.
The molten gold returns to clay,
The polished diamond makes away;
All is either all in there,
Mighty smoke first but truth alone,
But say that thy good give o'er:
Dreadful! prove thy claim once more."

Inchallenged by her words, Hubert Glendinning made a second effort, and, plunging his bare arm into the flame, took out the sacred volume without feeling either heat or inconvenience of any kind. Astonished, and almost terrified at his own success, he beheld the flame collect itself, and shoot up into one long and final stream, which seemed as if it would ascend to the very roof of the screen, and then, sinking as

suddenlv, became totally extinguished. The deepest darkness ensued ; but Halbert had no time to consider his situation, for the White Lady had already caught his hand, and they descended to upper air with the same velocity with which they had sunk into the earth.

They stood by the fountain in the Corri-an-shan when they escaped from the bowels of the earth ; but on casting a hasty-drawn glance around him, the youth was surprised to observe that the shadow had fallen far to the east, and that the day was well-nigh spent. He gazed on his conductor for explanation, but her figure began to fade before his eyes—her skin grew pale, her features less distinct, her form became shadowy, and blended itself with the mist which was obscuring the hollow ravine. What had late the symmetry of form, and the delicate, yet clear lines of feminine beauty, now resembled the fitting and pale ghost of some rashkin who has died the love, as it is now indistinctly and, by moonlight, by her perfumed bower.

" Stay, spirit!" said the youth, indolentised by his success in the subterranean洞穴, " thy kindness must not leave me, as one unacquainted with a weapon he knows not how to wield. Thus must teach me the art to meet and to subdue this phantom ; else what avail it me that I possess it ?"

But the figure of the White Lady still waned before his eye, until it became an outline in pale and indistinct as that of the moon when the winter morning is far advanced, and ere she had faded the following sheet, she was entirely invisible :—

" Alas ! where ?
Not over the grave
These holy characters to trace :
This form of painted air,
Not to us is given to share
The bone buried'd on Adam's eve !
With patience bide,
Heaven will provide
The living time, the living guide."

The form was already gone, and now the voice itself had melted away in cushionily sadness, softening, as if the Being who spoke had been slowly wafted from the spot where she had commenced her melody.

It was at this moment that Halbert felt the extremity of the terror which he had hitherto so mischievously suppressed. The very

necessity of exertion had given his spirit to make it, and the presence of the mysterious Being, while it was a subject of fear in itself, had nevertheless given him the sense of protection being near to him. It was when he could reflect with composure on what had passed, that a cold tremor shuddered down his back, his hair bristled, and he was afraid to look around lest he should find at his elbow something more frightful than the first vision. A breeze rising suddenly ruffled the beautiful and wild hair of the most imaginative of our modern beauties—

Dashed his cheek, it raised his hair,
Made a measure gale to spring;
Dwelt strongly with his heart,
Told him like a warning.

The youth stood silent and astonished for a few minutes. It seemed to him that the extraordinary Being he had seen, half his terror, half his pleasure, was still hovering on the gale which swept past him, and that she might again make herself sensible to his organ of sight. "Speak!" he said, wildly tearing his arms, "speak yet again—he can't move present, lovely vision!—thrice have I now seen thee, yet the idea of thy invisible presence scared or torments me, makes my heart beat faster than if the earth yawned and gave up a demon."

But neither sound nor appearance indicated the presence of the White Lady, and nothing supernatural beyond what he had already witnessed, was again visible or visible. Halberth, in the meanwhile, by the very exertion of agony, leaving the presence of this mysterious Being, had recovered his natural velocity. He looked around once more, and recrossed his military path down the valley into whose recesses he had penetrated.

Nothing could be more strongly contrasted than the storm of passion with which he had bounded over rock and crag, in order to plunge himself into the Caucasus, and the sober mood in which he now returned homeward, industriously seeking out the most practicable path, not from a wish to avoid danger, but that he might not by personal toll distract his attention, deeply fixed on the extraordinary scene which he had witnessed. In the former case, he had sought by hasted and bodily exertion to ridge at once the fiery evolution of

"Columbo.

pardon, and to banish the sense of the excitement from his recollection; while now he studiously avoided all interruption to his contemplative walk, lest the difficulty of the way should interfere with, or distract, his own deep reflections. Thus slowly passing forth his steps, with the air of a pilgrim returning from a dear-honored, Hubert about the close of the evening reached his paternal town.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

The Miller was of meekly make,
To much less was no more;
There durst no man come him to take,
Nor would to their power
Giant's hand or war banner.

It was after sunset, as we have already stated, when Hubert Glendinning returned to the abode of his father. The hour of dinner was at noon, and that of supper about an hour after sunset at this period of the year. The former had passed without Hubert's appearing; but this was no unusual circumstance, for the chase, or any other pastime which occurred, made Hubert a frequent neglecter of meals; and his mother, though angry and disappointed when she saw him not at table, was so much accustomed to his occasional absence, and knew so little how to teach him more regularity, that a very observation was almost all the measure with which such omissions were visited.

On the present occasion, however, the wrath of good Dame Elspeth raged higher than usual. It was not merely on account of the special boy's head and texture, the boggie and the side of mutton, with which her table was set forth, but also because of the mind of no less a person than Bob Miller, as he was universally termed, though the man's name was Hopper.

The object of the Miller's visit to the Town of Glendinning was like the purpose of those embassies which potentates send to each other's courts, partly amicable, partly politic. In outward show, Bob came to visit his friends of the Haldens, and share the festivity common among country folk, after the ban-

yard has been filled, and to renew old intimacies by new mirthfulness. But in very truth he also came to have an eye upon the contents of each stack, and to obtain such information respecting the extent of the crop reaped and gathered, in by each farmer, as might present the possibility of elevated emoluments.

All the world knew that the cultivation of each barley or rye-field, temporal or spiritual, in Scotland, was obliged to bring their corn to be ground at the mill of the territory, for which they pay a heavy charge, called the miller's tolls. I could speak to the tillage of houses or that too, but let that pass. I have said enough to indicate that I talk not without book. Those of the nobles, or ecclesiastical ground, were liable in proportion, & deviating from this tillage (or thaldane), they carried their grain to another mill. Now such another mill, erected on the lands of a lay-lord, lay within a tempting and convenient distance of Glencairn; and the Miller was so diligent and his charges so moderate, that it required Rob Martin's utmost vigilance to prevent invasion of his right of monopoly.

The most effected means he could derive was this show of good fellowship and neighbourly friendship,—under colour of which he made his usual circuit through the barony—numbered every corn-stack, and registered his contents by the bell, so that he could give a shrewd hint afterwards whether or not the grain went to the right mill.

Dame Elspeth, Rob her companion, was obliged to take these dominionary visits in the name of politeness; but in her case they had not occurred since her husband's death, probably because the Town of Glencairn was distant, and Dame was but a trifling quantity of stable or rigid land attached to it. This year there fell snow, upon some speculation of old Martin's, several loads more in the outfield, which, the season being fine, had ripened remarkably well. Perhaps this circumstance reminded the honest Miller's mistress Glencairn, on this occasion, in his annual round.

Dame Glencairn received with pleasure a visit which she and Dorothy only troubled with pleasure; and she had changed her view of the matter chiefly, if not entirely, because Rob had brought with him his daughter Myla, of whose features she could give no slight account, but whom from the hat descended as numerously to the Bob-Fox.

Whether this girl had been an object of very trifling no-

admiration in the eyes of the good widow ; but the Abbé-Priore's particular and somewhat mysterious inquiries had set her brains to work on the subject of Myrie of the Mill ; and she had long asked a broad question, and there she had thrown out an innocent, and there again she had gradually led on to a conversation on the subject of poor Myrie. And from all inquiries, and investigations she had collected, that Myrie was a dark-eyed, impudent-looking wench, with cherry-cheeks, and a skin as white as her father's breast, belted ther, out of which was made the Abbé's own waist-bread. For her temper, she sang and laughed from morning to night ; and for her fortune, a consideral article, besides that which the Miller might have earned by means of his proverbial golden shillach, Myrie was to inherit a good handsome lump of land, with a prospect of the mill and mill-aux-sons descending to her husband on an even basis, if a fair word were spoken in witness to the Abbé, and to the Prior, and to the Abbé-Priore, and to the Sacristan, and so forth.

By turning and again turning those advantages over in her own mind, Blageth at length came to be of opinion, that the only way to save her son Falbert from a life of "spur, spur, and snaffle," as they called that of the border-riders, from the shirt of a dole-yard shaft, or the loop of an halberd, was, that he should marry and settle, and that Myrie Happier should be his destined bride.

As if to her wish, Bob Miller arrived on his strong-built mare, leading on a pillion behind him the lonely Myrie, with cheeks like a prony-ram (if Dame Glendinning had ever seen one) spirits all afire with matric ardency, and a profusion of hair as black as ebony. The bewitched which Dame Glendinning had been bodying forth in her imagination, having unexpectedly realized in the person form of Myrie Happier, whose, in the course of half-an-hour, she settled upon as the matron who was to fit the restless and unfeasted Falbert. True, Myrie, as the dame soon saw, was like to love dancing round a May-pole as well as managing a domestic establishment, and Falbert was like to break more heads than he would grind stalks of corn. But then a milke should always be of mostly make, and has been described so since the days of Chaucer and James I.⁴ Indeed,

⁴ The name we have chosen for a milke in this chapter is from a poem inspired in James I. of Scotland, as for the Miller who figures among the Canterbury pilgrims, besides his trivial and knavish, he had not other title.

to be able to catch and bully the whole *Sauke* (once more we see this barbarous phrase), is all athletic exercise, was one way to render easy the collection of dues which men would have disputed with a less formidable champion. Thus, as to the defences of the miller's wife, the dame was of opinion that they might be supplied by the activity of the miller's mother. "I will keep house for the young folk myself, for the tower is grown very lousy," thought Dame Glendinning, "and to live now the kirk will be more comfortable in my old age—and then Edward may agree with his brother about the fin, more especially as he is a favorite with the Salt-Peter, and then he may live in the said tower like his worthy father before him—and who knows but Mary Arundel, high-bred as she is, may even come in her stool to the chimney-stack, and sit down here for good and a'—It's true she has no children, but the like of her for beauty and grace never crossed my eye; and I have heard many words in the *Hallances* of Saint Mary's—ay, and their mothers that bore them—ay, she is a sweet and a lovely creature as ever did stand over brown hair—ay, and then, though her maid keeps her out of her sin for the present time, yet it is to be thought the grey-goose shaft will find a hole in her coat of proof; an, God help us! it has done in many a better man's—And, moreover, if they should stand on their pedigree and gentility, Edward might say to them, that is, to her gentle birth and kin, 'Whilk o' ye was her best friend when she came down the glen to Glendinning in a sultry evening, on a heatnair like a candle than night she?—And if they tax him with shapless blood, Edward might say, that, dairly the old proverb, how

Gentle blood,
Shakes gentle bield;

yet, moreover, there comes no shapless blood from Glendinning or Meylona; for, says Edward!—

Yea, all of which, but especially the last, show that he acted more in the strength of the outside than that of the inside of his skin.

The miller was a stout call-for-the-spoon,
Well big he was of bones, and rive of bones;
That proved well, for whensoever he cast,
An armful in his hand, he never did run;
He was about shoulder's height, a thick gait;
There like no dove had he broad bones of bone,
Or brawn. It is a running with his hand, sir.

The hoarse voice of the Miller at this moment recalled the dame from her reverie, and compelled her to remember that if she meant to realize her airy castle, she must begin by laying the foundation in fidelity to her guest and his daughter, whom she was at that moment most strongly neglecting, though her whole plan turned on consolidating their favour and good opinion, and that, in fact, while arranging matters for so intimate a union with her companion, she was suffering them to sit unattended, and in their riding gear, as if about to resume their journey. "And so I say, dame," concluded the Miller (for she had not marked the beginning of his speech), "as ye be so banished with your knavery, or ought else, why, Myself and I will trot our way down the glen again to Johnie Brewster's, who prays us right kindly to hide with him."

Starting abeam from her dream of marriage and intermarriages, with, mill-hands, and baronies, Dame Elspeth did for a moment like the milk-maid in the fable, when she arrested the pitcher, on the contents of which so many golden ducats were housed. But the foundation of Dame Glauberberg's hopes was only tottering, not overthrown, and she hastened to restore its equilibrium. Instead of attempting to account for her absence of mind and want of attention to her guests, which she might have found something difficult, she selected the offensive, like an old general when he finds it necessary, by a bold attack, to disguise his weakness.

A loud exclamation she made, and a passionate complaint she set up against the unkindness of her old friend, who could for no instant doubt the heartiness of her welcome to him and to his hopeful daughter; and then to think of his going back to John Brewster's, where the said town stood where it did, and had room to be a friend or two in the world of thence—and he too a neighbour that his neighbourly gossip Simon, blessed be his soul, used to think the best friend he had in the Holdens! And on she went trying her complaint with as much seriousness, that she had well nigh imposed on herself as well as upon this Miller, who had no mind to take anything in disgress; and as it suited his plan to pass the night at Glauberberg, would have been equally contented to do so, even had his reception been less vehemently hospitable.

To all Elspeth's expostulations on the unkindness of his purpose to leave her dwelling, he answered composedly, "Why,

dame, what could I tell? ye might have had other grief to grieve,
for ye looked as if ye scarce saw me—or what knew I? ye might
have in mind the words Martin and I had about the last bairn ye
wheed—
“For I ha’ dry mither” will sometimes stick in the
throat. A man weels his wae, and you folk shall hold him
for both miller and miller’s man, that is miller and knowe,[†] all
the country over.”

“Also, that you will say me, neighbour Hob,” said Dame
Kloppet, “or that Martin should have had any words with you
about the mill-dam! I will chide him roughly for it, I promise
you, on the faith of a true widow. You know full well that a
lame woman is never put upon by her servants.”

“Nay, dame,” said the miller, unfastening the broad belt
which made fast his cloak, and served, at the same time, to
suspend by its side a swinging Andrew Forman, “bear me grudge
at Martin, for I ha’ none—I take it on me now a thing of whose
other, to maintain my Right of sustane, look and gape.” And
wasna good, for as the old song says,

I live by my self, that bane has;
that’s power, child, and wife.

The poor old shot, I am half-broken to hear for my Tring, and bound
to stand by her, as I say to my mill leaves, to right and to wrong.
And we should every honest fellow stand by his broad-wings.—
And we, Myself, ye may daff your cloak since our neighbour is so
readily glad to see us—why, I think we are at blithe to see her—
not one in the Hallibone pays their mither more kindly, neeps,
servings, and savings, and mill-service, wae and want.”

With that the Miller hung his simple cloak without further
hesitation upon a large pair of stags’ antlers, which shamed at

[†] Dry mither was a fine, or compensation in money, for not grieving
at the birth of the child. It was not necessarily a punishment exacted.

[‡] The under officer is, in the language of Tring, called the bane;
which, indeed, signified originally the tail (Greek *stomachos*), but by degrees
came to be taken in a broader sense. In the old translation of the Bible,
Paul is made to term himself the bane of our brother. The officers of
such nations as the miller’s country was called, banehip.

[§] The scutling was the regular summa for punishing the bane. The bane
signifying a small quantity, and the gape, a hundred, were additional pen-
alties demanded by the miller, and calculated to be exacted by the miller
in circumstances permitted. These and other petty dues were called
in general the *Scyppis*.

over the naked walls of the town, and served for what we vulgarly call chalk-pits.

In the meantime Dame Blipeth waited to disburse the dower, which she destined for her future daughter-in-law, of her hood, mantle, and the rest of her riding gear, giving her to appear as became the beaux daughter of the wealthy Miller, gay and gaudy, in a white kirtle, the seams of which were embroidered with green cotton lace or fringe, entwined with some silver thread. An enormous glove did Blipeth cast upon the good-humoured face, which was never more fully shown to her, and was only obscured by a quantity of mere black hair, which the maid of the mill had decorated by a mass of green silk, embroidered with silver, corresponding to the trimming of her kirtle. The countenance itself was exceedingly comely—the eyes black, large, and exquisitely good-humoured—the mouth was small—the lips well turned, though somewhat full—the teeth were pearly white—and the chin had a very seducing dimple in it. The face belonging to this joyous face was fair and round, and firm and fair. It might become coarse and manly in four years hence, which is the common fault of Scottish beauty; but in Myrie's sixteenth year she had the shape of a lily. The anxious Blipeth, with all her maternal pertinacity, could not help admiring within herself, that a better man than Halbert might go farther and far worse. She looked a little giddy, and Halbert was not stately; still it was time he should be settled, for to that point the dame always returned; and here was an excellent opportunity.

The simple nature of Dame Blipeth now educated itself in consciousness of her fair guest, from the moment, as they say, to the single-sold shoe. Myrie trembled and blushed with pleasure for the first five minutes; but as soon had elapsed, she began to view the old lady's countenance rather as subjects of mirth than of vanity, and was much more disposed to laugh at them to be dallied with them, as Nature had mingled the good-humour with which she had endowed the dame with no small portion of shrewdness. Even Hal himself began to tire of hearing his daughter's prattle, and broke in, with, "Ay, ay, she is a clever queen enough; and were she four years older, she shall lay a loaded sack on an oar² with o'er a lace in the Halifax." But I have been looking for poor two ticks, dame

² *Ace—properly a bone of胎。*

Men say downy that Halbert's turned a wild springald, and that we may have word of him from Waterford one moonlight night or another."

"God forbid, my good neighbour; God, in his mercy, forbid!" said Dame Glendinning earnestly; "for it was touching the very hoy-nose of her apprehensions to hint any probability that Halbert might become one of the marauders so common in the age and country. But, fearful of having brought too much alarm on this subject, she immediately added, "That though, since the last rest at Phibsborough, she had been ill of a trouble when a gun at a geyar was nazed, or when men spoke of fighting; yet, thanks to God and our Lady, her sons were like to live and do honest and powerful service to the Abbot; as their father might have done, but for that awful hunting which he went forth to with many a brave man that never returned."

"Ye need not tell me of it, dame," said the Miller, "since I was there myself, and made two pair of legs (and these were not mine, but my master's) worth one pair of hands. I judged how it would be when I saw our host break ranks, with running on through that broken ploughed field, and as as they had made a prison of us, I was pricked off with myself while the play was good."

"Aye, aye, neighbour," said the dame, "go more easy a wife and a wary man; if my Simon had had your wit, he might have been here to speak about it this day; but he was aye thinking of his good blood and his high kindred, and how would not serve him thus to bind the bairn to the lass, with the auld, and bright, and spiky, that had no wives to greet for them, or else had wives that need not how now; they were widows; but that is not for the like of us. But, touching my son Halbert, there is no fear of him; for if it should be his infirmities to be in the like case, he has the best pair of hands in the Hibernia, and could run about as fast as your mare herself."

"Is this be, neighbour?" quoth the Miller.

"Aye," replied the mother; "that is my youngest son Edward, who can read and write like the Land Abbot himself; if it were not a sin to say so."

"Aye," said the Miller; "and is that the young clerk the Sub-Prior thinks so much of? they say he will come for her, that lad; who knows but he may come to be Sub-Prior himself?" —in broken a shap has none to lead."

"Ye be a Friar, neighbour Miller," said Edward, "a man must first be a priest, and for that I judge I have little occasion."

"He will take to the plough-potle, neighbour," said the good dame; "and so will Hubert too, I trust. I wish you our Hubert,—Edward, where is your brother?"

"Hunting, I think," replied Edward; "at least he left us this morning to join the Laird of Cawdor and his hounds. I have heard them baying in the glen all day."

"And if I had heard that untrue," said the Miller, "it would have done my heart good, ay, and maybe taken me two or three miles out of my road. When I was the Miller of Knockford to the fact of Honour, Law—Followed them on foot, Dame Glendinning; ay, and led the chase when the Laird of Cawdor and his gay riders were all thrown out by the masses and gills. I brought the stag on my back to Honour Cross, when the dogs had pulled him down. I think I see the old grey knight, as he sits so upright on his strong war-horse, all white with them; and 'Miller,' said he to me, 'as thou wilt turn thy back on the mill, and wend with me, I will make a man of thee.' But I chose rather to abide by dogs and hounds, and the better hound was mine; for the proud Percy named hang five of the Laird's henchmen at Alnwick for burning a riddle of houses some gads beyond Fowberry, and it might have been my back as well as another man's."

"Ah, neighbour, neighbour," said Dame Glendinning, "you were ayre wise and wary; but if you like hunting, I think my Hubert's the lad to please you. He hath all those fair holiday terms of hawk and hound as ready in his mouth as Tom with the tope's tail, that is the Lord Abbot's ranger."

"Rangers be not howevered at dinner-time, dame," demanded the Miller; "for we call noon the dinner-hour at Kennaghair!"

The widow was forced to admit that even at this important period of the day Hubert was frequently absent; at which the Miller shook his head, indicating, at the same time, some allusion to the prowess of MacFaulan's game, which "liked their play better than their meat."

* A breed of wild geese, which long frequented one of the uppermost islands in Loch Lomond called Inch-Twaite, were supposed to have some mysterious connection with the ancient family of MacFaulans of Inch Is., and it is said were never seen after the ruin and extinction of that house.

That the delay of dinner might not increase the Miller's disposition to prejudice Halbert, Dame Glendinning called hastily on Mary Arundel to take her task of entertaining Myrtle Slapton, while she herself rushed to the kitchen, and entering at once into the presence of Tibb Tidbet, commanded, saying: trenchers and dishes, whitened pots from the fire, and placed pens and gridirons on it, accompanying her own state of personal activity with such a continued list of injunctions to Tibb, that Tibb at length lost patience, and said, "Here was no master work about waitin' on a sold miller, as if they had been to banquet the King of France." But this, as it was supposed to be spoken aside, Dame Glendinning did not think fit convenient to hear.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

May, let me have the friends who eat my victuals,
As various as my dishes.—The bairn's tangha,
Where our large plain potherbacious. John Phalester,
He shall be mighty bold, nor English simple;
The warty oldman, a bawful stamping;
Two pair of whiskered Comets, rolls and runs;
Their friend the Dandy, a great grouch in apparel,
And ye the honest in speech of men and wif.
On the same principle—Variety.

New Year.

"Any what 'mure has in this?" said Hob Miller, as Mary Arundel entered the apartment to supply the absence of Dame Glendinning.

"The young Lady of Arundel, father," said the Maid of the Mill, dropping so low a courtesy as her rustic manners enabled her to make. The Miller, her father, doffed his bonnet, and made his reverence, not altogether so low perhaps as if the young lady had appeared in the pride of rank and riches, yet

The MacFarlane had a house and garden upon that same Island of Jack-Town. Here James VI. was on one occasion regaled by the MacFarlane. His Majesty had been previously much amused by the great prancing with other in the body. But when one which was brought in table was found to be rough and shabby, James observed—"that MacFarlane's goose liked their piping better than their meat;" a proverb which has been current ever since.

as to give high birth the due homage which the Scotch for a length of time scrupulously rendered to it.

Indeed, from having had her mother's example before her for so many years, and from a native sense of propriety and even of dignity, Mary Arundel had acquired a domineer, which marked her title to consideration, and effectually checked any attempt at familiarity on the part of those who might be her associates in her present situation, but could not be well termed her equals. She was by nature mild, passive, and contemplative, gentle in disposition, and most placable when accidentally offended; but still she was of a refined and reserved habit, and shunned to mix in ordinary sports, even when the rare convenience of a fair or wake gave her an opportunity of mingling with companions of her own age. If at such times she was seen for an instant, she appeared to behold them with the composed indifference of one to whom their gaiety was a matter of no interest, and who seemed only anxious to glide away from the scene, as soon as she possibly could.

Something also had transpired concerning her being born on All-Hallow Eve, and the power with which that circumstance was supposed to invest her over the invisible world. And from all these particulars ascertained, the young men and women of the Hallions used to distinguish Mary among themselves by the name of the Spirit of Arundel, as if the fair but fragile form, the beautiful but rather colourless cheek, the dark blue eye, and the slender hair, had belonged rather to the immaterial than the substantial world. The general tradition of the White Lady, who was supposed to walk in the fortunes of the family of Arundel, gave a sort of aid to this piece of rural wit. It gave great offence, however, to the two sons of Simon Glendinning; and when the expression was in their presence applied to the young lady, Edward was wont to check the pertinacity of those who used it by strength of argument, and Halbert by strength of arm. In such cases Halbert had this advantage, that although he could render no aid to his brother's argument, yet when circumstances required it, he was sure to have that of Edward, who never failed himself to summon a frig, but, on the other hand, did not terribly any reluctance to enter into combat in Halbert's behalf or in his rescue.

But the mutual attachment of the two youths, being themselves, from the retired situation in which they dwelt, com-

positive strangers in the Hallions, did not serve in any degree to alter the feelings of the inhabitants towards the young lady, who seemed to have dropt amongst them from another sphere of life. Still, however, she was regarded with respect, if not with kindness; and the attention of the Earl-Prior to the family, not to mention the formidable name of Julian Arundel, which every new incident of those tumultuous times tended to render more famous, attached to his also a certain importance. These same applied to her acquaintance, out of pride, while the more timid of the towns were anxious to insulate upon their children, the necessity of being congenital to the noble virgin. So that Mary Arundel, little loved because little known, was regarded with a mysterious awe, partly derived from fear of her noble's cross-troopers, and partly from her own retired and distant habitation, enhanced by the separation opinions of the time and country.

It was not without some portion of this awe, that Myris felt herself left alone in company with a young person so distant in rank, and so different, in bearing, from herself; for her worthy father had taken the first opportunity to step out unobserved, in order to mark how the bairngard was filled, and what prospect it afforded of grist to the mill. In youth, however, there is a sort of free-masonry, which, without much conversation, enables young persons to estimate each other's character, and place them at ease on the shortest acquaintance. It is only when taught doubt by the commerce of the world, that we learn to shun our character from observation, and to disguise our real sentiments from those with whom we are placed in association.

Accordingly, the two young women were soon engaged in such objects of interest as best became their age. They visited Mary Arundel's pigeons, which she养ed with the tenderness of a mother; they turned over her slender stores of history, which yet contained some articles that excited the respect of her companion, though Myris was too good-humoured to cherish envy. A golden ring, and some female ornaments marking superior rank, had been recovered in the course of their mutual admiring; more by Miss Trelawny's process of mind, than by the care of their owner, who was at that mid period too much sunk in grief to pay any attention to such circumstances. They struck Myris with a deep impression of venerabilty; for, except-

ing what the Lord Abbot and the poorest night person, she did not believe there was so much real gold in the world as was exhibited in those few trinkets; and Mary, forever sage and serious, was not above being pleased with the admiration of her rustic companion.

Nothing, indeed, could exhibit a stronger contrast than the appearance of the two girls;—the good-humoured laughing countenance of the Maid of the Mill, who stood gazing with unexpressed astonishment on whatever was in her inexperienced eyes rare and costly, and with an humility, and at the same time cheerful unaffectedness in her inferiority, asking all the little questions about the use and value of the ornaments, while Mary Arundel, with her quiet composed dignity and plausibility of manner, produced them one after another for the examination of her companion.

As they became gradually more familiar, Myrie of the Mill was just venturing to ask, why Mary Arundel never appeared at the Maypole, and to express her wonder when the young lady said she disliked dancing, when a trampling of horses at the gate of the tower interrupted their conversation.

Myrie flew to the shot-window in the full ardour of unshamed female curiosity. "Saint Mary! sweet lady! here come two well-mounted gallants; will you stay this way to look at them?"

"No," said Mary Arundel, "you shall tell me who they are."

"Well, if you like it better," said Myrie,—"but how shall I know that?—Stay, I do know one of them, and so do you, lady; he is a bit like you, somewhat light of hand, they say, but the gallants of these days think no great harm of that. He is your uncle's houseman, that they call Christie of the Cheshill; and he has not his old green jerkin and the rusty black-jack over it, but a scarlet cloak, laid down with silver lace three inches broad, and a breast-plate you might see to close your hair in, as well as in that looking-glass in the ivory frame that you showed me once now. Come, dear lady, come to the shot-window and see him."

"If it be the man you mean, Myrie," replied the orphan of Arundel, "I shall see him well enough, considering either the pleasure or comfort the sight will give me."

"Nay, but if you will not come to see gay Christie," replied the Maid of the Mill, her face flushed with eager curiosity,

"come and tell me who the galant is that is with him, the handesomest, the very loveliest young man I ever saw with sight."

"It is my foster-brother, Hubert Glendinning," said Mary, with apparent indifference; for she had been accustomed to call the sons of Elspeth her foster-brothers, and to live with them as if they had been brothers in earnest.

"Nay, by Our Lady, that it is not," said Myrie; "I know the form of both the Glendinings well, and I think this rascal be not of our country. He has a crimson velvet doublet, and long brown hair falling down under it, and a beard on his upper lip, and his skin clear and close shaven, save a small patch on the point of the chin, and a sky-blue jacket shaded and lined with white satin, and trunk-hose to suit, and no weapon but a rapier and dagger—Well, if I was a man, I would never wear weapon but the rapier! it is so slender and becoming, instead of having a carbine of iron at my back, like my brother's broadsword with its great rusty hauberk. Do you not delight in the rapier and pistol, lady?"

"The last sword," answered Mary, "if I must needs answer a question of the sort, is that which is drawn in the last cause, and which is best used when it is out of the scabbard."

"But can you not guess who this stranger should be?" said Myrie.

"Indeed, I cannot even attempt it; but, to judge by his companion, it is no matter how little he is known," replied Mary.

"My bonicae on his bonny face," said Myrie, "if he is not going to slight here! Now, I am as much pleased as if my father had given me the silver service he has promised me to often p—say, you had as well come to the window, for you must see him by and by whether you will or not."

I do not know how much nearer Mary Armed might have sought the point of observation, if she had not been scared from it by the unfeigned curiosity expressed by her bosom friend; but at length the more feeling prevailed over her sense of dignity, and satisfied with having displayed all the indifference that was necessary in point of discourse, she no longer thought herself bound to restrain her curiosity.

From the cut-shot or projecting window, she could perceive that Christie of the Oldhall was attended on the present occa-

sign by a very gay and gallant cavalier, who from the nobleness of his countenance and mien, his rich and handsome dress, and the showy appearance of his horse and furniture, must, she agreed with her new friend, be a person of some consequence.

Christie also seemed anxious of something, which made him call out with more than his usual insolence of manner, "What, ho! so ho! the horse! Old Martin, will no one answer when I call him—Ho! Martin,—This, —Dame Glendinning!—a remonstrance on you, must we stand keeping our horses in the cold house, and they steaming with heat, when we have ridden so sharply?"

At length he was obeyed, and old Martin made his appearance. "Ha!" said Christie, "art thou there, old Tregony? here, stable me these steeds and see them well bedded, and stretch thine old limbs by rubbing them down; and see thou spit not the stable till there is not a turned hair on either of them."

Martin took the horses to the stable as commanded, but suppressed not his indignation a moment after he could vent it with safety. "Would not any one think," he said to Jasper, an old ploughman, who, in owing to his misfortunes, had heard Christie's impious injunctions, "that this leon, this Christie of the Chastell, was hired or lord at least of him! By such thing, man! I remember him a little dirty transport boy in the house of Arundel, that everybody in a frosty morning like this warmed his fagots by kicking at cutting! and now he is a gentleman, and swears, d—a him and nosecone him, as if the gentleman could not so much as keep their own wickedness to themselves, without the like of him going to hell in their very company, and by the same road. I have as much a mind as ever I had to my dinner, to go back and tell him to send his horse himself, since he is as able as I am."

"Hark thee, man!" answered Jasper, "keep a calm thought; better to flinch a foot than fight with him."

Martin acknowledged the truth of the proverb, and, much comforted therewith, betook himself to cleaning the stranger's horse with great assiduity, remarking, it was a pleasure to handle a handsome nag, and turned over the other to the charge of Jasper. Nor was it until Christie's commands were literally complied with that he deemed it proper, after fitting stirrups, to join the party in the sconce; and for the purpose

of walking upon them, as a more modest reader might possibly expect, but that he might have his share of dinner in their company.

In the meanwhile Christie had presented his companion to Dame Glendinning as Sir Pieris Shafay, a friend of his and of his master, come to spend three or four days with little dice in the town. The good dame could not conceive how she was entitled to such an honour, and would fain have pleaded her want of every sort of accommodation to materials a guest of that quality. But, indeed, the visitor, when he cast his eyes around the long walk, eyed the large black chimney, scrutinised the doorway and broken iteration of the apartment, and beheld the embarrassment of the mistress of the family, manifested great reluctance to intrude upon Dame Glendinning a visit, which, could scarce, from all appearance, prove otherwise than no honourable to her, and a penance to himself.

But the reluctant hostess and her guest had to do with an incommodious man, who dismissed all expostulations with, "such was his master's pleasure. And, moreover," he continued, "through the Town of Arundel will stand and ought to stand here to all within ten miles around him, yet here, dame," he said, "is a letter from your particular bairn, the Lord-priest powder, who rejoices you, in yon regard his pleasure, that you afford to this good knight such decent accommodation as is in your power, suffering him to live as privately as he shall desire. —And for you, Sir Pieris Shafay," continued Christie, "you will judge for yourself, whether money and safety is not rarer your object now now, than soft beds and high cheer. And do not judge of the dame's goods by the semblance of her marriage; for you will see by the durance she is about to spend for me, that the rest of the kirk is nothing fowld with her basket bairn." To these words Christie presented the stranger, after the best fashion he could, as to the view of his master the bairn.

While he thus laboured to reconcile Sir Pieris Shafay to his wife, having consulted her son Edward on the tool import of the Lord Abbots injunction, and having found that Christie had given a true information, now nothing else left for her but to make that life as easy as she could to the stranger. His Master she seemed reconciled to his lot by some feeling probably of strong necessity, and accepted with a good

grace the hospitality which the dame offered with a very indifferent one.

In fact, the dinner, which soon smoked before the assembled guests, was of that substantial kind which warrants plenty and mirth. Dame Gloucestress had cooked it after her last manner, and, delighted with the handsome appearance which her good cheer made when placed on the table, forgot both her place and the relations which interrupted them, in the hospitable duty of pressing her assembled visitors to eat and drink, watching every tumbler as it passed empty, and loading it with fresh supplies ere the guest could utter a negative.

In the meanwhile, the company alternately regarded each other's motion, and seemed endeavouring to form a judgment of each other's character. Sir Piers Shaftesbury endeavoured to speak to no one but to Mary Avent, and as far as he suffered exactly the same familiar and compassionate, though somewhat sorrowful sort of attention, which a pretty fellow of those days will sometimes condescend to bestow on a country wife, when there is no prettier or more formidable woman present. The manner indeed was different, for the cigarette of those times did not permit Sir Piers Shaftesbury to pick his teeth, or to pass, or to grumble like the beggar whose tongue (as he says) was cut out by the Devil, or to affect deafness or blindness, or any other deformity of the organs. But though the machinery of his countenance was different, the groundwork was the same, and the high-flown and exultant complacence with which the gallant knight of the sixteenth century intended his manoeuvres, were as much the offspring of system and self-comfort, as the jargon of the economists of our own days.

The English knight was, however, something disconcerted at finding that Mary Avent listened with an air of indifference, and answered with wonderful brevity, to all the fine things which ought, as he conceived, to have dizzied her with their brilliancy, and gaudied her by their obscurity. But if he was disappointed in making the desired, or rather the expected impression, upon her whom he addressed, Sir Piers Shaftesbury's discourse was marvellous in the ears of Myra the Miller's daughter, and not the less so that she did not comprehend the meaning of a single word which he uttered. Indeed, the gallant knight's language was far too mortify to be understood by persons of much greater antecedence than Myra.

It was about this period, that the "only rare poet of his time, the witty, cynical, facetiously-pick, and quickly-fantastic, John Lyly—*he* that sits at Apollo's table, and to whom Thodorus gave a wreath of his own bays without snatching"**—*he*, in short, who wrote that singularly-cunning book, called *Sophonis* and *An Egypian*, was in the very zenith of his absurdity and reputation. The quaint, forced, and unnatural style which he introduced, by his *Academy of PL*, had a fashion so rapid, as it was necessary—all the court ladies were his scholars, and to "parke Raphisiana," was as necessary a qualification, to a courtly galant, as those of understanding how to use his rapier or to dance a measure!†

It was no wonder that the Maid of the Mill was soon as effectually titillated by the latencies of this erudite and courtly style of conversation, as she had ever been by the darts of her father's own malice. But there she sat with low mouth and eyes as open as the mid-door and the two windows, showing teeth as white as her father's bolted flour, and endeavouring to score a word or two for her own future use out of the parts of rhetoric which Sir Piersy Shafes scattered around him with such boundless profusion.

For the male part of the company, Edward did abhorred of his own manner and slowness of speech, when he observed the handsome young cavalier, with an ease and volubility of which he had no conception, run over all the unmeaningest topics of high-flown gallantry. It is true the good sense and natural taste of young Glendinning soon informed him that the gallant cavalier was speaking nonsense. But, also! where is the man of modest merit, and real talent, who has not suffered from being cutlass'd in conversation, and outstripped in the race of life, by men of less reserve, and of qualities more showy, though less substantial? and well constituted must the mind be that can yield up the prize without envy of competition more worthy than himself.

* Such, and yet more extravagant, are the exponents paid to this author by his editor, Horne. Extricating all exaggeration, Lyly was truly a man of wit and imagination, though both were informed by the most unnatural situation that ever disgraced a printed page.

† The Author, in a note to Chapter XXI., says the reasons of romance are insufficient to account otherwise; otherwise some considerations might be noticed, here—*Sophonis*; the *Academy of PL*, and *Egypian* and *An Egypian*, by John Lyly, were not published till 1582.)

Edward Glendinning had no such philosophy. While he despised the japes of the gay cavalier, he carried the facility with which he could run on, as well as the ready tone and expression, and the perfect ease and elegance with which he offered all the little acts of politeness to which the duties of the table gave opportunity. And if I am to speak truly, I must own that he valued those qualities the more as they were all exercised in Mary Avena's service, and, although only as far accepted as they could not be refused, indicated a wish on the stranger's part to place himself in her good grace, as the only person in the room in whom he thought it worth while to recommend himself. His white, fresh, and very handsome figure, together with some sparks of wit and spirit which flashed across the cloud of courtesy which he uttered, rendered him, to the words of the old song ay, "a lad for a lady's viewing," so that poor Edward, with all his real worth and acquired knowledge, in his homely-spoken dialect, blue cap, and dove-skin breeches, looked like a clown beside the master, and, finding the full inferiority, nourished no good-will to him by whom he was edified.

Christie, on the other hand, as soon as he had satisfied to the full a connubial appetite, by means of which persons of his profession could, like the wolf and eagle, gorge themselves with as much blood at one meal as might serve them for several days, began also to feel 'Marcell' more in the background than he liked to do. This worthy had, amongst his other good qualities, an excellent opinion of himself; and, being of a bold and forward disposition, had no mind to be thrown into the shade by any one. With an impudent familiarity, which such persons mistake for graceful ease, he looks ta upon the knight's frank speech with as little remorse as he would have driven the point of his lance through a bold doublet.

Sir Pierrepont Shafte, a man of rank and high birth, by no means encouraged or suffered this familiarity, and required the intruder either with total neglect, or such became replies as indicated a sovereign contempt for the rude spymaster, who affected to converse with him upon terms of equality.

The Miller held his peace; for, as his usual conversation turned chiefly on his clapper and toll-dish, he had no mind to brag of his wealth in presence of Christie of the Chastell, or to intrude his discourses on the English cavalier.

A little specimen of the conversation may not be out of place,

were it best to show young ladies what fine things they have lost by living when Bophuskin is out of fashion.

"Credit me, discreet lady," said the knight, "that such is the meaning of our English country, of the heraldic motto, that, as they have infinitely valued upon the plain and rustical discourse of our fathers, which, as I may say, more bewept the mouths of country noblemen in a悲哀 than that of worthy gallants in a galliard, so I hold it infeebly and unutterably impossible, that those who may succeed us in that garden of wit and courtesy shall otherway exceed us. Yous delighted but in the language of Mercury, Bophuskin will stoop to no one but Alexander, none can exceed Apollo's pipe but Cupid."

"Foolish sir," said Mary, who could scarcely help laughing, "we have but to rejoice in the chance which hath honoured this scoldish with a plough of the sun, of courtesy, though it rather blinds than enlightens us."

"Pretty and quaint, fairest lady," answered the Bophuskin, "Aye, that I had with me my *Arte of Wit*—that all-to-be-capitalized volume—that quatenusance of human wit—that treasury of spirit, invention—that magnificently-preserved, and inestimably-necessary-to-be-remembered manual, of all that is worthy to be known—which indoctrines the rude in civility, the dull in intellectualizing, the heavy in jocosity, the blunt in gesticility, the vulgar in nobility, and all of them to that unutterable perfection of human vivaciousness, that eloquence which no other discourse is sufficient to praise, that art which, when we call it by its own name of Bophuskin, we better call it its richest paragraphe."

"By Saint Mary," said Christie of the Cheshill, "if your woning had told me that you had left such stores of wealth as you talk of at Prudhoe Castle, Long Dickie and I would have had them off with us if man and horse could have carried them; but you told us of no treasure I wot of, save the silver tangs that tassel up your mustaches."

The knight treated this intruder's mistake—he certainly Christie had no idea that all these epithets, which sounded as rich and splendid, were levished upon a small quare volume—with a smile, and then turning again to Mary Arundel, the only person whom he thought worthy to address, he proceeded in his strain of high-flown oratory, "Even then," said he, "do hope to exceed the splendour of Oriental pearls; even then are the

delicates of a choice repast in vain offered to the long-ned
grace of the masters, who turneth from them to devour a victim.
Surely as idle is it to pour forth the treasures of victory before
the eyes of the ignorant, and to spread the dainties of the in-
tellectual banquet before those who are, morally and metaphysi-
cally speaking, no better than swine."

"Sir Knight, since that is your quality," said Edward, "we
cannot strive with you in loftiness of language; but I pray you
in fair courtesy, while you know my father's house with your
presence, to spare us such vile comparisons."

"Peace, good village," said the knight, graciously waving his
hand, "I prithee peace, bad rustic; and you, my guide, whom
I may scarce call honest, let me prevail upon you to initiate the
humble incognitancy of that honest peasant, who sits in unto in
a mill-post, and of that comely dame, who comes up with her
even she drunk in what she did not altogether comprehend, even
as a policy threatening to a king, whence, however, he kneweth
not the queen."

"Marvellous fine words," at length said Dame Gloucestering,
who began to be tired of sitting so long silent, "marvellous fine
words, neighbour Huber, are they not?"

"Honest words—very honest words—very exceeding pyd
words," answered the Miller; " nevertheless, to speak my mind,
a lousy of base woso words a basket of them."

"I think so too, under his worship's favour," answered Christie
of the Cheshill. "I well remember that at the race of Mortimer,
as we call it, near Berwick, I took a young Southern fellow out
of middle with my horse, and cast him, th' might be, a yard's length
from his mug; and as he had some gold on his head doublet,
I decently he might ha' the like on it in his pocket too, though
that is a rule that does not always hold good—So I was speaking
to him of ransoms, and cast he comes with a handful of such torments
as his honour there both glanced up, and cursed me for money,
as I was a true son of bitches, and scurvilles."

"And obtained no money at thy hand, I thinke we were," said
the knight, who desirous not to speak Stephenes excepting to
the like sort.

"By my trodd," replied Christie, "I would have thrust my
lance down his throat, but just then they flung open that accursed
postern-gate, and forth plucked old Mortimer and Harry Grey,
and as many followers at their heels as turned the church northward

again. So I even polished Bayard with the spur, and went off with the rest ; for a man should ride when he may not wrangle, as they say in Tyndale."

" Trust me," said the knight, again turning to Mary Arundel, " if I do not pity you, lady, who, being of noble blood, are thus in a manner compelled to abide in the cottage of the leperous. Like the precious stone in the head of the toad, or like a precious garment on the back of an ass.—But soft, what gallant have we here, whose girths severeth more of the rustic than cloth his domesons, and whose looks seem more lofty than his habitt; stay us?"

" I pray you, Sir Knight," said Mary, " to spare your earthly dignitaries the refined name, and give me leave to name nati you my brother-brother, Halbert Glouchester."

" The son of the poor dame of the cottage, as I spake," answered the English knight; " but by some such name did my gods distinguish the master of this mansion, which poor, rustic, earth with your presence.—And yet, touching this present, he beth that about him which belongeth to higher birth, as all are now blash who digg gold."

" Not all white who are milers," said honest Happier, glad to get in a word, as they say, edgeways.

Halbert, who had sustained the glance of the Englemanne with some impatience, and knew not what to make of his manner and language, replied with some asperity, " Sir Knight, we bore in this land of Scotland an accident sayng, ' Scorn not the bush that bieldis you'—you are a guest of my father's house to shelter you from danger, if I am rightly informed by the dominion. Scotch not its homesickness, nor that of its banishees—you might long have abidid at the court of Engleland ere we had caught your throw, or easurured you with our society. Since your fife has sent you hither amongst us, be contented with such fare and such courses as we can afford you, and earn us not for our kinshipp; for the Scots were short patience and long doggers."

All eyes were turned on Halbert while he was thus speaking, and there was a general feeling that his countenance had an expression of intelligence, and his person an air of dignity, which they had never before observed. Whether it were that the wonderful Being with whom he had so lately held communication, had bestowed on him a grace and dignity of look and

bearing which he had not before, or whether the being conversant in high matters, and called to a destiny beyond that of other men, had a natural effect in giving becoming confidence to his language and manner, we pretend not to determine. But it was evident to all, that from this day young Halbert was an altered man; that he acted with a steadiness, precipitateness, and determination, which belonged to riper years, and bore himself with a manner which apportioned to higher rank.

The knight took the rebuke with good humor. "By noble honour," he said, "there hast reason on thy side, good friend—nevertheless, I speak not as in ridicule of the roof which covers me, but rather in your own praise, to whom, if this roof be native, thou mayest nevertheless rise from its lowliness; even as the lark, which maketh his humble nest in the flocks, accowcheth towards the sun, as well as the eagle which buildeth her eyry in the cliff."

This high-flown discourse was interrupted by Dame Glendinning, who, with all the busy anxiety of a mother, was leading her son's chamber with food, and darning to his ear her reprobation on account of his prolonged absence. "And see," she said, "that you do not use day yet much a sight, while you are walking about among the haunts of them that are not of our flesh and bone, as held! Sir Guy Murray when he slept on the greenward ring of the Achi Kirkhill at sunset, and wakened at daybreak in the wild hills of Skowdalhame. And see that, when you are looking for deer, the red stag does not gall you as he did Diana Thorelour, who never overcost the wound that he took from a buck's horn. And see, when you go swaggering about with a long broadsword by your side, whilst it becomes no peaceful man to do, that ye draw most with them, that have broadsword and horse both—there are score of such riders in this land, that neither fear God nor regard man."

Here her eye, "in a slow frowny scolding," fell full upon that of Christie of the Clefthill, and at once her face for having given offence interrupted the current of maternal rebuke, which, like rebuke matrimonial, may be often better meant than tried. There was something of sly and watchful significance in Christie's eye, an eye grey, keen, fierce, yet wily, formed to express at once coming and malice, which made the dame instantly conjecture she had said too much, while she saw in imagination her twelve

goodly crew go louting down the glen in a moonlight night, with half a score of Border spouters at their heels.

Her voice, therefore, sank from the elevated tone of maternal authority into a whispering apologetic sort of strain, and she proceeded to say, " It is so that I have my ill thoughts of the Border riders, Sir Thib. That there has often heard me say that I thought spear and battle as natural to a Borderman as a pen to a priest, or a feather fan to a lady; and—here you not heard me say it, Thib?"

Thib showed something less than her expected shyness in attesting her mistress's deep respect for the traditions of the southland hills; but thus conjured, did at length reply, " Honest ap. mistress, You warrant I have heard you say something like that."

" Mother!" said McDevitt, in a firm and commanding tone of voice, " what or whom is it that you fear under my father's roof?—I well hope that it becometh not a guest in whose presence you are shold to say your pleasure to me or my brother? I am sorry I have been detained so late, being ignorant of the fair company which I should encounter on my return.—I pray you let this excuse suffice: and when satisfies you, will, I trust, be nothing less than acceptable to your guests."

An answer calculated so justly between the submission due to his parent, and the outward feeling of dignity in one who was by birth master of the mansion, elicited unfeigned satisfaction. And as Elspeth herself confessed to Thib on the same evening, " She did not think it had been in the cellar." Thib that night he took pen and paper if he was spoke to, and lay through the hours like a fury-poor-soul at the least word of advice that was inflicted at him, but now he spoke as grave and as doleful as the Lord Abbot himself. She bemoaned, " she said, " what might be the upshot of it, but it was like he was a wretched cellar-keep now."

The party then separated, the young men retiring to their apartments, the older to their household cares. While Christie went to see his horse properly accommodated, Edward betook himself to his book, and Hartell, who was as ingenious in employing his hands as he had Christie appeared imperfect in mental caution, applied himself to constructing a place of concealment in the floor of his apartment by rifling a plank, beneath which he resolved to deposit that copy of the *Holy*

Scriptures which had been so strangely regained from the possession of man and spirit.

In the meanwhile Sir Pieris Shafte sat still at a stone, in the chair in which he had deposited himself, his hands folded on his breast, his legs stretched straight out before him and resting upon the bank, his eyes cast up to the ceiling as if he had meant to count every nail of every cobweb with which the arched roof was canopied, wearing at the same time a face of an solemn and imperceptible gravity, as if his existence had depended on the accuracy of his calculation.

He would scarce be roused from his heretic state of contemplative absorption so as to take some supper, a meal at which the younger brothers appeared not. Sir Pieris stared around twice or thrice as if he missed something; but he missed not for them, and only evinced his sense of a proper audience being wanting, by his abstraction and absence of mind, seldom speaking until he was twice addressed, and then replying, without trope or figure, in that plain English, which nobody could speak better when he had a mind.

Christie, finding himself in undisturbed possession of the conversation, indulged all who chose to listen with details of his own wild and inglorious warfare, while Dame Eleazar's church bristled with heroes, and Tibb Tacket, required to find himself once more in the company of a jester-man, listened to his tales, like Don Quixote to Orlando, with unabated delight. Meanwhile the two young Glendings were each wrapped up in his own reflections, and only interrupted in them by the signal to move forward.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

He strives no noise, 'tis true, but calls over phantasies,
And walks these forth as leaves and plated creatures,
Which who sees none, and looks except in payment,
 —*Old Play.*

For the morning Christie of the Chethill was nowhere to be seen. As this worthy personage did seldom pipe himself on sounding a trumpet before his movements, so we were surprised at his unexpected departure, though some alarm was excited lest he had

not made it empty-handed. Be, in the language of the national ballad,

Some one is afoard, and some is lost,
But naught was ever that could be lost.

All was in order, the boy of the stable left above the door, and that of the inn-gate in the inside of the hall. In short, the retreat had been made with scrupulous attention to the security of the garrison, and so far Charles left them nothing to complain of.

The safety of the pretender was maintained by Halbert, who, instead of clutching up a gun or musket, and sulking out for the day as he had been his frequent custom, now, with a gravity beyond his years, took a survey of all around the tower, and then returned to the spouse, or public apartment, in which, at the early hour of seven, the morning meal was prepared.

There he found the Baptist in the same elegant posture of abhorsse salutation which he had exhibited on the preceding evening; his arms folded in the same angle, his eyes turned up to the same colonnade, and his book resting on the ground as before. Tired of this affection of instant impertinence, and not much flattered with his guest's preserving in it to the last, Halbert resolved at once to break the ice, being determined to know what circumstance had brought to the Tower of Glendevon a guest at once so repulsive and so silent.

"Sir Knight," he said with some firmness, "I have twice given you good morning, to which the silence of your mind hath, I presume, prevented you from yielding attention, or from making return. This exchange of courtesy is at your pleasure to give or withhold—But, as what I have further to say concerns your master and your nation in no especial manner, I will entreat you to give me some signs of attention, that I may be sure I am not wasting my words on a man-mortal sponge."

At this unexpected address, Sir Francis Sherton opened his eyes, and offered the speaker a broad stare; but as Halbert returned the glance without either confusion or dismay, the knight thought proper to change his posture, draw in his legs, raise his eyes, fix them on young Glendevon, and assume the appearance of one who listens to what is said to him. Nay, to make his purpose more evident, he gave voice to his resolution in these words, "Speak I we do have."

"Sir Knight," said the youth, "it is the custom of this Hall-dome, or parsonage of Saint Mary's, to trouble with inquiries no guests who render our hospitality, providing they tarry in our house only for a single revelation of the sun. We know that both sinners and saints come hither for sanctuary, and we seem to expect from the pilgrim, whom chance may make our guest, an avowal of the cause of his pilgrimage and presence. But when one so high above our rank is yourself, Sir Knight, and especially one to whom the possession of such pre-eminence is not indifferent, shows his determination to be our guest for a longer time, it is our usage to inquire of him whence he comes, and what is the cause of his journey?"

The English knight gaped twice or thrice before he answered, and then replied in a bawling tone, "Truly, good village, your question hath in it somewhat of embarrassment, for you ask me of things concerning which I am not as yet altogether determined, what answer I may find it convenient to make. Let it suffice thee, kind friend, that thou hast the Lord Abbots authority for leading me to the best of that power of thine, which, indeed, may not always so well suffice for my accommodation as either of us would desire."

"I must have a more precise answer than this, Sir Knight," said the young Glendinning.

"Friend," said the knight, "be not courageous. It may suit poor northern manners thus to pass humbly upon the secrets of thy betters; but believe me, that even as the late, struck by an unfeigned hand, doth positive discredit, so"— At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and Mary Arundel presented herself—"But who can talk of discredit," said the knight, assuming his complimentary smile and bearing, "when the soul of harmony disarms open as in the presence of surpassing beauty! For even as foxes, wolves, and other animals void of sense and reason, do fly from the presence of the resplendent sun of heaven, when he arises in his glory, so do strife, wrath, and all trifling passions retreat, and, as it were, and sweep, from the face which now burns upon me, with power to consume our angry passions, illuminate our moods and difficulties, comfort our wounded minds, and call to rest our disturbed apprehensions; for in the heat and warmth of the eye of day is to the material and physical world, as is the eye which I now bow down before to that of the Intellectual universe."

He concluded with a profound bow; and Mary Arundel, passing from one to the other, and plainly seeing that something was amiss, could only say, "For heaven's sake, what is the meaning of this?"

The newly-acquired tact and intelligence of her brother-brother was no yet sufficient to enable him to give an answer. He was quite uncertain how he ought to deal with a guest, who, preserving a singularly high tone of assumed superiority and importance, seemed nevertheless in little notion in what he said, that it was quite impossible to discourse with accuracy whether he was in jest or earnest.

Pursuing, however, the internal resolution to bring Sir Pierds Shaftoe to a reckoning at a more fit place and season, he resolved to prosecute the matter no further at present; and the entrance of his mother with the damsel of the Mill, and the return of the honest Miller from the stonkyard, where he had been numbering and calculating the probable amount of the master's grist, rendered further discussion impossible for the moment.

In the course of the calculation it could not but strike the men of mind and grimaces, that, after the church's dues were paid, and after all which he himself could by any means deduct from the crop, still the redditus which must revert to Dame Glendinning could not be less than considerable. I wet not if this led the honest Miller to mouth any plan similar to those adopted by Elspeth; but it is certain that he accepted with grateful alacrity an invitation which the dame gave to his daughter, to remain a week or two as her guest at Glendinning.

The principal persons living then in high good humour with each other, all business gave place to the hilarity of the morning repast; and so much did Sir Pierds appear gratified by the attention which was paid to every word that he uttered by the matronly Mavis, that notwithstanding his high birth and distinguished quality, he bestowed on her some of the more ordinary and unadorned topics of his discourse.

Mary Arundel, when relieved from the awkwardness of feeling the full weight of his invective addressed to herself, enjoyed it much more; and the good knight, encouraged by these oscillating marks of approbation from the sex, for whose sake he cultivated his oratorical talents, made speedy intimation of his purpose to be more comprehensive than he had shown himself

In his conversation with Halbert Glendinning, and gave them to understand, that it was in consequence of some pressing danger that he was at present their irremediable guest.

The conclusion of the breakfast was a signal for the separation of the company. The Miller went to prepare for his departure; his daughter to arrange matters for her unexpected stay; Edward was summoned to consultation by Mervin concerning some agricultural matter, in which Halbert could not be brought to interest himself; the dame left the room upon her household concerns, and Mary was in the act of following her, when she suddenly recollecting, that if she did so the strange knight and Halbert must be left alone together, at the risk of another quarrel.

The maiden no sooner observed this circumstance, than she instantly退reced from the door of the apartment, and, seating herself in a small stone window-seat, resolved to maintain that curb which she was sensible her presence imposed on Halbert Glendinning, of whose quick temper she had some apprehensions.

The stranger marked her actions, and, either interpreting them as inviting his society, or obedient to those laws of gallantry which permitted him not to leave a lady in silence and solitude, he instantly placed himself near to her side and opened the conversation as follows:—

" Credit me, fair lady," he said, addressing Mary Arundel, "it much rejoiceth me, being, as I am, a 'hurched' man from the delights of wild, open country, that I shall find here, in this cheare and siluer cottage of the north, a fair dam and a ruddif soul, with whom I may explain my mutual sentiments. And let me pray you in particular, lovely lady, that, according to the universal custom now predominant in our count, the godes of superior wife, you will exchange with me some epithet whereby you may mark my devotion to your service. Be honourward named, for example, my Protevian, and let me be your Affabillity."

" Our northern and country manners, Sir Knight, do not permit us to exchange epithets with those to whom we are strangers," replied Mary Arundel.

" Nay, but no more," said the knight, "how you are startled! even as the coltish steed, which serveth nidle from the slacking of a handkerchief, though he stand in time encounter

the wiving of a person. This costly exchange of epithets of honour, is no more than the compliments which pass between valour and beauty, whenever they meet, and under whatever circumstances. Elizabeth of England herself calls Philip Sidney her Courage, and he in return calls that plumes his Inspiration. 'Therefore, my fair Protection, for by such epithet it shall be mine to denominant you'——

"Not without thy young lady's consent, sir?" interrupted Halbert; "most truly do I hope your costly and quaint breeding will not in the power over the more ordinary rules of civil behaviour."

"Fair tenant of an indigent appurtenance," replied the knight, with the same sadness and dignity of mien, but in a tone somewhat more lofty than he used to the young lady, "we do not, in the masters parts, much intermixing discourse, more with those with whom we may stand on some footing of equality; and I trust in all discretion, remind you, that the nobility which makes us inhabitants of the same castle, does not place us otherwise on a level with each other."

"By Saint Mary," replied young Glendinning, "it is my thought that it does; for plain men hold, that he who makes the master is indebted to him who gives it; and so far, therefore, is our rank equalised while this roof covers us both."

"Thus art altogether deceived," answered Sir Francis; "and that thou mayest fully adapt thyself to our relative condition, know that I account not myself thy guest, but that of thy master, the Lord Abbot of Saint Mary's, who, for reasons best known to himself and me, chooseth to administer his hospitality to me through the means of them, his servant and vessel, who sit, therefore, in good truth, as passive an instrument of my accommodation in this dim-witted and ragged joint-stool on which I sit, or in the wooden trencher from which I eat my coarse messes. Wherefore," he added, turning to Mary, "fairest natione, or rather, as I said before, most lovely Protection"——

Mary Arundel was about to reply to him, when the stern, fierce, and resentful expression of voice and countenance with which Halbert concluded, "Not from the King of Scotland, did he live, would I brook such terms;" induced her to throw herself between him and the stranger, exclaiming, "For God's sake Halbert, beware what you do!"

* Note F. Quaint Epithets.

"Fear not, Falstaff Protection," replied Sir Fiers, with the utmost serenity, "that I can be provoked by this rugged and rough-hewn Jervis to dought misbecoming your presence or rales own dignity; for as soon shall the graver's blithe stock give fire unto the dark, as the spark of jealousy inflame my blood, tempered as it is to severity by the respect due to the presence of my gracious Protection."

"You may well call her your Protection, Sir Knight," said Halbert; "by Saint Andrew, it is the only sensible word I have heard you speak! But we may meet where her protection shall no longer afford you shelter."

"Faith, Protection," continued the master, not even honouring with a look, far less with a direct reply, the threat of the haughty Halbert, "doubt not that thy faithful Affability will be more concerned by the speech of this rustic, than the bright and sunny moon is perturbed by the laying of the cottage-roof, proud of the height of his own doughty, which, in his conceit, lifeth him nearer unto the majestic luminary."

To what lengths an inveterate a simile might have driven Halbert's indignation, is left unparallel; for at that moment Edward rushed into the apartment with the intelligence that two most important officers of the Convent, the Kitchener and Retaliation, were just arrived with a chapter-mane, loaded with portmanteaus, announcing that the Lord Abbot, the Sub-Prior, and the Sacristan, were on their way thither. A circumstance so very extraordinary had never been recorded in the annals of Saint Mary's, or in the traditions of Glendorn, though there was a faint legendary report that a certain Abbot had dined there in old days, after having been bewildered in a hunting expedition amongst the wilds which lie to the northward. But that the present Lord Abbot should have taken a voluntary journey to an wild and dreary a spot, the very Kintochie of the Halloweens, was a thing never dreamt of; and the news excited the greatest surprise in all the members of the family serving Halbert alone.

This fiery youth was too full of the insult he had received to think of anything as unconnected with it. "I am glad of it," he exclaimed, "I am glad the Abbot comes hither. I will know of him by what right this stranger is sent hither to dominate over us under our father's roof, as if we were slaves and not Bretons. I will tell the great priest to his beard!"—

"Aye; aye! my brother," said Edward, "think what these words may cost thee!"

"And what will, or what can they cost me?" said Halbert, "that I should sacrifice my human feelings and my justifiable remonstrance to the fear of what the Abbot can do?"

"Our mother—our mother!" exclaimed Edward; "think, if she is deprived of her home, expelled from her property, how can you assess what your recklessness may ruin?"

"It is too true, by Heaven!" said Halbert, striking his broad-hilt. Then, stamping his foot against the floor to express the full energy of the passion to which he durst no longer give vent, he turned round and left the apartment.

Mary Arundel looked at the stranger knight, while she was endeavouring to form a request that he would not report the hasty and violent violence of her sister-brother, to the prejudice of his family in the mind of the Abbot. But Sir Pierce, the very pink of courtesy, conjectured her meaning from her countenance, and waited not to be entreated.

"Quidam me, fatus Propterea," said he, "your Ability is less than capable of seeing or hearing, for less of reading or relatieng, ought of an unseemly nature which may have chanced while I enjoyed the Hyspan of your presence. The whole of this passion may indeed readily agitate the bosom of the weak; but the heart of the courter is polished to resist them. As the flower like receives not the influence of the brume, even so——"

The voice of Dame Glendinning, in still measured, low-drawn Mary Arundel's attention, who instantly obeyed, not a little glad to escape from the compunctions and sinews of this overbold gallant. Nor was it apparently less a relief on his part; for no sooner was she past the threshold of the room, than he exchanged the look of formal and elaborate politeness which had accompanied each word he had uttered hitherto, for an expression of the utmost banality and vanity; and after indulging in one or two portentous grins, broke forth into a soliloquy.

"What the devil stand and this wench hitherto? As if it were not sufficient plague to be harboured in a land that would hardly serve for a dog's kennel in England, baited by a rude peasant boy, and dependent on the faith of a mercenary ruffian, but I cannot even have time to mope over my own misery,

but must come aloft, brisk, bright, and make speeches, to please this pale heathen phantom, because she has gentle blood in her veins ! By this lesson, setting prejudice aside, the willow-woman is the more attractive of the two—But patience, Pierce Shaftes ; thou must not lose thy well-earned claim to be accounted a decent servant of the fair sex, a witty-brained, prompt, and accomplished courier. Rather think however, Pierce Shaftes, which hath sent thee a subject, whereby, without derogating from thy rank (since the honour of the Arundel family are beyond dispute), thou mayest find a whetstone for thy witty compliments, a sharp whetstone to sharpen thine acute ingenio, a butt whereto to shoot the arrows of thy gallantry. Few arms as a Hildon blade, the more it is rubbed the brighter and the sharper will it prove, so——But what need I waste my stock of similitudes in holding converse with myself ?—Yonder comes the monkish retinue, like some half-nodes of roses winging their way slowly up the valley—I hope, alack, they have not forgotten my trusty-mail of apparel and the ample provision they have made for their own bally-father—Marcy w'gad, I were faindy helped up if the venture has miscarried among the thievish Bredevilles !

Stung by this reflection, he ran hastily down stairs, and caused his horse to be saddled, that he might, as soon as possible, ascertain this important point, by meeting the Lord Abbot and his retinue as they came up the glen. He had not ridden a mile before he met them advancing with the slowness and decorum which becomes persons of their dignity and profession. The knight failed not to greet the Lord Abbot with all the formal compliments with which men of rank at that period exchanged civilities. He had the good fortune to find that his mule was numbered among the train of baggage which attended upon the party; and, satisfied in that particular, he turned his horse's head, and accompanied the Abbot to the Town of Glastonbury.

Great, in the meanwhile, had been the tumult of the good Dame Elyse and her confidants, to prepare for the fitting reception of the Father Lord Abbot and his retinue. The monks had indeed taken care not to trust too much to the state of her party ; but she was not the less anxious to make such additions as might enable her to show the thanks of her feudal lord and spiritual father. Meeting Hubert, as, with his blood

on fire, he returned from his interview with her guest, the commanded him instantly to go back to the Mill, and not to return without warning; remolding him that he was apt enough to go thither for his own pleasure, and must now do so for the credit of the house.

The Miller, who was now hastening his journey homewards, promised to send up some advice by his own servant. Dame Elspeth, who by this time thought she had guests enough, had begun to regret of her invitation to poor Myrie, and was just considering by what means, short of giving offence, she could send off the blight of the Mill boiled her father, and adjourn all her own usual architecture till some future opportunity, when this unexpected present on the part of the sire mended any possible attempt to return his daughter on his hands too highly suggestion to be further thought on. So the Miller departed alone on his homeward journey.

Dame Elspeth's sense of hospitality proved in this instance its own reward; for Myrie had dwelt too near the Coast road to be altogether ignorant of the noble art of cookery, which her father patronised to the extent of commanding on festival days such dainties as his daughter could prepare in imitation of the luxuries of the Abbott's kitchen. Laying aside, therefore, her kitchen kirtle, and adopting a dress more suitable to the occasion, the good-humoured maidie had her many cooks above the stairs; and, as Elspeth acknowledged, in the language of the time and country, took "entire and absolute part with her" in the labours of the day; showing unparallelled talents, and indomitable industry, in the preparation of mutton, beans, soups, and various dishes which delicious besides, which Dame Glendinning, unassisted by her skill, dared not even have dreamt of preparing.

Leaving this side, substitute in the kitchen, and supposing that Mary Arundel was so brought up, that she would distrust nothing to her care, when it might be seeing the great chamber strewed with rushes, and ornamented with such flowers and bunches as the season afforded, Dame Elspeth hastily donned her best attire, and with a beating heart presented herself at the door of the little room, to make her obeisance to the Lord Abbott as he crossed her门槛 threshold. Edmond stood by his mother, and felt the same palpitation, which his philosophy was at a loss to account for. He was yet to learn how long it

In our own rooms is enabled to triumph over the force of external circumstances, and how much our feelings are affected by vanity, and blunted by use and habit.

On the present occasion, he witnessed with wonder and saw the approach of some half-dozen of riders, who rode upon silver palfreys, mounted in their long black garments, and only relieved by their white caparisons, showing more like a funeral procession than a sight else, and not quickening their pace beyond that which permitted easy conversation and easy digestion. The nobility of the scene was indeed somewhat enhanced by the presence of Sir Piers de Shurham, who, to show that his skill in the manage was not inferior to his other accomplishments, kept alternately passing and checking his gay courser, forcing him to prance, to snort, to prance, and to do all the other feats of the school, in the great audience of the Lord Abbot, the wasted nobility of whose policy became at length disengaged by the virility of its companion, while the dignitary kept crying out in hasty alarm, "I do pray you, sir—Sir Knight—good morrow, Sir Piers!—Be quiet, Brother, there is a good stow—such, poor fellow!" and uttering all the other penitent and avowing exclamations by which a timid hermit would bespeak the firmer of a frank companion, or of his own importunity, and concluding the bandღol with a shout. He passed so soon as he alighted in the courtyard of the Tower of Glastonbury.

The inhabitants immediately hastened to kiss the hand of the Lord Abbot, a ceremony which over the monks were often condemned to. Good Abbot Boniface was too much fatigued by the incidents of the latter part of his journey, to go through this ceremony with much solemnity, or indeed with much patience. He kept wiping his brow with a snow-white handkerchief with one hand, while another was clenched to the hiltage of his vessel; and then saluting the monk with his out-stretched arm, and exclaiming, "Ehewyn—Monjo, my children!" he hastened into the house, and measured not a step at the darkness and steepness of the rugged winding stair, whence he at length scaled the space destined for his retirement, and, overcome with fatigue, threw himself, I do not say into an easy chair, but into the easiest the apartment afforded.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

A master extraordinary, who by diet
Of meats and drinks, his temperate courses,
Closes meals, frequent bath, his bony shifts
Of nights and wakeabode, comes to immortalise
Mortality itself, and makes the manna
Of his whole happiness the time of meat.

MARQUIS DE SART.

When the Lord Abbot had suddenly and superciliously vanished from the eyes of his expectant vassals, the Sub-Prior made amends for the negligence of his principal, by the kind and affectionate greeting which he gave to all the members of the family, but especially to Dame Glendinning, her foster-daughter, and her son Edward. "Where," he even condescended to inquire, "is that naughty Nansen, Hubert?—He hath not yet, I trust, tanned, like his great prototype, his hunting-spear against man!"

"O no, as it please your reverence," said Dame Glendinning, "Hubert is up at the glass to get some venison, or surely he would not have been absent when such a day of honour descended upon me and mine."

"Oh, to get savoury meat, such as our soil breeds," muttered the Sub-Prior; "it has been at times an acceptable gift.—I bid you good morrow, my good dame, as I must stand upon his bidding the Father Abbot."

"And oh, reverend sir," said the good widow, detaining him, "if it might be your pleasure to take part with us if there is anything wrong; and if there is anything wanted, to say that it is just coming, or to make some excuse your learning best knows how. Every bit of vessel and other work have we been spoiled of since Finkleburgh, when I lost poor Simon Glendinning, that was the worst of it."

"Never mind—come free," said the Sub-Prior, gently extricating his garments from the anxious grasp of Dame Glendinning; "the Befector has with him the Abbot's plate and drinking-cups; and I pray you to believe that whatever is short in your entertainment will be dressed simply made up in your goodwill."

In saying, he escaped from her and went into the apse,

where such preparations as haste permitted were making for the noon collation of the Abbot and the English knight. Here he found the Lord Abbot, far wiser a counselor, composed of all the planks in the house, had been unable to render Bazon's huge elbow-chair a soft or comfortable place of rest.

"Benedictus!" said Abbot Boniface, "now carry me upon these hard benches with all my heart—they are as unsoft as the anvils of our service. Saint Jude be with us, Sir Knight, how have you ventured to pass over the night in this danger! An poor bed was no softer than your seat, you might as well have slept on the stone couch of Saint Paonius. After trotting a full ten miles, a man needs a softer seat than has fallen to my hard lot."

With sympathizing frown, the Sacristan and the Refectormen to rouse the Lord Abbot, and to adjust his seat to his mind, which was at length accomplished to some sort, although he continued alternately to bound his fatigues, and to exult in the conscious sense of having discharged an arduous duty. "You errant cavalier," said he, addressing the knight, "may now perceive that others have their travail and their toil to undergo as well as your honored fealty. And this I will say for myself and the abbess of Saint Mary, among whom I may be termed captain, that it is not our wont to flinch from the heat of the service, or to withdraw from the good fight. No, by Saint Mary!—as scarce did I learn that you were here, and durst not for certain reasons come to the Monastery, where, with as good will, and with more reverence, we might have given you a better reception, than, striking the table with my lantern, I called a brother—Brother, said I, let there suffice Benedict—let them saddle my black palfrey, and bid the Sub-Prior and some half-dozen of attendants be in readiness tomorrow after matins—we would ride to Gloucester.—Brother Timothy staved, thinking, I imagine, that his own had scarce done his justice—but I repeated my command, and said, Let the Kitchener and Refectormen go before to aid the poor rascals to whom the place belongs in making a suitable collation. So that you will consider, good Sir Fane, our mutual understandings, and forgive whatever you may find amiss."

"By my faith," said Sir Pieris Shafier, "there is nothing to forgive—if you spiritual warriors have to submit to the grievous incommodities which your hasty narrative, it would

He became me, a sinful and wretched man, to complain of a bed as hard as a board, of boards which creaked as if made of barrel-wood, of flesh, which, in his table and staged shape, seemed to put me in a love) with Richard Curte-de-Lion, when he ate up the head of a Moor carbonadoed, and of other viands severing either of the restivity of this northern region."

"By the good Sainte, sir," said the Abbot, somewhat touched in point of his character for hospitality, of which he was in truth a most frank, and robust professor, "it grieves me to the heart that you have found our vessels so latter provided for your reception—Yet I have leisure to observe, that if Sir Pieris Shadfoot's affairs had permitted him to honour with his company our poor home of Saint Mary's, he might have had less to complain of in respect of accommodations."

"I'll give your lordship the reasons," said Sir Pieris Shadfoot, "why I could not at this present time approach your dwelling, or avail myself of its wellknown and undoubted hospitality, unless either some delay, sir," looking around him, "a hundred minutes."

The Lord Abbot immediately issued his mandate to the Refectoress: "Hie thine to the Kitchen, Brother Hilarius, and there make inquiry of our brother the Kitchener, within what time he opines that our repast may be prepared, since we are now near it were, considering the hardness of this noble and gallant knight, as will minister or weighing those we ourselves have ordered, if we were now either to advance or retard the hour of refraction beyond the time when the viands are fit to be set before us."

Brother Hilarius passed with an eager alacrity to execute the will of his Superior, and returned with the assurance, that precisely at one afternoon would the collation be ready,

"Before that time," said the accurate Refectoress, "the water, flames, and peat-moss, will scarce have had the just-degree of fire which learned potters prescribe as fittest for the body; and if it should be past one o'clock, when it has ten minutes, or brother the Kitchener opines, that the launch of viands would suffer in spite of the skill of the little turn-brooks whom he has recommended to your felicity by his penance."

"How!" said the Abbot, "a launch of viands (—from whence comes that saying!) I remember not thou didst indicate its presence in thy lainger of viands."

"So please your holiness and leniency," said the Relectioner. "He is a son of the woman of the house who hath shot it and sent it in—killed but now; yet, as the animal heart hath not left the body, the Relectioner undertakes it shall not be tender as a young child—and this youth hath a special gift in shooting deer, and never misses the heart or the brain; so that the blood is not driven through the flesh, as happens too often with us. It is a hart of grease—your holiness has seldom seen such a hart."

"Silence, Brother Hilarius," said the Abbot, wiping his mouth. "It is not becoming our order to talk of food so grossly, especially as we used oft have our animal powers exhausted by fasting, and be accessible (as being over mere mortals) to these signs of 'luxury' (he again wiped his mouth). "which arise on the mention of viands to an hungry man.—Mince down, however, the name of that youth—it is fitting merit should be rewarded, and he shall hereafter be a *frater amanuensis* in the kitchen and livery."

"Alas! reverend Father, and my good lord," replied the Relectioner, "I did inquire after the youth, and I know he is one who prefers the cloister to the world, and the sword of the flesh to the weapons of the spirit."

"And if it be so," said the Abbot, "yea that then retain him as a deputy-keeper and man-arms, and not as a lay brother of the Monastery—the old Trilogy, our Founder, wasc disengaged and hath twice spilt a noble buck, by killing him, severely on the haunch. Ah! 'tis a foul fault, the sloven by evil-killing, evil-chasing, evil-eating, or otherwise, the good creature indulged to us for our use. Wherefore, come on the service of this youth, Brother Hilarius, in the way that may best suit him.—And now, Sir Pierre Shafon, since the fates have assigned us a space of well-nigh an hour, are we done? hope to enjoy more than the repast or service of our repast, may I pray you, of your service, to tell me the cause of this visit; and, above all, to inform us, why you will not approach our more pleasant and better furnished hospitium."

"Reverend Father, and my very good lord," said Sir Pierre Shafon, "it is well known to your wisdom, that there are stone walls which have ears, and that secrecy is to be looked to in matters which concern a man's head."

The Abbot signed to his attendants, excepting the Sub-Prior,

to leave the room, and then said, " Your reverie, Sir Floris, may freely informe yourself before our faithful friend and counsellor Father Rastace, the benefits of whose advice we may soon see; inasmuch as his merits will speedily recommend him to a higher station, in which, we trust, he may find the Missing of a friend and adviser as valuable as himself, since I may say of him, as our choicest rhyme goeth,"

"Iustus abbas et prior,
Tu se homo boni merita
Quia super mortales
Missa das missas."

Indeed," he added, "the office of Sir Prior is altogether beneath our dear brother; nor can we elevate him unto that of Prior, which, for certain reasons, is at present kept vacant amongst us. Howbeit, Father Rastace is fully possessed of my confidence, and worthy of yous, and well may it be said of him, *Famulus tu servis nostris.*"

Sir Floris Shaston bowed to the sacred brethren, and, bearing a sigh, as if he would have burst his sted entras, he then commenced his speech:—

"Certe, reverent sirs, I may well have such a suspicion, who have, as it were, exchanged hours for penitentiary, leaving the lightsome sphere of the royal court of Engleland, for a remote nook in this inaccessible desert—quitting the tilt-yard, where I was ever ready among my compars to spitiate a lance, either for the love of honour, or for the honour of love, in order to comb my knightly spurs against base and puffed-up bougonnes and neysayers—exchanging the lighted halls, wherein I used nobly to pass the evil hours, or to move with a lofty gait in the stately gallery, for this ragged and dozyed dungeon of dusky-coloured stone—quitting the gay theatre, for the solitary shambles-nook of a Scottish dog-house—battering the sounds of the soul-reviving lute, and the love-trembling viol-de-guisne, for the discordant sounds of a northern bagpipe—above all, exchanging the scutis of those beauties, who form a gallery around the throne of Engleland, for the cold courtesy of an unfeigned churl, and the berthured stare of a miller's mate. More, might I say, of the exchange of the conversation of gallant knights and gay exertion of valiant armes and

* The rest of this dogged rhyme may be found in Froissart's learned work on British Monarchs.

complexion, whose countenance was bright and vivid as the lightning, for that of monks and churchmen—but it were discourteous to urge that topic."

The Abbot listened to this list of complaints with great round eyes, which uttered no such intelligence of the reader's meaning; and when the knight paused to take breath, he looked with a doubtful and inspiring eye at the Sub-Prior, not well knowing in what tone he should reply to an accusation so extraordinary. The Sub-Prior accordingly stepped in to the relief of his principal.

"We deeply sympathise with you, Sir Knight, in the several mortifications and hardships to which fate has subjected you, particularly in that which has thrown you into the society of those, who, as they were conscious they deserved not such an honour, so neither did they at all desire it. But all this goes little way to expose the cause of this train of disasters, in plainer words, the reason which has compelled you into a situation having a few charms for you."

"Gentle and reverend sir," replied the knight, "forgive an unhappy person, who, in giving a history of his miseries, driveth upon them extremely, even as he who, having fallen from a precipice, looketh upward to measure the height from which he hath been precipitated."

"Yes, but," said Father Bassus, "methinks it were wise in him to tell those who come to lift him up, which of his bones have been broken."

"Yes, reverend sir," said the knight, "here, in the encounter of our wife, made a fair stroke—whereas I may be in some sort said to have broken my staff across." Pardon me, reverend sir, that I speak the language of the billiard, which is doubtless strange to your reverend sun.—Ah! here cometh of the noble, the fair, and the gay!—Ah! three of love, and stalky of honour!—Ah! celestial beauties, by whose bright eyes it is graced! Never more shall Florio Shaffoe advance, as the centre of your radiant glances, couch his lance, and spur his horse at the sound of the spirit-stirring trumpet, nobly called

*A*stroke* was a term of tilting used to express the champion's having astern his man, or in other words, struck his lance straight and fair against the helmet or breast of his adversary. Whereas to break the lance, inflicted a total lunge in directing the point of the weapon on the object of his aim.

the voice of war—never more shall he baffle his adversary's encounter boldly, break his spear dexterously, and, making around the lonely shield, receive the rewards with which beauty honours chivalry!"

Here he paused, wrung his hands, looked upwards, and seemed lost in contemplation of his own fallen fortunes.

"Mad, very mad," whispered the Abbot to the Sub-Prior; "I would we were fairly rid of him; for, of a truth, I expect he will proceed from raving to mischief—Were it not better to call up the rest of the brethren?"

But the Sub-Prior knew better than his Superior how to distinguish the jargon of affliction from the ravings of insanity, and although the extremity of the knight's passion seemed altogether fantastic, yet he was not ignorant of what extravagancies the faction of the day can conduct its votaries.

Allowing, therefore, two minutes' space to permit the knight's enthusiastic feelings to subside themselves, he again gravely reminded him that the Lord Abbot had taken a journey, unaccustomed to his age and habits, solely to learn in what he could serve Sir Piers Shilton—that it was altogether impossible he could do so without his receiving distinct information of the situation in which he had now sought refuge in Scotland.—"The day were as," he observed, looking at the window; "and if the Abbot should be obliged to return to the Monastery without obtaining the necessary intelligence, the urgent night be visited, but the invasions were like to be all on Sir Piers's own side."

The hint was not thrown away.

"O goddesse! of courtesy!" said the knight, "can I have, as far forgetful thy benevolence to make this good prelate man and time a sacrifice to my vain complaints! Know, then, most verily, and not less worshipfully, that I, your poor visitor and guest, am by birth nearly bound to the House of Northumberland, whose fame is so widely known through all parts of the world, where English worth hath been known. Now, this present Earl of Northumberland, of whom I propose to give you the brief history"—

"It is altogether unnecessary," said the Abbot; "we know him to be a good and true nobleman, and a fervent upholder of our Catholic faith, in the spite of the heretical wretches who now sit upon the throne of England. And it is specially as his

kinner, and so knowing that ye partake with him in such devout and filial belief and adherence to our holy Mother Church, that we say to you, Sir Pierce Shafton, that ye be heartily welcome to us, and that, as we wish how, we would labour to do you good service in your antecity."

" For such kind office I trust poor me to be担当," said Sir Pierce; " nor need I at this moment say more than that my Right Honourable Cousin of Northumberland, having conversed with me and some others, the choice and pious spirits of the age, have had by what means the worship of God, according to the Catholic Church, might be again introduced into this distracted kingdom of England (even as one devotes, by the assistance of his friend, to catch and to kill a running stag). It pleased him so deeply to interest me in these considerations, that my personal safety besides, as it were, subsisted or accomplished therewith. Nathless, as we have had sudden reason to believe, this Princess Elizabeth, who maintaineth around her a sort of counsellors shifful in treaching whatever schemes may be pursued for bringing her into challenge, or for erecting again the discipline of the Catholic Church, has obtained certain knowledge of the treason which we had laid before we could give fire unto them. Wherefore, my Right Honourable Cousin of Northumberland, thinking it best before that one man should take both these and shame for the whole, did lay the burden of all this trafficking upon my back; which load I am the rather content to bear, in that he hath always shown himself my kind and honourable kinsman, as well as that my estate, I wot not how, hath of late been somewhat insufficient to maintain the expense of these labours, wherewith it is incumbent on me, who am chosen and selected spirits, to distinguish ourselves from the vulgar."

" So that possibly," said the Salt-Peter, " poor private affaires rendered a foreign journey less inconveniences in you, than it might have been to the noble earl, your right worthy cousin?"

" You are right, reverend sir," answered the counsellor; " even so—you have touched the point with a needle—My master and signum had been baited abominable livid at the late triumphs and tourneys, and the fact-supp'd citizens had sworn themselves unwilling to furnish my postur for new galliantries for the honour of the nation, as well as for mine own peculiar glory-sake; to speak truth, it was in some part the hope of saving

these matters annoyed that led me to desire a new world in England."

"So that the miscarriage of your public enterprises, with the disengagement of your own private affairs," said the Abt-Prior, "have induced you to seek Scotland as a place of refuge?"

"Now now, once again," said Sir Pierres; "and not without good cause, since my neck, if I remained, might have been brought within the circumstances of a halter—and so speedy was my journey northward, that I had but time to exchange my parti-coloured doublet of Genoa velvet, thickly lined over with goldsmith's work, for this cuirass, which was made by Rossetto of Milan, and travelled northward with all speed, judging that I might do well to visit my Right Honourable Cousin of Northumberland, at one of his northern castles. But as I passed towards Alnwick, even with the speed of a star, which, darting from its native sphere, shoots wildly downwards, I was met at Northallerton by one Henry Vaughan, a servant of my right honourable kinsman, who shewed me that, as then I might not with safety come to his presence, seeing that, in obedience to orders from his court, he was obliged to have sent letters to my incarceration."

"This," said the Abbot, "seems but hard measure on the part of your honourable kinsman."

"It might be so judged, my lord," replied Sir Pierres; "nevertheless, I will stand to the death for the honour of my Right Honourable Cousin of Northumberland. Also Henry Vaughan gave me, from my said cousin, a good horse, and a purse of gold, with two Border-privyers, as they are called, for my guides, who conducted me, by such roads and by-paths as have never been seen since the days of Sir Lancelot and Sir Teatress, into this Kingdom of Scotland, and to the house of a certain baron, or one who holds the style of such, called Julian Arundel, with whom I found such reception as the place and party could afford."

"And that," said the Abbot, "must have been right unkind; for, to judge from the apparel which Julian arborer wears abroad, he hath not, I judge, over-abundant provision at home."

"You are right, sir—your sentence is to the right," continued Sir Pierres; "we had but leisure then, and, what was worse, a score to clear at the departure; for though this Julian

Arnold called up to no reckoning, yet he did an extravagantly sumptuous feasting, of my judgment—the proudest being of silver magnificently hatched, and behind the weapon being altogether a piece of exceeding rare device and beauty—that is truth I could not for very shame’s sake but pray his acceptance of it; words which he gave me not the trouble of repeating twice, before he had stuck it into his greasy buff-bolt, where, reverend sir, it shone more like a butcher’s knife than a gentleman’s dagger."

"So goodly a gift might at least have purchased you a few days' hospitality," said Father Eustace.

"Reverend sir," said Sir Pierre, "had I abided with him, I should have been excommunicated out of every measure of my welfare—actually flogged, by the hospitable gods I swear it! Sir, he assured my spare doublet, and had a pluck at my gall-guisache—I was informed to have a robust bairn I was altogether unrigged. That Peeler knew, his serving-man, had a pluck at me too, and snatched a snuff-cassock and steel cutlass belonging to the page of my body, whom I was fain to have left behind me. In good time I received a letter from my Right Honourable Cousin, showing me that he had written to you in my behalf, and sent to your charge two mails filled with wincing apparel—namely, my rich crimson silk doublet, slashed out and lined with cloth of gold, which I wear at the last novels, with buckles and trimmings to correspond—also two pair black silk hose, with hanging portions of carnation silk—also the buck-coloured velvet doublet, with the trimmings of fur, in which I dressed the silly man at the Gray's Inn summary—also!"

"Sir Knight," said the But-Priest, "I pray you to spare the further inventory of your wardrobe. The monks of Saint Mary's are no freebooting barons, and whatever part of your vestments arrived at our house, have been this day faithfully brought hither, with the mails which contained them. I may present from what has been said, as we have indeed been given to understand by the Earl of Northumberland, that your status is to remain for the present as unknown and as concealed, as may be consistent with your high worth and distinction."

"Alas, reverend father!" replied the coquett, "a Monk when it is in the cupboard cannot give taste, a chamber when it is in the coffer cannot give light, and worth, when it is concealed by

circumstances to choose itself, cannot draw observation—my retreat can only attract the admiration of those few to whom circumstances permit its displaying itself."

"I conceive now, my venerable father and lord," said the Sub-Prior, "that your wisdom will assign such a course of conduct to this noble knight, as may be alike consistent with his safety, and with the weal of the community. For you well well, that perilous strikes have been made in these turbulent days, to the destruction of all ecclesiastical foundations, and that our holy community has been repeatedly menaced. Hitherto they have found no flaw in our fabric; but a party, friendly as well to the Queen of England, as to the heretical doctrines of the schismatical church, or even to worse and wilder forms of heresy, prevails now at the court of our sovereign, who dare not yield to her suffering clergy the protection she would gladly extend to them."

"My lord, and reverend sir," said the knight, "I will gladly tellers you of my presence, while ye concern this matter at your freedom; and to speak truly, I am desirous to see in what case the chamberlains of my noble kinnesse hath found my wardrobe, and how he hath packed the same, and whether it has suffered from the journey—these are fair acts of as pure and elegant device as ever the fancy of a fair lady doctred upon, every one having a treble, and appropriate charge of ribbons, trimmings, and fringes, which, in case of need, may as it were renew each of them, and multiply the four into twelve.—These is also my well-allowed riding-suit, and there out-work shins with falling bands—I pray you, pardon me—I must needs see how matters stand with them without further dallying."

Thus speaking, he left the room; and the Sub-Prior, looking after him significantly, added, "Where the treason is will the heat be also."

"Saint Mary preserve our wife!" said the Abbot, stunned with the knight's abundance of words; "were man's braine ever so stuffed with silk and broadcloth, out-work, and I wot not what besides! And what could move the Earl of Northumberland to accuse for his bosom counsellor, in matter of death and danger, such a fisehier-brained coonuch as this?"

"Had he been other than what he is, venerable father," said the Sub-Prior, "he had been less fitted for the part of accomplice to which the Right Honourable Cousin had probably

detested him from the commencement, in case of their plot failing. I know something of this Pierce Shaston. The legitimacy of his mother's descent from the Pierces family, the point on which he is most jealous, hath been called in question. If he be indeed courageous, and an outrageous spirit of gallantry, can make good his pretensions to the high honour he claims, these qualities have never been denied him. For the rest, he is one of the ruffing gallants of the time, like Roveland Yorks, Stakely,⁴ and others, who wear out their fortunes, and endanger their lives, in little enterprises, in order that they may be accounted the only choice gallants of the time; and afterwards endeavor to repair their estates, by engaging in the desperate plots and conspiracies which wiser heads have devised. In the case of his own concocted simplifications, such courageous fools resemble hawks, which the wiser conspirator keeps hooded and blinded on his wrist until the quarry is on the wing, and who set them loose at their."

"Saint Mary," said the Abbot, "he were an evil guest to introduce into our quiet household. Our young novices make bastille enough, and more than is becoming God's servants, about their outward attire already—this knight was enough to turn their brains, from the *Pretorium* down to the very *million* boy."

"A worse evil might follow," said the Sub-Prior: "in these bad days, the patrimony of the church is bought and sold, forfeited and distrained, as if it were the unshodded feet appertaining to a secular bawd. Think what punishment awaits us, were we convicted of harbouring a rebel to her whom they call the Queen of England! There would neither be wanting Scottish peasants to beg the lands of the foundation, nor an army from England to burn and harry the Hallions. The race of Scotland were once Sartorians, firm and united in their love of their country, and throwing every other consideration aside when the frontier was menaced—now they are—what shall I tell them—the one part French, the other part English, considering their dear native country merely as a prize-fighting stage, upon which foreigners are welcome to decide their quarrels."

"Benedictus!" replied the Abbot, "they are indeed slippery and evil times."

"And therefore," said Father Basilio, "we must walk warily

⁴ Both G. Roveland Yorks and Stakely.

—we trust not, for example, bring this man—this Sir Pieris Shafton, to our house of Saint Mary's."

"But how then shall we dispose of him?" replied the Abbot; "bethink thee that he is a sufferer for holy Church's sake—that his patron, the Earl of Northumberland, hath been our friend, and that, lying so near us, he may work us woe or we according as we deal with his kinman."

"And, accordingly," said the Sub-Prior, "for three reasons, as well as for discharge of the great duty of Christian charity, I would protect and relieve this man. Let him not go back to Jakes Arundel—that unscrupulous bairn would not stick to plunder the exiled stranger—Let him remain here—the spot is secluded, and if the accommodation be beneath his quality, discovery will become the less likely. We will make such room for his convenience as we can devise."

"Will he be persuaded, thinkst thou?" said the Abbot; "I will leave my own travelling bed for his repose, and send up a suitable easy-chair."

"With such arguments," said the Sub-Prior, "he cannot not complain; and then, if threatened by any sudden danger, he can soon come down to the sacristy, where we will harbour him in secret until means can be devised of dislodging him in safety."

"Were we not better," said the Abbot, "send him on to the court, and get rid of him at once?"

"Ay, but at the expense of our friends—this butterfly may fold his wings and lie under cover in the cold air of Gloucester; but were he at Holyrood, he would, did his life depend on it, expand his spangled drapery in the eyes of the queen and court—Rather than fail of distinction, he would sue for leave to our gracious sovereign—the eyes of all race would be upon him in the course of three short days, and the international peace of the two ends of the island endangered for a creature, who, like a silly moth, cannot shun a light."

"Thou hast prevailed with me, Father Ernest," said the Abbot, "and it will go hard but I improve on thy plan—I will send up in secret, not only household stuff, but wine and wassel-bread. There is a young rascal here who shoots varian well. I will give him directions to see that the knight looks none."

"Whatever accommodation he can have, which induces not a

risk of discovery," said the Sub-Prior, "it is our duty to afford him."

"Very," said the Abbot, "we will do more, and will instantly despatch a servant express to the keeper of our treasury to send us such things as he may want, even this night. See it done, good father."

"I will," answered Father Busine; "but I hear the gill shamrocks for some one to trace his prints." He will be fortunate if he lights on any one here who can do him the office of goods of the shanbor."

"I would he would appear," said the Abbot, "for here comes the Reformation with the exhalation—By my faith, the ride hath given me a sharp appetite!"

* The points were the strings of cord or ribbon (so called, because pointed with metal like the bows of women's stays), which attached the habot to the hose. They were very numerous, and required assistance to tie them properly, which was called dressing.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

I'll seek for other aid—Spirits, they say,
Fit round, invisible, so thick as never
Dance in the regions. If that spell
On invincitor's sight can sweep them,
They shall hold control with me.

James Dove.

The reader's attention must be recalled to Halkert Glendinning, who had left the Tower of Glendinning immediately after his quarrel with his new guest, Sir Piers Shafton. As he walked with a rapid pace up the glen, Old Martin followed him, bewailing him to be less hasty.

"Halkert," said the old man, "you will never live to have white hair, if you take fire thus at every spark of provocation."

"And why should I wish it, old man," said Halkert, "if I am to be the butt that every fool may aim a shaft of scorn against!—What avail it, old man, that you yourself were, sleep, and wake, and thy waggard, weak, and rapsy on thy hard pallet?—Why art thou so well pleased that the morning should call thee up in daily toll, and the evening again lay thee down a

worn-out watch! Were it not better sleep and wake no more, than to undergo this dull exchange of labour for insensibility, and of insensibility the labour?"

"God help me," answered Martin, "there may be truth in what thou sayest—thou walk alone, for my old bones cannot keep pace with your young legs—walk slower and I will tell you why age, though unworthy, is yet estimable."

"Speak on then," said Halbert, slackening his pace, "but remember we must seek respite to refresh the fatigues of these holy men who will this morning have addressed a journey of ten miles; and if we reach not the Brookburn head we are scarce like to see an author."

"Then know, my good Halbert," said Martin, "where I long as my eyes see, that I am satisfied to live till death calls me, because my Master wills it. Ay, and although I spend what men call a hard life, pinched with cold in winter, and burnt with heat in summer, though I feel hard and sleep hard, and am held poor and despised, yet I beseech me, that were I of no use at the time of this fair creation, God would withdraw me from it."

"Thou poor old man," said Halbert, "and can such a vain exertion as this of thy faded eye, reconcile thee to a world where thou playest so poor a part?"

"My part was ready as poor," said Martin, "my person nearly as much despised, the day that I saved my mistress and her child from perishing in the wilderness."

"Right, Martin," answered Halbert; "there, indeed, thou didst what might be a sufficient apology for a whole life of designless."

"And do you account it no nothing, Halbert, that I should have the power of giving you a lesson of patience, and submission to the decisions of Providence? Markins there is use for the grey hairs on the old scalp, were it but to instruct the green head by precept and by example."

Halbert held down his fire, and remained silent for a minute or two, and then resumed his discourse: "Martin, would thou might change in me of late?"

"Surely," said Martin. "I have always known you hasty, wild, and impudent, rude, and prompt to speak at the valley and without reflection; but now, methinks, your bearing, without losing its natural fire, has something in it of form and

dignity which it had not before. It seems as if you had fallen among a crew, and awakened a gentleman."

" Thou canst judge, then, of noble bearing!" said Halbert.

" Surely," answered Martin, "in some sort I am; for I have travelled through town, and camp, and city, with my master Walter Arundel, although he could do nothing for me in the long run, but give me room for two score of sheep on the hill—and surely even now, while I speak with you, I feel sensible that my language is more refined than it is my way to use, and that—though I know not the reason—the rude northern dialect, so familiar to my tongue, has given place to a more town-bred speech."

" And this change in thyself and me, thou canst by no means account for!" said young Glendinning.

" Change!" replied Martin, "by our Lady it is not so much a change which I feel, as a receding and removing sentiments and expressions which I had since thirty years since, ere Tibb and I set up our honest household. It is singular, that your society should have this sort of influence over me, Halbert, and that I should never have experienced it ere now."

" Thinkest thou," said Halbert, " thou went in the sight that can raise me from this base, low, despised state, into one where I may rank with these great men, who now despise my abject poverty?"

Martin paused an instant, and then answered, " Doubtless you say, Halbert; as broken a ship has come to land. Heard ye never of Stephen Due, who left this Holderness some thirty-five years gone by? A devilishly fellow was Stephen—could read and write like a priest, and could wield broad and buckler with the best of the riders. I mind him—the like of him was never seen in the Holderness of Saint Mary's, and so was soon of the preference that God sent him."

" And what was that?" said Halbert, his eyes sparkling with suspicion.

" Nothing less," answered Martin, " than body-servant to the Archibishop of Saint Andrews!"

Halbert's countenance fell—"A servant—and to a priest! Was this all that knowledge and activity could raise him to?"

Martin, in his turn, looked with wild surprise in the face of his young friend. " And in what could fortune lead him further!" answered he. " The son of a kirk-fear is not the

stuff that lords and knights are made of. Courage and schoolcraft cannot change churl's blood into gentle blood, I know. I have heard, feyly, that Hugh le Desp' lef a good five hundred pounds of Scotch money to his only daughter, and that she married the Duke of Fitzwarren."

At this moment and while Halbert was embarrassed with devising a suitable answer, a deer bounded across their path. In an instant the crossbow was at the youth's shoulder, the bolt whirled, and the deer, after giving one bound upright, dropped dead on the grassward.

"These be the venisons our dene wasted," said Martin; "who would have thought of an out-lying stag being so low down the glen at this season? Look! it is a hart of great age, in full season, and three inches of fat on the brisket. Now this is all your luck, Halbert, that follows you, go where you like. Were you to get in for it, I would warrant you were made one of the Abbot's yesterdays-prickens, and ride about in a purple doublet as bold as the best."

"Thank you," answered Halbert, "I will serve the Queen as no man. Take these cars to have down the venison to the Tower, since they expect it. I will go to the chase. I have two or three bird-hawks at my girdle, and it may be I shall find wildfowl."

He hastened his pace and was soon out of sight. Martin paused for a moment, and looked after him. "There goes the making of a right gallant striping, an' ambition hove not the spoiling of him—serve the Queen I said ha. By my faith, and the hawk were servants, from all that I see here of him. And wherefore should he not keep a high head! They that come to the top of the ladder will at least get up some rewards. They that mint^a at a grove of gold will always get a share of it. But come, sir (addressing the stag), you shall go to Glastonbury on my two legs somewhat more slowly than you were frisking it even now on your own four nimble shanks. Nay, by my faith, if you be so heavy, I will content me with the best of you, and that's the haunch and the shoulder, and then have up the rest on the old oak-tree yonder, and come back for it with one of the ponies."^b

While Martin returned to Glastonbury with the venison, Hal-

^a Mint—dm st.

^b Puds—loans; more particularly loans of horses.

best presented his walk, breathing more easily since he was free of his companion. "The domestic of a proud and lazy priest—body-squire to the Archdeacon of Saint Andrew," he repeated to himself; "and this, with the privilege of alloying his blood with the Bells of Pittenweem, is thought a preliment worth a brave man struggling for—nay more, a preliment which, if allowed, should crown the hopes past, present, and to come, of the son of a Kirk-vassal! By Heaven, but that I find in me a reluctance to practice their arts of nocturnal regime, I would rather take the jack and lance, and join with the Borderers.—Something I will do. Here, disgraced and dishonoured, I will not live the sum of each whiffing stranger from the South, because, forthwith, he wears tailing spurs on a tawny boat. This thing—the phantom, be it what it will, I will see it once more. Since I spoke with her, and touched her hand, thoughts and feelings have dwelt on me, of which my former life had not even dreamt; but shall I, who feel my father's glass too narrow for my expanding spirit, break to be bound to it by the vain pompes of a master, and in the sight too of Mary Arnes! I will not stoop to it, by Heaven!"

As he spoke thus, he arrived in the sepulchral gloom of Corrymeathie, as it verged upon the hour of noon. A few moments he remained looking upon the fountain, and chafing in his own mind with what consciousness the White Lady might receive him. She had not indeed expressly forbidden his again seeking her; but yet there was something like such a prohibition implied in the farewell, which recommended him to wait for another gale.

Habert Glendinning did not long, however, allow himself to pause. Hardness was the natural characterisitc of his mind; and under the expansion and modification which his feelings had lately undergone, it had been augmented rather than diminished. He drew his sword, uplift the hilt from his foot, bowed three times with deliberation towards the fountain, and as often towards the tree, and repeated the same rhyme as formerly,—

"Turn to the holly bush—
Turn to the well;—
I bid thee welcome,
White Maid of Arnes!"

"Hear glances on the Lake;—
Hear glances on the Fell;—
Wake then, O waken,
White Maid of Arnes!"

His eye was on the holly bush as he spoke the last line; and

it was not without an involuntary shuddering that he saw the air betwixt his eyes and that object become more dim, and confuse, as it were, into the faint appearance of a form, through which, however, so thin and transparent was the first appearance of the phantom, he could discern the outline of the back, as through a veil of fine musc. But, gradually, it darkened into a more substantial appearance, and the White Lady stood before him with displeasure on her brow. She spoke, and her speech was still song, or rather measured chant; but, as if now more familiar, it flowed occasionally in modulated blank-vers, and at other times in the lyrical measure which she had used at their former meeting.

"This is the day when the fairy kind
Are weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
And the moonbeamish sigh to the angling wind,
And the marmalade weeps in her crystal grot;
For this is the day that a dead was wrought.
In which we have another part our share,
For the softness of they was adoration bright,
For not for the form of sea or air!
And over the mortal is most dolor,
Who moaneth our race on the Fisher shore."

"Spirit," said Halbert Glendinning, boldly, "it is useless to threaten one who holds his life at no rite. Thine anger can but stay; nor do I think thy power extendeth, or thy will stretcheth, so far. The terrors which your race produce upon others, are vain against me. My heart is hardened against fear, as by a sense of despair. If I am, as the words infer, of a race more peculiarly the care of heaven than thine, it is mine to call; it must be thine to answer. I am the soldier being."

As he spoke, the figure looked upon him with a fierce and fatal countenance, which, without losing the shallowness of that which it usually exhibited, had a wilder and more exaggerated cast of features. The eyes seemed to contract and become more fiery, and slight convulsions passed over the face, as if it was about to be transformed into something hideous. The whole appearance resembled those faces which the imagination conjures up when it is disturbed by darkness, but which do not remain under the visionary's command, and, beautiful in their first appearance, become wild and grotesque as we can except them.

But when Halbert had concluded his bold speech, the White Lady stood before him with the same pale, flood, and melan-

shy aspect which she usually bore. He had expected the agitation which she exhibited would conclude in some frightful metamorphosis. Holding her arms on her bosom, the phantom replied,—

"Being youth ! for thou art well,
How willing am I hunted dell,
That thy heart has not quailed,
Nor thy courage failed,
And that thou couldst knock
The angry look
Of her of death.
But one link alive,
On an equal spider,
They went last for ever;
Though I am far'd from the other two,
And my blood is of the whitish flow,
And thou art framed of mud and dust,
To thine to open, reply I must."

"I demand of thee, then," said the youth, "by what charm it is that I am thus altered in mind and in visage—that I think no longer of deer or dog, of bow or belt—that my soul spurns the bounds of this obscure gloe—that my blood boils at no heat from me by whose stamp I would some days since have run dry a whole summer's morn, contented and however by the notice of a single word ! Why do I now ask to mate me with princesses, and knights, and nobles ?—Am I the same, who but yesterday, as it were, stumbled in contorted obscurity, but who am to-day awakened to glory and ambition ?—Speak—tell me, if thou canst, the meaning of this change !—Am I spell bound ?—or have I till now been under the influence of a spell, that I feel as another being, yet am incapable of retaining the name ? Speak and tell me, is it to thy influence that the change is owing ?"

The White Lady replied,—

"A sorcerer whord for than I
Whols over the universe his power ;
Who wrote the night in this sky,
The turbid in the bower,
Changed in shape, yet mightiest off,
He writes the hand of man, as will,
From ill to good, from good to ill,
Is not set aside never."

"Speak not thus darkly," said the youth, colouring so deeply,

that face, neck, and hands were in a singular glow; "make me sensible of thy purpose."

The spirit answered,—

"Ask thy heart, where avert ed.
To Arment with Mary avert ed!
Ask thy pulse, why avert ed
In Mary's view it will not knock?
Ask it, why there avert ed to the
Adams, the mighty and the wise!—
Why there avert ed thy lively lot?
Why thy passions are flagged?
Why there avert ed in bloody strife,
Moral thy task or less thy life?
Ask thy heart, and it avert ed,
Hushing from its secret coil,
"To be Mary Arment."

"Tell me, then," said Halbert, his cheek still deeply crimsoned, "thou who hast told to me that which I dared not say to myself, by what means shall I urge my passion—by what means make it known?"

The White Lady replied,—

"Do not ask me;
On doubts like these thou need not task me
We only are the passing show
Of human passion's life and bane;
And view the peasant's till gloom
As mortal eyes the northern thaws,
When thousand streams, thinking bright,
Gleam o'er the bane of night,
And gasses mask their changeful gloom,
But feel no influence from their bane."

"Yet this even fate," replied Halbert, "unless man greatly err, is linked with that of mortals!"

The phantom answered,—

"By the mysterious hand'd, per fatal race
Methinks connection with the men of men,
The star that was upon the House of Arment,
Whom Heaven Unite first avert ed the name,
That star, when radiating in its orbit,
Shot from its sphere a ray of diamond fire,
And this bright dart smote it—and a bright
Ray from the fountain, and her fate of life
Death co-extinctive with the House of Arment,
And with the star that rules it!"

"Speak yet more plainly," answered young Glauberine; "of this I can understand nothing. Say, what hath thy wedded¹ link of destiny with the House of Arval? Say especially, what fits new curse-charge that house?"

The White Lady replied,—

"Look on my girdle—on this thread of gold—
'Tis fine as wire of English spinnage,
And, but there is a spell on't, would not break,
Light as they are, the ribs of my thin robe.
But when 'twas drawnd, it was a massive thorn,
Such as might bide the thongue of the Jew,
Blew when his locks were longest—it hath devoured,
Hath stricken it in its substance and its strength,
As make the garments of the House of Arval.
When this foul thread giveth way, I to the elements
Fodder the principles of life they hold, too.
Add me no more of this!—the sun forbid it."

"Then must thou read the stars," answered the youth;
"and mayst tell me the fate of my passion, if thou canst not
aid it?"

The White Lady again replied,—

"The hours—the sun bright side of Arval,
Diss as the beacon when the moon is up,
And the co-wedded under-boss the Light-House;
There is an influence powerful and fearful,
That doth no deserved wrong. Dreadful power
Frees life and rivity, as in the aspect
That lewes upon its fortunes."

"And rivity!" repeated Glauberine; "it is, then, as I feared!—But shall that English willowworm possess to bane me
in my father's house, and in the presence of Mary Arval!—
Give me to meet him, spirit—give me to do away the vain distinction of rank, on which he relies for the combat. Place
me on equal terms, and gleam the stars with what aspect they
will, the record of my father shall control their influences."

She answered as promptly as before,—

"Conquista mihi omni, redditus estas,
It to thy house I yield the way.
We, who over thy spheres above,
Know not weight of loss or loss;
As well as wisdom rules thy mind,
My gifts to tell thee, o good!"

¹ Wedded—fated.

"Give me to release my honour," said Halbert Glendinning—"give me to return on my word and the insults he has thrown on me, and let the rest fire on it will. If I cannot revenge my wrong, I shall sleep quiet, and know naught of my disgrace."

The phantom failed not to reply,—

"When Picard Shatto leaves high,
Let this token meet his eye,
The sun is wandering from the east,
Thy wish is granted—see thou well!"

As the White Lady spoke or shantied these last words, she could from her locks a silver boltkin, around which they were twisted, and gave it to Halbert Glendinning; then shaking her dishevelled hair till it fell like a veil around her, the outline of her form gradually became as diffuse as her flowing tresses, her countenance grew pale as the moon in her first quarter, her features became indistinguishable, and she melted into the air.

Halbert turned to wonder; but the youth did not find himself alone by the fountain without experiencing, though in a much less degree, the reverberation of spirits which he had felt upon the phantom's former disappearance. A doubt strongly pressed upon his mind, whether it were safe to avail himself of the gifts of a spirit which did not even pretend to belong to the class of angels, and might, as might be known, have a much more baneful than that which she was pleased to show. "I will speak of it," he said, "to Edward, who is skilfully learned, and will tell me what I should do. And yet, no—Edward is corruptious and wary.—I will prove the effect of her gift on Sir Picard Shatto if he again leaves me, and by the issue, I will be myself a sufficient judge whether there is danger in resorting to her counsel. Home, then, home—and we shall soon know whether that home shall longer hold me; for not again will I brook insult, with my father's sword by my side, and Mary for the spectator of my disgrace."

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

I give thee eight-pence a day,
 And my love shall thou bear,
 And over all the earth country.
 I make thee the chief usher,
 And I thirteen-pence a day, quoth the queen,
 By God and by my fay,
 Come forth thy payment when thou wilt,
 No man shall say thee nay.

WILLIAM OF GLOUCESTER.

The manners of the age did not permit the inhabitants of Gloucester to partake of the collation which was placed in the presence of that ancient tower, before the Lord Abbot and his attendants, and Sir Piers Shafte. Dame Gloucestress was excluded both by inferiority of rank and by sex, for (though it was a rule often neglected) the Superior of Saint Mary's was delivered from taking his meals in female society. To Mary Avesall the lathe, and to Edward Gloucestress the forces, impudently attired, but it pleased his lordship to require their presence in the apartment, and to say wistly kind words to them upon the ready and hospitable reception which they had afforded him.

The washing hand now stood upon the table; a napkin, white as snow, was, with due reverence, tucked under the chin of the Abbot by the Refectress; and straight was waiting to commence the repast, saw the presence of Sir Piers Shafte, who at length appeared, glittering like the sun, in a coronation velvet doublet, starched and puffed out with cloth of silver, his hat of the newest black, surrounded by a headdress of golden filigree work, while around his neck he wore a collar of gold, set with rubies and topazes so rich, that it vindicated his anxiety for the safety of his baggage from being founded upon his love of mere showy. This gorgeous collar or chain, resembling those worn by the knights of the highest orders of chivalry, fell down on his breast, and terminated in a medallion.

"We waited for Sir Piers Shafte," said the Abbot, hastily assuming his place in the great chair which the Bishopess advanced to the table with ready hand.

"I pray your pardon, reverend father, and my good lord,"

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replied that pink of courtesy; "I did but wait to cast my riding-sabre, and to transmute myself into some civil form meetier for this worshipful company."

"I cannot but praise your gallantry, Sir Knight," said the Abbot, "and your prudence, also, for choosing the fitting time to appear thus adorned. Gertie, had that gaudy chain been visible in some part of your late progress, there was risk that the heraldic censure might have pasted company therewith."

"This chain, said your reverence?" answered Sir Francis; "surely it is but a toy, a triffe, a slight thing which shows but poorly with this doublet—mark, when I wear that of the marig-coloured doubletled Geneva velvet, puffed out with cypres, the green, being relieved and set off by the darker and more grave ground of the stuff, show like stars giving a lustre through dark clouds."

"I nothing doubt it," said the Abbot, "but I pray you to sit down at the board."

But Sir Francis had now got into his element, and was not easily interrupted—"I come," he continued, "that slight as the toy is, it might perchance have had some application for Julian—Saint Maria!" said he, interrupting himself; "what was I about to say, and my fair and benignant Protection, or shall I rather term her my Discretion, here in presence?—Indirectly hath it been in your Abbacy, O most lovely Discretion, to suffer a stony wad to have broke out of the pentold of his mouth, that might overtop the flame of ability, and trespass on the cause of decorum?"

"Marry!" said the Abbot, somewhat impatiently, "the greatest discretion that I can see in the matter is, to set our victim, being hot—Father Boutace, say the Beneficis, and cut up the haunch."

The Sub-Prior readily obeyed the first part of the Abbot's injunction, but paused upon the second—"It is Friday, meth reverend," he said in Latin, deeming that the烹 should escape, if possible, the sun of the stranges.

"We are travellers," said the Abbot in reply, "and whatsoever festeth us—You know the cause—a traveller must eat what find his hand feso sets before him. I grant you all a dispensation to set flesh this day, conditionally that you, brethren, say the Confite et Queritur mass, that the knight give alms to his ability, and that all and each of you fast from flesh on such

day within the next month that shall soon meet congress; wherefore fall to and eat your food with cheerful countenance, and you, Father Reflectio[n]er, do witness."

While the Abbot was thus stating the condition on which his indulgence was granted, he had already half finished a slice of the noble ham, and now washed it down with a flagon of Bierish, modestly tempered with water.

"Well is it said," he observed, as he required from the Reflectio[n]er another slice, "that virtue is its own reward; for though this is but humble fare, and hastily prepared, and eaten in a poor chamber, I do not remember me of having had such an appetite since I was a simple brother in the Abbey of Dun-drum, and was wont to labour in the garden from morning until noon, when our Abbot struck the Opusulum. Then would I never leave with hunger, parched with thirst (as such viands quench, at noon, all), and pasture with appetite of whatever was set before me, according to our rule; then, or that day, mutton or poulardie, was the same to me. I had no stomach complaints then, which now crave both the aid of wine and choice medicine, to render my food acceptable to my palate, and easy of digestion."

"It may be, holy father," said the Sub-Prior, "an occasional ride to the antiquity of Saint Mary's patrimony, may have the same happy effect on your health as the air of the garden at Dun-drum."

"Perchance, with our patroness's blessing, such progresses may advantage us," said the Abbot; "having an especial eye that our virgin is carefully killed by some woodman, that is master of his craft."

"If the Lord Abbot will permit me," said the Kitchener, "I think the best way to assure his lordship on that important point, would be to retain as a yeoman-priktor, or deputy-superior, the eldest son of this good woman, Dame Glendinning, who is here to wait upon us. I should know by other offices what belongs to killing of game, and I can safely presume, that never saw I, or any other caparisoned, a bolt so justly shot. It has cleaved the very heart of the hawk."

"What speak you to us of one good shot, father?" said Sir Pieris; "I would advise you that such no man maketh a shooter, that doth not swallow make a summer—I have seen this springold of whom you speak, and if his hand can stand forth his shafts as baldly as his tongue doth after pre-

scrupulous speeches, I will own him as good an archer as Robin Hood."

"Marry," said the Abbot, "and it is fitting we know the truth of this matter from the dame herself; for it advised wive us to give way to thy requests in this matter, whereby the beatitude which houses, and our patroness goddes might be unprofitably snatched, and rendered unto her worthy men's use.—Stand forth, therefore, Dame Glendinning, and tell to us, as thy Bege lord and spiritual Superioress, using plausus and truth, without other fear or favour, as being a matter wherein we are deeply interested, Dost this son of thine use his bow as well as the Fisher Kitchener avens to us?"

"Be please your noble fatherhood," answered Dame Glendinning, with a deep courtesy, "I shold know somewhat of archery to my cost, making my husband—God sanctifie him!—was slain in the field of Pharsis with an arrow-shot, while he was fighting under the King's banner, as became a Bege vassal of the Halidome. He was a valiant man, please your reverence, and an honest; and saying that he loved a bit of venison, and shifted for his living at a time as Bordermen will sometimes do, I was not of sin that he did. And yet, though I have paid for mass after mass to the matter of a forty shilling, besides a quarter of wheat and four fildes of rye, I can have no assurance yet that he has been delivered from purgatory."

"Dame," said the Lord Abbot, "thou shall be looked into heedfully; and since thy husband fell, as thou sayest, in the King's quarrel, and under her banner, say upon it, that we will have him out of purgatory forthwith—that is, always provided he be there.—But it is not of thy husband where we now desire to speak, but of the son; not of a short Scotman but of a short deer.—Wherefore, I say, answer me to the point, is thy son a practised archer, ay or no?"

"Ach! my reverend lord," replied the widow, "and my croft would be better tilled, if I could answer your reverence that he is not.—Practised archer?—merry, holy sir, I would he would practise something else—cross-bow and long-bow, hand-guns and bucklers, falcons and such, he can shoot with them all. And if it would please this right honourable gentleman, our guest, to hold out his fist at the distance of a hundred yards, our Ridfort shall send shaft, bolt, or bullet through it (as that right honourable gentleman swore not, but hold

not steady), and I will fetch a quarter of barley if he touches but a knot of his ribbons. I have seen our old Master do it much, and so has our right reverend the Sub-Prior, if he be pleased to remember it."

"I am not like to forget it, dame," said Father Roscoe; "for I know not which most to admire, the compasses of the young masterman, or the steadiness of the old mark. Yet I presume not to advise Sir Piercie Shafton to subject his valuable horse, and yet more valuable person, to such a risk, unless it should be his own special pleasure."

"Be assured it is not," said Sir Piercie Shafton, something hastily; "be well assured, lady dame, that it is not. I despise not the lady qualities, for which your reverence reckons. But bones are but wood, strings are but flux, or the all-œuvre encircled at last; neither are but rues, fingers may slip, eyes may dimple, the blindest may hit the butt, the best marksman may shoot a bow's length broad. Therefore will we try no perilous experiments."

"Be that as you will, sir Piers," said the Abbot; "mean-time we will name this youth bow-bearer to the fleast granted to us by good King David, that the chase might recruit our wearied spirits, the flesh of the deer impure our poor members, and the blood over the books of our library; thus feeding at once to the sustenance of body and soul."

"Kneel down, woman, kneel down," said the Rector and the Kitchener, with one voice, to Dame Glendinning; "and kiss his lordship's hand, for the grace which he has granted to thy son."

They then, as if they had been chanting the service and the responses, sat off in a sort of drowsie, enumerating the advantages of the situation.

"A green green and a pair of larchen galligashins every Pentecost," said the Kitchener.

"Four marks by the year at Chardone," answered the Rector.

"An hundred of ale at Martynesse, of the double strike, and single ale at pleasure, as he shall agree with the cellarman——"

"Who is a reasonable man," said the Abbot, "and will encourage an active servant of the convent?"

"A stone of broth and a slice of mutton or beef, at the Kitchener's, or each high boeling," roared the Kitchener.

"The gear of two cows and a palfrey to our Lady's mawdry," answered his brother officer.

"An ox-hire to make bairns of party, because of the brambles," echoed the Kitchener.

"And various other prerogatives, you may perceive longen," said the Abbot, pausing, with his own hoarsly voice, the advantages attached to the office of conventual law-bearer,

Dame Gloucestering was all this while on her knees, her head mechanically turning from the one church officer to the other, which, as they stood one on each side of her, had much the appearance of a figure moved by clock-work, and so soon, as they were silent, most devoutly did she kiss the mitriond hand of the Abbot. Conscious, however, of Halbert's inflexibility in some points, she could not help qualifying her grateful and reverent thanks for the Abbot's benevolent proffer, with a hope that Halbert would see his wisdom, and accept of it.

"How," said the Abbot, bending his brows, "accept of it!—Woman, is thy son in his right wits?"

Elopath, stunned by the tone in which this question was asked, was altogether unable to reply to it. Indeed, any answer she might have made could hardly have been heard, as it pleased the two office-bearers of the Abbot's table again to recommence their alternate dialogue.

"Refuse!" said the Kitchener.

"Refuse!" answered the Refectoress, echoing the other's word in a tone of still louder astonishment.

"Refuse four marks by the year!" said the one.

"Aye and bairn—broth and mutton—cows' grass and palfrey's!" shouted the Kitchener.

"Queen and galligaskins!" responded the Refectoress.

"A moment's patience, my brother," answered the Sub-Prior, "and let us not be thus astonished before cause is afforded of our amazement. This good dame best knoweth the temper and spirit of her son—this much I can say, that it lieth not towards letters or learning, of which I have in vain endeavoured to instil into him some thidare. Nevertheless, he is a youth of no common spirit, but much like those (in my weak judgement) whom God raiseth up among a people whom he meaneth that their deliverance shall be wrought out with strength of hand and valour of heart. Such men we have seen marked by a ruggedness, and even an obstinacy of character,

which hath appeared intractability and stupidity in those among whom they walked and were conversant, until the very opportunity hath arrived in which it was the will of Providence that they should be the fitting instrument of great things."

"Now, in good time hast thou spoken, Father Weston," said the Abbot; "and we will see this availed before we decide upon the means of employing him.—How say you, Sir Piercy Shafton, is it not the court fashion to suit the man to the office, and not the office to the man?"

"Be pleased, your reverence and lordship," answered the Northumbrian knight, "I do partly, that is, in some sort, subscribe to what poor wisdom hath delivered—Nevertheless, under reverence of the Sub-Prior, we do not look for gallant leaders and national deliverers in the hovels of the mass-murdering people. Credit me, that if there be some flashes of martial spirit about this young person, which I am not called upon to dispute (though I have often seen that presumption and arrogance were made good upon the subject by deed and action), yet will these will prove insufficient to distinguish him, save in his own limited and lowly sphere—even as the gowworm, which makes a goodly show among the grass of the field, would be of little avail if deposited in a horse's-grave."

"Now in good time," said the Sub-Prior, "and here comes the young baronage to speak for himself;" for, being placed opposite to the window, he could observe Halbert as he avoided the little mound on which the tower was situated.

"Summon him to our presence," said the Lord Abbot; and with an obedient start the two attendant monks went off with unloose'd surcoats. Dame Glendinning sprang away at the same moment, partly to gain an instant to recommend obedience to her son, partly to prevail with him to change his apparel before coming in presence of the Abbot. But the Hiltmaster and Butcher, both squatting at ease, had already seized each an arm, and were leading Halbert in triumph into the apartment, so that she could only ejaculate, "He will be done; but on he bid but bid on him his Sunday's best!"

Limited and terrible as this desire was, the fates did not grant it, for Halbert Glendinning was hurried into the presence of the Lord Abbot and his party without a word of explanation, and without a moment's time being allowed to assume his

holiday hose, which is the language of the time, implied both breeches and stockings.

Yet, though thus suddenly presented amid the centre of all eyes, there was something in Halbert's appearance which commanded a certain degree of respect from the company into which he was so unconsciously intruded, and the greater part of whom were disposed to consider him with favour if not with absolute contempt. But his appearance and reception we must devote to another chapter.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

*Now comes the, golden, 'tutored wealth and honour,
These has the god, in me, to bear them through.
The dues of youth, and the tumult of manhood,
The leaves enough for age's chimney-corner ;
But as they grow to it, I never ambitious,
Farewell each hope of bettering thy condition,
And raising thy low neck above the shark
That'll the earth for home.*

Our Poet.

It is necessary to dwell for some brief space on the appearance and demeanour of young Glendinning, as we proceed to describe his interview with the Abbot of Saint-Mary's at this momentous crisis of his life.

Halbert was now about nineteen years old, tall and active rather than strong, yet of that hardy conformation of limb and sinew, which promises great strength when the growth shall be complete, and the system confirmed. He was perfectly well made, and, like most men who have that advantage, possessed a grace and natural ease of manner and carriage, which prevented his height from being the distinguished part of his external appearance. It was not until you had compared his stature with that of those amongst or near to whom he stood, that you became sensible that the young Glendinning was upwards of six feet high. In the combination of unusual height with perfect symmetry, ease, and grace of carriage, the young heir of Glendinning, notwithstanding his rustic birth and education, had greatly the advantage over of Sir Penruddick Shafstan

himself, whose stature was low, and his looks, though there was no particular point to object to, were on the whole less exactly proportioned. On the other hand, Sir Piers's very handsome countenance afforded him as decided an advantage over the Senteur, as regularity of feature and brilliancy of complexion could give over traits which were rather strongly marked than beautiful, and upon whose complexion the "skyey influences," to which he was constantly exposed, had blanched the red and white hue the pearly nut-brown hue, which coloured alike cheeks, neck, and forehead, and blanched only in a darker glow upon the former.—Halbert's eyes supplied a marked and distinguished part of his physiognomy. They were large and of a hazel colour, and sparkled in moments of animation with such unceasing brilliancy, that it seemed as if they actually emitted light. Nature had closely copied the locks of dark-brown hair, which relieved and set off the features, such as we have described them, displaying a bold and animated disposition, much more than might have been expected from his situation, or from his previous manners, which Halbert had seemed beautiful, honest, and soft-ward.

Halbert's dress was certainly not of that description which sets off to the best advantage a presence of itself propounding. His jerkin and hose were of coarse rustic cloth, and his cap of the same. A belt round his waist served at once to sustain the broadsword which we have already mentioned, and to hold five or six arrows and bird-lights, which were stuck into it on the right side, along with a large knife hilted with buck-horn, or, as it was then called, a dagger-dagger. To complete his dress, we must notice his loose bandes of devil's-hide, formed so as to draw up on the leg as high as the knee, or at pleasure to be thrust down lower than the calves. These were generally used at the period by such as either had their principal occupation, or their chief pleasure, in active sports, as they served to protect the legs against the rough and tangled thicket into which the pursuit of game frequently led them.—And these trifling particulars complete his external appearance.

It is not so easy to do justice to the manner in which young Glendinning's soul spake through his eyes when ushered so suddenly into the company of those whom his earliest education had taught him to treat with awe and reverence. The degree of embarrassment, which his companion evinced, had nothing

In it either manly nerve, or utterly disconcerted. It was no more than became a generous and ingenuous youth of a bold spirit, but totally inexperienced, who should for the first time be called upon to think and act for himself in such society and under such disadvantageous circumstances. There was not in his nature a grain either of forethought or of shadiness, which a friend could have wished away.

He knelt and kissed the Abbot's hand, then rose, and taking two paces, bowed respectfully to the circle around, smiling gently as he received an encouraging nod from the Sub-Prior, to whom alone he was personally known, and blushing as he encountered the anxious look of Mary Anne, who beheld with painful interest the sort of ordeal to which her foster-brother was about to be subjected. Recovering from the transient fury of spirits into which the memory of her glance had thrown him, he stood composedly awaiting till the Abbot should express his pleasure.

The impudent expression of countenance, noble form, and graceful attitude of the young man, failed not to impress in his favour the chancery in whose presence he stood. The Abbot looked round, and exchanged a glad and approving glance with his counsellor Father Ernest, although probably the appointment of a ranger, or bow-bearer, was one in which he might have been disposed to proceed without the Sub-Prior's advice, were it but to show his own free agency. But the good name of the young man now in nomination was such, that he rather hastened to exchange congratulation on meeting with so proper a subject of promotion, than to indulge any other feeling. Father Ernest enjoyed the pleasure which a well-constituted mind derives from casting a benevolent light on a deserving object; for as he had not seen Halbert since circumstances had made so material a change in his manner and feelings, he soon despatched that the professed appointment would, notwithstanding his master's uncertainty, set the disposition of a youth who had appeared devoted to woodland sports, and a fit alike to sedentary or settled occupation of any kind. The Befuddled and Kitchener were as well pleased with Halbert's prepossessing appearance that they seemed to think that the salary, emoluments, and perquisites, the dote, the gracing, the gove, and the galligashie, could scarce be better bestowed than on the active and graceful figure before them.

Sir Pieris Shafon, whether from being more deeply engrossed in his own cogitations, or that the subject was unworthy of his notice, did not seem to perceive of the general feeling of approbation excited by the young man's presence. He sat with his eyes half shut, and his arms folded, appearing to be wrapped in contemplations of a nature deeper than those striking out of the scene before him. But, notwithstanding his seeming abstraction and absence of mind, there was a flavor of vanity in Sir Pieris's very handsome countenance, an occasional change of posture from one striking attitude (or what he conceived to be such) to another, and an occasional stolen glance at the female part of the company, to spy how far he succeeded in riveting their attention, which gave a marked advantage, in comparison, to the less regular and more hasty features of Halbert Glendinning, with their unposed, manly, and deliberate expression of mental fortitude.

Of the females belonging to the family of Glendinning, the Miller's daughter alone had her eyes sufficiently at leisure to admire, from time to time, the graceful attitudes of Sir Pieris Shafon; for both Mary Arundel and Dama Glendinning were waiting in anxiety and apprehension the news which Halbert was to return to the Abbot's proposal, and fearfully anticipating the consequences of his grecious refusal. The conduct of his brother Edward, for a lad constitutionally gay, respectful, and even timid, was at once affectionate and witty. This younger son of Dame Elspeth had stood unnoticed in a corner, after the Abbot, at the request of the Sub-Prior, had honoured him with some passing notice, and asked him a few unanswerable questions about his progress in Donatus, and in the *Principium Parvulus*, without waiting for the answers. From his corner he now glided round to his brother's side, and keeping a little behind him, laid his right hand into the buttermilk's left, and by a gentle pressure, which Halbert instantly and ardently returned, expressed at once his interest in his situation, and his resolution to share his trials.

The group was thus arranged, when, after the pause of two or three minutes, which he employed in slowly sipping his cup of wine, in order that he might enter on his proposal with due and deliberate dignity, the Abbot at length expressed himself thus:—

"My son—m, your lawful Superior, and the Abbot, under

God's favour, of the community of Saint Mary's, have heard of your manifold good gifts—where—especially teaching woodcraft—and the hunting-life fashion in which you strike your game, truly and as a peasant should, not abusing Heaven's good benefits by spelling the flesh, as it too often does in careless rangers—where." He made here a pause, but observing that Glendinning only replied to his compliment by a bow, he proceeded,—"My son, we commend your modesty; nevertheless, we will that thou shouldest speak freely to us touching that which we have premeditated for thine advancement, meaning to confer on thee the office of forester and ranger, as well over the chase and forests wherein our house hath privilege by the gifts of these kings and nobles, whose souls now carry the fruits of their bounties to the Church, as to those which belong to us in exclusive right of property and perpetuity. Thy house, my son—that we may, with our own hand, and without loss of time, induct thee into office."

"Kneel down," said the Kitchener on the one side; and "Kneel down," said the Rebeccah on the other.

But Halbert Glendinning remained standing.

"Were it to show gratitude and good-will for your reverend lordship's noble offer, I could not," he said, "kneel low enough, or remain long enough kneeling. But I may not kneel to take inviolate of your noble gift, my Lord Abbot, being a man determined to seek my fortune otherwise."

"How is that, sir?" said the Abbot, knitting his brows; "do I hear you speak aright? and do you, a born peasant of the Hallions, at the moment when I am desirous to you such a noble expression of my good-will, propose exchanging my service for that of any other?"

"My lord," said Halbert Glendinning, "it grieves me to think you hold me capable of undervaluing your gracious offer, or of exchanging poor service for another. But your noble profile hath but hasten the execution of a determination which I have long since formed."

"Ay, my son," said the Abbot, "is it indeed so!—right early have you learned to form resolution without consulting those on whom you naturally depend. But what may it be, this impulsive resolution, if I may so far pray you?"

"To yield up to my brother and mother," answered Halbert, "the interest in the fee of Glendinning, kindly possessed by my

father, Simon Glendinning : and having prayed your lordship to be the same kind and generous master to them, that your predecessors, the venerable Abbots of Saint Mary's, have been to my fathers in time past ; for myself, I am determined to seek my fortune where I may best find it."

Dame Glendinning here vented, emboldened by maternal anxiety, to break silence with an exclamation of "O my son!" Edward, alighting to his brother's side, half spoke, half whispered, a similar ejaculation, of "Brother! brother!"

The Sub-Prior took up the matter in a tone of grave apprehension, which, as he conceived, the interest he had always taken in the family of Glendinning required at his hand.

" Wilful young man," he said, " what folly can urge thee to push back the hand that is stretched out to aid thee ! What visionary sin hast thou before thee, that can compensate for the decent and sufficient independence which thou art now rejecting with scorn ?"

" Four marks by the year, truly and truly," said the Kildareman,

" Cows' grass, dairies, and galligathas," repeated the Rectorian.

" Poxes, my brothers," said the Sub-Prior ; " and may it please your lordship, reverend father, upon my petition, to allow this headstrong youth a day for consideration, and it shall be my part so to indoctrinate him, as to convince him what is due on this occasion to your lordship, and to his family, and to himself."

" Your kindness, reverend father," said the youth, " covers my deepest thanks—it is the continuance of a long train of benevolence towards me, for which I give you my gratitude, for I have nothing else to offer. It is my wish, not your fault, that your intentions have been frustrated. But my present condition is fixed and unalterable. I cannot accept the generous offer of the Lord Abbot ; my fate calls me elsewhere, to whom where I shall end it or meet it."

" By our Lady," said the Abbot, " I think the youth be much indeed—nay that you, Sir Pierrot, judged of him most truly, when you prophesied that he would prove unfit for the promotion we designed him.—It may be you know something of this wayward humor before ?"

" By the mass, not I," answered Sir Pierrot Shadon, with his usual indifference, " I but judged of him by his birth and

breeding; for sodborn doth a good hawk come out of a kite's egg."

"There art thyself a kite, and hastn't to boot," replied Halbert Glendinning, without a moment's hesitation.

"This is our presence, and to a man of worship!" said the Abbot, the blood rushing to his face.

"Yes, my Lord," answered the youth; "even in your presence I return to this gay man's face, the unceasing disfavour which he has hung on my name. My brave father, who fell in the cause of his country, demands that justice at the hands of his son!"

"Unanswerable boy!" said the Abbot.

"Nay, my good lord," said the knight, "praying pardon for the unwise interruption, let me entreat you not to be wrath with this rustic—Credit me, the north wind shall as soon puff one of your cooies from the bough, as ought which I hold so slight and inconsiderate as the shrillish speech of an untaught churl, shall move the system of Pieris Shaftey."

"Proud as you are, Sir Knight," said Halbert, "in your imagined superiority, be not too confident that you cannot be moved."

"Faith, by nothing that thou canst urge," said Sir Pieris.

"Knowest thou, then, this token?" said young Glendinning, offering to him the silver buckles which he had received from the White Lady.

Never was such an instant change, from the most contemptuous sneer, to the most furious state of passion, as that which Sir Pieris Shaftey exhibited. It was the difference between a cobra lying quiet in its embrasure, and the same gura when touched by the lightning. He started up, every limb quivering with rage, and his features so inflamed and agitated by passion, that he more resembled a demoniac, than a man under the regulation of reason. He clutched both his fists, and thrusting them forward, stared them furiously at the face of Glendinning, who was even himself startled at the frantic state of excitation which his action had occasioned. The next moment he withdrew them, struck his open palm against his own forehead, and dashed out of the room in a state of indescribable agitation. The whole matter had been so sudden, that no person present had time to interfere.

When Sir Pieris Shaftey had left the apartment, there was

a moment's pause of astonishment; and then a general demand that Halbert Glendinning should instantly explain by what means he had produced such a violent change in the department of the English caravans.

"I did nought to him," answered Halbert Glendinning, "but what you all see—see I to answer for his fantastic freaks of humour!"

"Boy," said the Abbot, in his most authoritative manner, "these rebettorages shall not avail thee. This is not a man to be driven from his temperament without some sufficient cause. That cause was given by thee, and must have been known to thee. I command thee, as thou wilt save thyself from worse measure, to explain to me by what means thou hast served our friend thus—We choose not that our vessels shall drive our goods east in our very presence, and we remain ignorant of the means whereby that purpose is effected."

"So may it please your reverence, I did but show him this token," said Halbert Glendinning, delivering it at the same time to the Abbot, who looked at it with much attention, and then, shaking his head, gravity delivered it to the Sub-Prior, without speaking a word.

Father Bertram looked at the mysterious token with some attention; and then, addressing Halbert in a stern and severe voice, said, "Young man, if thou wouldest not have us suspect thee of some strange devilish dealing in this matter, let us instantly know whence thou hast this token, and how it possesses so influence on Sir Pierre Shafton?"—It would have been extremely difficult for Halbert, thus hard pressed, to have either evaded or answered so pressing a question. To have avowed the truth might, in those times, have costimined his being burnt at a stake, although, in sure, his confession would have only gained for him the result of a fire beyond all natural credibility. He was fortunately relieved by the return of Sir Pierre Shafton himself, whose ear caught, as he entered, the sound of the Sub-Prior's question.

Without waiting until Halbert Glendinning replied, he came forward, whispering to him as he passed, "Be sure—thou shalt have the satisfaction thou hast desired to seek for."

When he returned to his place, there were still marks of discomposure on his brow; but, becoming apparently collected and calm, he looked around him, and apologized for the inde-

curse of which he had been guilty, which he excused to soldiers and severe indisposition. All were silent, and looked on each other with some surprise.

The Land Abbot gave orders for all to retire from the apartment, save himself, Sir Pierre Shafar, and the Sub-Priest. "And here am Iye," he added, "on that bold youth, that he come not; for if he hath practised by charm or otherwise, on the health of our worshippful guest, I swear by the sil and calice which I wear, that his punishment shall be most exemplary."

"My lord and reverend father," said Ralbert, bowing respectfully, "far not let that I will shide my dom. I think you will best learn from the worshippful knight himself what is the cause of his disapparetance, and how slight my share in it has been."

"Be assured," said the knight, without looking up, however, while he spoke, "I will satisfy the Land Abbot."

With these words the company retired, and with them young Gloucestre.

When the Abbot, the Sub-Priest, and the English knight were left alone, Father Boston, contrary to his custom, could not help speaking the first. "Exposad vobis me, nolis sic," he said, "by what mysterious means the praktition of this simple toy could so far move your spirit, and overcome your patience, after you had shown yourself 'poor' to all the provocation offered by this self-sufficient and singular youth?"

The knight took the silver boulion from the good father's hand, looked at it with great surprise, and, having examined it all over, returned it to the Sub-Priest, saying at the same time, "In truth, reverend father, I cannot but marvel, that the wishest imagined abides in your silver chain, and in your emblem rank, should, like a babbling hound (excuse the similitude), open thus loudly on a false count. I were, indeed, more slight to be marvel than the leaves of the aspen-tree, which wag at the least breath of heaven, could I be touched by such a trifl as this, which in no way annoyeth me more than if the same quantity of silver were striaied into so many grans. Truth is, that from my youth upward, I have been subject to such a paine as you now see visited with even now—a cruel and scorching pain, which goeth through bone and blos, even as a good brand in the hand of a brave soldier doeth through

dark and done—but it passes away speedily, as you yourselves may judge."

"Still," said the Sub-Prior, "this will not account for the youth offering to you this piece of silver, as a token by which you were to understand something, and, as we must needs conjecture, something disagreeable."

"Your reverence is to conjecture what you will," said Sir Piers; "but I cannot pretend to lay your judgment on the right road when I see it at fault. I hope I am not liable to be called upon to account for the foolish actions of a misport boy!"

"Indeed," said the Sub-Prior, "we shall prosecute no inquiry which is disagreeable to our guest. Nevertheless," said he, looking to his Superior, "this chance may, in some sort, alter the plan your lordship had formed for your worshipful guest's residence for a brief term in this tower, as a place alike of secrecy and of security; both of which, in the terms which we now stand on with England, are circumstances to be desired."

"In truth," said the Abbot, "and the doubt is well thought on, were it as well removed; for I scarce know in the Highlands so fitting a place of refuge, yet see I not how to recommend it to our worshipful guest, considering the augmented perilsome of this insidious youth."

"Tush! nonsense sir—what would you make of me?" said Sir Piers Shilton. "I protest, by mine honour, I would abide in this house were I to choose. What! I take no exception at the youth for showing a dash of spirit, though the spark may light on rales o'er head. I know the lad for it. I protest I will abide here, and he shall aid me in striking down a dozen. I must needs be friends with him, as he be with a shot; and we will speedily send down to my lord Abbot a buck of the first head, killed so artificially as shall satisfy even the reverend Elihouse."

This was said with such apparent ease and good-humour, that the Abbot made no further observation on what had passed, but proceeded to acquaint his guest with the details of levators, hangings, provisions, and so forth, which he proposed to send up to the Tower of Glendevon for his accommodation. This discourse, accented with a cup or two of wine, served to occupy the time until the reverend Abbot entered his curiaulae to prepare for their return to the Monastery.

"As we have," he said, "in the name of this our tolerance

journey, lost our way;

¹ indulgence shall be given to those of our attendants who shall, from very weariness, be unable to attend the duty at prime;² and this by way of clementness or indulgence.³

Having benevolently intimated a boon to his faithful followers which he probably judged would be far from unacceptable, the good Abbot, seeing all ready for his journey, bestowed his blessing on the assembled household—gave his hand to be kissed by Dame Gloucestress—himself kissed the cheek of Mary Arundel, and even of the Miller's maidens, when they approached to render him the same homage—commanded Halbert to rule his temper, and to be aiding and obedient in all things to the English Knight—admonished Edward to be sharpish and properish always—then took a courteous farewell of Sir Piers de Shilton, advising him to be chear, the few of the English Barons, who might be employed to kidnap him; and having discharged these various offices of courtesy, moved forth to the courtyard, followed by the whole establishment. Here, with a heavy sigh approaching to a groan, the venerable father leaned himself upon his palley, whose dark purple hangings swept the ground; and, greatly comforted that the discretion of the animal's pace would be no longer disturbed by the gambolling of Sir Piers and his prancing war-horse, he set forth at a sober and steady trot upon his return to the Monastery.

When the Sub-Prior had mounted to accompany his principal, his eye sought not Halbert, who, partly hidden by a projection of the outward wall of the court, stood apart from and gazing upon the departing cavalcade, and the group which assembled around them. Unconscious with the explanation he had received concerning the mysterious transaction of the silver bodkin, yet interesting himself in the youth, of whose character he had formed a favourable idea, the worthy monk resolved to take an early opportunity of investigating that matter. In the meanwhile, he looked upon Halbert with a serious and warning

¹ The hour of repose at noon, which, in the middle ages, was employed in silence, and which the inmates called nocturnal vigil, remained unbroken.

² Prime was the midnight service of the monks.

³ Indulgence, according to the learned work of Fetherston on British Monasteries, meant not only an indulgence or exemption from particular duties, but also a particular apportionment in a monast. where the monks intended to enjoy such indulgence or otherwise as were granted beyond the rule.

aspect, and held up his finger to him as he signed farewell. He then joined the rest of the choristers, and followed the Superior down the valley.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

I hope you'll give me leave to think you noble,
And do me right with your reward, sir, as becomes
One gentleman of honour to another;
All this is true, sir—let us make no days nor t'is,
I'll lead your way.

LORD'S PILGRIMAGE.

The look and sign of warning which the Sub-Prior gave to Hubert Glastonbury as they parted, went to his heart; for although he had practised much less than Edward by the good man's instruction, he had a sincere reverence for his person; and even the short time he had for deliberation caused to show him he was embarked in a perilous adventure. The nature of the provocation which he had given to Sir Piers Shafston he could not even conjecture; but he saw that it was of a mortal quality, and he was now to abide the consequences.

That he might not force these consequences forward by any premature removal of their quarrel, he resolved to walk apart for an hour, and consider on what terms he was to meet this haughty foreigner. The time seemed propitious for his doing so without baring the appearance of wilfully羞恥 the stranger, as all the members of the little household were dispensing either to perform such tasks as had been interrupted by the arrival of the dignitaries, or to put in order what had been deranged by their visit.

Leaving the Tower, therefore, and descending, unobserved as he thought, the knoll on which it stood, Hubert gained the little piece of level ground which extended between the descent of the hill, and the last sweep made by the brook after washing the foot of the embankment on which the Tower was situated, where a few struggling birch and oak trees served to screen him from observation. But scarcely had he reached the spot, when he was surprised to feel a smart tap upon the shoulder,

and, tending around, he perceived he had been closely followed by Sir Pieris Shafte.

When, whether from our state of animal spirits, want of confidence in the justice of our cause, or any other motive, our own courage happens to be in a wavering condition, nothing tends so much altogether to disconcert us, as a great appearance of promptitude on the part of our antagonist. Halbert Glendinning, both morally and constitutionally intrepid, was nevertheless somewhat troubled at seeing the stranger, whose resistance he had provoked, appear at once before him, and with an aspect which boded hostility. But though his heart might beat somewhat thicker, he was too high-spirited to exhibit any external signs of emotion.—“What is your pleasure, Sir Pieris?” he said to the English knight, enduring without apparent discomposure all the terrors which his antagonist had announced unto his aspect.

“What is my pleasure!” answered Sir Pieris; “a goodly question after the part you have acted towards me!—Young man, I know not what information has led thee to place thyself in direct and insolent opposition to one who is a guest of thy liege-lord, the Abbot, and who, even from the courtesy due to thy mother’s roof, had a right to remain there without meeting insult. Neither do I ask, or care, by what means thou hast become possessed of the fatal sword by which thou hast dared to offer me open share. But I must now tell thee, that the possession of it hath cost thee thy life.”

“Not, I trust, if my hand and sword can defend it,” replied Halbert, boldly.

“True,” said the Englishman, “I mean not to deprive thee of thy fair share of self-defence. I am only sorry to think, that, young and country-bred as thou art, it can but little avail thee. But thou must be well aware, that in this quarrel I shall use no terms of quarter.”

“Rely on it, proud man,” answered the youth, “that I shall ask none; and although thou speakest as if I lay already at thy feet, trust me, that as I am determined never to ask thy mercy, so I am not fearful of needing it.”

“Thou wilt, then,” said the knight, “do nothing to merit the certain fate which thou hast provoked with such wantonness?”

“And how were that to be purchased?” replied Halbert.

Glosterdale, more with the wish of obtaining some further insight into the terms on which he stood with this stranger, than to make him the subscriber which he might require.

"Explain to me hurriedly," said Sir Flores, "without equivocation or delay, by what means thou wert enabled to wound my honour so deeply—and shouldst thou point out to me by so doing an enemy more worthy of my resentment, I will permit thee own obscure insignificance to draw a veil over this incident."

"This is too high a flight," said Glosterdale, sternly, "for thine own presumption to soar without being checked. Thou hast come to my father's house, as well as I am grieve, a fugitive and an exile, and thy first greeting to its inhabitants has been that of contempt and injury. By what means I have been able to retort that contempt, let thine own conscience tell thee. Enough for me that I stand on the privilege of a free Scotchman, and will break no man's mettle, and no injury unrepented."

"It is well, then," said Sir Flores Shaston; "we will dispute this matter to-morrow morning with our swords. Let the time be daybreak, and do thou assign the place. We will go forth as if to strike a duell."

"Content," replied Hubert Glosterdale; "I will guide thee to a spot where an hundred men might fight and fall without any chance of interruption."

"It is well," answered Sir Flores Shaston. "Here then we part,—Many will say, that in thus indulging the right of a gentleman to the arm of a skil-breaking peasant, I derogate from my sphere, even as the blessed sun would derogate should he condescend to compare and match his golden beams with the twinkle of a pale, blushing, aspiring, green-fed taper. But no consideration of rank shall prevent my avenging the insult thou hast offered me. We have a smooth lane, observe me, Sir Villain, before the worshipful inmates of peeler cabin, and to-morrow we try conclusion with our swords." So saying, he turned away towards the town.

It may not be unworthy of notice, that in the last speech only, had Sir Flores used some of those flourishes of rhetoric which characterised the usual style of his conversation. Apparently, a sense of wounded honour, and the deep desire of vindicating his injured feelings, had proved too strong for the fastidious

affectation of his assumed habits. Indeed, such is usually the influence of energy of mind, when called forth and exerted, that Sir Pieris Shaftron had never appeared in the eyes of his painful antagonist half so much inspiring of esteem and respect as in this brief dialogue, by which they exchanged mutual defiance. As he followed him slowly to the tower, he could not help thinking to himself, that, had the English knight always displayed this superior tone of bearing and feeling, he would not probably have felt so earnestly disposed to take offence at his hand. Moral offence, however, had been exchanged, and the matter was to be put to mortal arbitrament.

The family met at the evening meal, when Sir Pieris Shaftron extended the benevolence of his countenance and the grace of his conversation far more generally over the party than he had hitherto condescended to do. The greater part of his attention was, of course, still engrossed by his divine and inevitable Dissertation, as he chose to term Mary Avenel; but, nevertheless, there were interjectional flourishes to the Maid of the Mill, under the title of *Gosnay Danned*, and to the Dame, under that of *Wenky Matron*. Nay, lest he should fail to excite their admiration by the grace of his rhetoric, he generously, and without solicitation, added three of his voice; and after regretting bitterly the absence of his viol-de-gamba, he regaled them with a song, "which," said he, "the Inimitable Astrophel, whom mortals call Philip Sidney,² composed in the voyage of his man, to show the world what they are to expect from his riper years, and which will one day see the light in that not-to-be-paralleled perfection of human wit, which he has addressed to his sister, the matchless *Parthenope*, whom men call *Clementina of Pembrokeshire*; a work," he continued, "whereof his friendship hath permitted me, though unworthy, to be an occasional purveyor, and whereof I may well say, that the deep affective tale which abideth our concern, is as relieved with brilliant similitudes, daint descriptions, pleasant poems, and ringing interludes, that they seem as the stars of the firmament, beautifying the dusky robe of night. And though I ween well how much the lovely and quaint language will suffer by

[Mr "Astrophel and Stella," originally published at London in 1591, was annexed to the numerous editions of the *Canzoniere* of Petrarch's "*Ariosto*," by Sir Philip. It would be in vain to attempt to verify the words given into the mouth of Sir Pieris Shaftron.]

my widowed voice, widowed in that it is no longer matched by my beloved viol-de-gumba, I will essay to give you a taste of the ravishing sweetness of the poetry of the un-to-be-initiated *Astrophel*."

So saying, he sang without money or reward about five hundred verses, of which the two first and the four last may suffice for a specimen—

"What tongue can her perfections tell,
On whose soft path all jaws may dwell.

Of whose high praise and proudest blare,
Coudless the pan. Heaven paper is;
The like immortal laws doth seal,
As I begin so I end end."

As Mr. Francis Shafton always sang with his eyes half shut, it was not until, agreeably to the promise of poetry, he had fairly made an end, that looking round, he observed that the greater part of his audience had, in the meanwhile, yakked to the charms of repose. Mary Arved, indeed, from a natural sense of politeness, had contrived to keep awake through all the peculiarities of the divine *Astrophel*; but Myria was transported in dreams back to the dusty atmosphere of her father's mill. Edward himself, who had given his attention for some time, had at length fallen fast asleep; and the good dame now, could her tores have been put under regulation, might have supplied the loss of the lamented viol-de-gumba. Halbert, however, who had no temptation to give way to the charms of slumber, remained awake with his eyes fixed on the singer; not that he was better entertained with the words, or more ravished with the execution, than the rest of the company, but rather because he admired, or perhaps envied, the composer, which could thus spend the evening in interminable maulings, when the next morning was to be devoted to deadly combat. Yet it struck his natural scotness of observation, that the eye of the gallant cavalier did now and then, furtively as it were, seek a glance of his countenance, in to discover how he was taking the exhibition of his antagonist's composure and severity of mind.

He shall need nothing in my countenance, thought Halbert, proudly, that can make him think my indifference less than his own.

And taking from the shelf a bag full of miscellaneous matters collected for the purpose, he began with great industry to dress hooks, and had finished half-a-dozen of them (we are enabled, for the benefit of those who abhor the antiquities of the gentle art of angling, to state, that they were brown hatches) by the time that Sir Pinesel had arrived at the conclusion of his long-winded speech of the divine Astyphel. So that he also testified a magnanimous contempt of that which to-morrow should bring forth.

As it now seemed late, the family of Glendearg separated for the evening; Sir Pinesel first saying to the dame, that "her son Alber?"—

"Halbert," said Elspeth, with emphasis, "Halbert, after his godfather, Halbert Bayliss."

"Well, then, I have prayed your son Halbert, that we may strive to-morrow, with the sun's assistance, to wake a stag from his lair, that I may see whether he be as prompt at that sport as some bespeak him."

"Alas! sir," answered Dame Elspeth, "he is not too prompt, as you talk of promptitude, at any thing that has stood at one end of it, and vanished at the other. But he is at your honourable disposal, and I trust you will teach him how obedience is due to our venerable father and lord, the Abbot, and prevail with him to take the bow-bearer's place in the ; for, as the two worthy monks said, it will be a great help to a widow woman."

"Trust me, good dame," replied Sir Pinesel, "it is my purpose so to indoctrinate him, touching his conduct and bearing towards his betters, that he shall not lightly depart from the reverence due to them.—We meet, then, beneath the birch-tree in the plain," he said, looking to Halbert, "so soon as the eye of day hath spied the kite."—Halbert answered with a sign of acquiescence, and the knight proceeded, "And now, having wished to my fairest Discioness those pleasant dreams which wave their plumes around the couch of sleeping Beauty, and to this comely dame, the bewitcher of Morphew, and to all others the constant good-night, I will cause you here to depart to my place of rest, though I may say with the poet,

"Ah rest !—no rest but change of place and posture;

"Ah sleep !—no sleep but wearied Nature's evening;

"Ah bed !—no bed but cushion filled with stones !

"Rest, sleep, nor bed, need not be no evil."

With a delicate courtesy he left the room, calling Dame Glendinning, who hastened to assure him he would find his accommodations for repose much more agreeable than they had been the night before, there having been since of warm coverlets, and a soft feather-bed, sent up from the abbey. But the good knight probably thought that the grace and effect of his act would be diminished, if he were recalled from his leisure to discuss such ordinary and domestic topics, and therefore hastened away without waiting to hear her reply.

"A pleasant gentleman," said Dame Glendinning; "but I will warrant him an *homme⁴*—and sing a sweet song though it is somewhat of the longest.—Well, I make no scruple to have his company—I wonder when he will go away."

Hearing thus expressed her respect for her guest, not without intimation that she was heartily tired of his company, the good dame gave the signal for the family to disperse, and bade her injunctions on Hubert to attend Sir Fleville Sholto at daybreak, as he required.

When stretched on his pallet by his brother's side, Hubert had no small cause to envy the sound sleep which instantly settled on the eyes of Edward, but refused him any share of his happiness. He saw now too well what the spirit had darkly indicated, that, in granting the boon which he had asked so unhesitatingly, she had contributed more to his harm than his good. He was now sensible, too late, of the various dangers and inconveniences with which his dearest friends were threatened, alike by his discontents or his success in the approaching trial. If he did, he might say pensively, "good night all." But it was not the less certain that he should leave a dreadful legacy of distress and embarrassment to his mother and family,—an anticipation which by no means tended to render the front of death, in itself a grisly object, more agreeable to his imagination. The re-ugliness of the abbot, his sometimes told him, was sure to dismay on his mother and brother, as could only be averted by the generosity of the victor—And Mary Arundel—he should have shown himself, if he succeeded in the present combat, as illustrious in protecting her, as he had been unnecessarily active in bringing disaster on her, and on the house in which she had been protected from infamy. And to this view of the case

⁴ *Homme*—full of wit—thus Shakespeare, "Honestus as winter;"—The vulgar word *homme* comes turned to the meaning.

were to be added all those inhibited and anxious feelings with which the bravest man, even in a better or less doubtful quarrel, regard the issue of a dubious conflict, the first time when it has been their fate to engage in an affair of that nature.

But however discreditable the prospect seemed in the event of his being unscathed, Hubert could expect from victory little more than the safety of his own life, and the gratification of his wounded pride. To his friends, to his mother and brother—especially to Mary Arundel—the consciousness of his triumph would be more certain destruction than the contingency of his defeat and death. If the English Knight survived, he might in courtesy extend his protection to them; but if he fell, nothing was likely to screen them from the vindictive measures which the Abbot and curfew would surely adopt against the violation of the peace of the Bishops, and the slaughter of a protected guest by one of their own vassals, within whose house they had lodged him for shelter. These thoughts, in which neither view of the case regarded, might stand to his deadly, and that ruin entirely brought on by his own rashness, were thrown in Hubert Glenring's pillow, and deprived his soul of peace and his eyes of slumber.

There appeared no middle course, saving one which was marked by degradation, and which, even if he stooped to it, was by no means free of danger. He might indeed confess to the English Knight the strange circumstances which led to his presenting him with that token which the White Lady (in her displeasure at it now severely) had given him, that he might offer it to Sir Pierce Shadon. But to this several his pride could not stoop, and reason, who is wonderfully ready to be of counsel with pride on such occasions, offered many arguments to show it would be useless as well as mean to do so degrade himself. "If I tell a tale so wonderful," thought he, "shall I not either be disbelieved as a liar, or punished as a whelp?—Were Sir Pierce Shadon generous, noble, and benevolent, as the champion of whom we hear in romance, I might indeed gain his ear, and, without demeaning myself, escape from the situation in which I am placed. But as he is, or at least seems to be, self-conceited, arrogant, vain, and presumptuous—I should but humble myself to vain—and I will not trouble myself!" he said, starting out of bed, grasping his broadsword, and brandishing it in the light of the moon, which streamed through the deep silence that screened

them as a window; when, to his extreme surprise and terror, an airy form stood in the moonlight, but intercepted not the reflection on the floor. Dimly as it was expressed, the sound of the voice even made him sensible he saw the White Lady.

At no time had her presence seemed so terrible to him; for when he had looked her, it was with the expectation of the apparition, and the determination to abide the issue. But now she had come unaided, and her presence impressed him with a sense of approaching misfortune, and with the hideous apprehension that he had associated himself with a demon, over whose motions he had no control, and of whose power and quality he had no certain knowledge. He remained, therefore, in mere terror, gazing on the apparition, which chanted or recited in unison the following lines:—

"He whose heart for vengeance yearns,
Must not shrink from slaying man;
The hand that thou hast laid with malice,
Thou must loose by edge of sword."

"Arrest thee, false spirit!" said Halbert Glendinning; "I have bought thy advice too dearly already—Repose, in the name of God!"

The spirit laughed; and the cold unnatural sound of her laughter had something in it more fearful than the usually melancholy tones of her voice. She then replied:

"You have unmask'd me once—you have unmask'd me twice,
And without any avengement I come to you twice;
Unmask'd by you, unmask'd by you, comes to my place;
Unmask'd and unmask'd I am with you again."

Halbert Glendinning gave way for a moment to terror, and called on his brother, "Edward! witness, witness, for Our Lady's sake!"

Edward awoke accordingly, and asked what he wanted.

"Look out," said Halbert, "look up! seeest thou no one in the room?"

"No, open my good wod," said Edward, looking out.

"What I seeest thou nothing in the moonlight upon the floor there?"

"Na, nothing," answered Edward, "were thyself fastening on thy naked sword. I tell thee, Halbert, thou shouldst trust more to thy spiritual arms, and less to them of steel and iron. For this

many a night hast thou started and moaned, and cried out of fighting, and of spectres, and of goblins—they sleep hath not refreshed thee—they walking hath been a dream.—Credit me, dear Halbert, say the *Pater* and *Crato*, resign thyself to the protection of God, and thou wilt sleep sound and wake in comfort."

"It may be," said Halbert slowly, and having his eye still bent on the female form which to his second dimly visible,—"it may be—but tell me, dear Edward, meet thou no one on the chamber floor but me?"

"No one," answered Edward, raising himself on his elbow; "dear brother, lay aside thy weapon, say thy prayers, and lie thou down to rest."

While he thus spoke, the Spirit snuffed at Halbert as if it were I he were about faded in the wan moonlight even before the smile had passed away, and Halbert himself no longer behold the vision to which he had so anxiously solicited his brother's attention. "May God preserve my wife!" he said, as, laying aside his weapon, he again threw himself on his bed.

"Amen! my dearest brother," answered Edward; "but we must not provoke that Heaven in our weakness which we know is our misery.—Be not angry with me, my dear brother—I know not why you have totally of late estranged yourself from me—it is true, I am neither so athletic in body, nor so alert in courage, as you have been from your infancy; yet, till lately, you have not absolutely cast off my society—Believe me, I have slept in peace, though I forbore to intrude myself on your privacy. The time has been when you held me not as cheap; and when, if I could not follow the game so closely, or mark it so truly as you, I could fill up our intervals of pastime with pleasure: tales of the olden times, which I had read or heard, and which excited even your attention as we ate and ate our provision by some pleasant spring.—But now I have, though I know not why, lost thy regard and affection.—Nay, too not thy arms about thee thus wildly," said the younger brother; "from thy strange dreams, I fear some touch of fever hath affected thy blood—let me draw closer round thee thy mantle."

"Perchance," said Halbert—"your care is needless—your complaints are without reason—your fears on my account are vain."

" Nay, let hie me, brother," said Edward. "Thy speech

is sleep, and now even your waking dreams, are of beings which belong not to this world, or to our race—Our good Father Bantore say, that howbeit we may not do well to receive all idle tales of goblins and spectres, yet there is warrant from holy Scripture to believe, that the floods breast waste and solitary places ; and that those who frequent such wildernesses alone, are the prey, or the sport, of these wandering demons. And therefore, I pray thee, brother, let me go with you when you go meet up the glen, where, as you well know, there be places of evil reputation—Thou carriest not for my secret; but, Halbert, such dangers are more safely encountered by the wise in judgment, than by the bold in bosom ; and though I have small cause to boast of my own wisdom, yet I have that which ariseth from the written knowledge of older times."

There was a pause during this dialogue, when Halbert had well-nigh come to the resolution of disburdening his own breast, by interesting Edward with all that weighed upon it. But when his brother reminded him that this was the morning of a high holiday, and that, setting aside all other business or pleasure, he ought to go to the Monastery and shrive himself before Father Bantore, who would that day consey the confirmed, pride stepped in and reinforced his wavering resolution. "I will not shew," he thought, "a tale so extraordinary, that I may be considered as an impudent or something worse—I will not fly from this Englisman, whose arm and sword may be no better than my own. My fathers have tried his better, were he as much distinguished in battle as he is by his quaint discourse."

Pride, which has been said to move men, and women too, from killing, has yet a strange influence on the mind when it exalts the cause of passion, and causes this to render it victorious over conscience and reason. Halbert, once determined, though not to the better course, at length slept soundly, and was only awakened by the dawn of day.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

Indifferent, but indignant—pale, he felt it not.
 Like one who in his craft's master—over the fire
 I have seen a clown under a bloody count—
 On one who was a master of devils.

OUR PLAY.

Wore the first grey peep of dawn, Halbert Glendinning arose and hastened to dress himself, girded on his weapon, and took a cross-bow in his hand, as if his usual sport had been his sole object. He groped his way down the dark and winding staircase, and ended, with as little noise as possible, the bannisters of the lower stairs, and of the exterior iron grate. At length he stood free in the courtyard, and looking up to the tower, saw a signal made with a handkerchief from the window. Nothing doubting that it was his antagonist, he paused, expecting him. But it was Mary Avenel, who glided like a spirit from under the low and rugged portal.

Halbert was much surprised, and yet, he knew not why, his eye caught in the act of a meditated treacherous. The presence of Mary Avenel had till that moment never given him pain. She spoke, too, in a tone where sorrow seemed to mingle with reproach, while she naked him with emphasis, "What he was about to do?"

He started his crossbow, and was about to express the protest he had meditated, when Mary interrupted him.

"Not so, Halbert—that crossbow were unworthy of one whose word has hitherto been truth. The meditate not the destruction of the deer—your hand and your heart are aimed at other game—you seek to do harm to this stranger."

"And whence should I quarrel with our guest?" answered Halbert, blushing deeply.

"There are, indeed, many reasons why you should not," replied the maiden; "nor is there one of small wherein you should—not, nevertheless, such a quarrel you are now warring after."

"Why should you suppose so, Mary?" said Halbert, endeavouring to hide his conscious purpose—"he is my master's guest—he is protected by the Abbot and the community, who

are our masters—he is of high degree also,—and whence should you think that I can, or dare, resent a hasty word, which he has perchance thrown out against me more from the wantonness of his wit, than the purpose of his heart?"

"Alas!" answered the maiden, "the very asking that question puts your resolution beyond a doubt. Since your skillful you were ever daring, seeking danger rather than avoiding it—delighting in whatever had the air of adventure and of courage; and it is not from fear that you will now blush from your purpose—Oh, let it then be from pity!—from pity, Halbert, to your aged mother, whom your death or victory will alike deprive of the comfort and stay of her age."

"She has my brother Edward," said Halbert, turning suddenly from her.

"She has indeed," said Mary Arundel, "the calm, the nobly-minded, the considerate Edward, who has thy courage, Halbert, without thy fiery rashness,—thy generous spirit, with more of reason to guide it. He would not have left his mother, would not have heard his adopted sister, because his is vain not to ruin himself, and tear up their future hopes of happiness and protection."

Halbert's heart swelled as he replied to this reproof. "Well—what needs it speaking!—you have him that is better than me—wiser, more considerate—braver, for aught I know—you are provided with a protector, and need care no man for me."

Again he turned to depart, but Mary Arundel laid her hand on his arm so gently that he scarce felt her hold, yet felt that it was impossible for him to strike it off. There he stood, one foot advanced to leave the courtyard, but so little determined on departure, that he resembled a traveller arrested by the spell of a magician, and unable either to quit the attitude of motion, or to proceed on his course.

Mary Arundel availed herself of his state of suspense. "Hear me," she said, "lose me, Halbert!—I am an orphan, and even Heaven bears the orphan—I have been the companion of your infancy, and if you will not hear me for an instant, from whom may Mary Arundel claim as poor a bosom?"

"I hear you," said Halbert Glendinning; "but be brief, dear Mary—you mistake the nature of my business—it is but a morning of summer sport which we propose."

"Say not thus," said the maiden, interrupting him, "say not

thus to me—where thou mayst desire, but me thou canst not,—There has been that in me from the earliest youth, which fraud does from, and which impotence cannot derive. For what force has given me such a power I know not; but had an ignorant master, in this sequestered valley, who you can too often see what man would most willingly hide—I can judge of the dark purpose, though it is hid under the smiling brow, and a gloom of the eye says more to me than smile and protestation do to others."

"There," said Halbert, "if thou canst so read the human heart,—say, dear Mary,—what dost thou see in mine?—tell me that—say that what thou must—what thou readest in this breast, does not offend thee—say but that, and thou shalt be the guide of my actions, and mould my now and hereafterways to honour or to disgrace at thy own free will!"

Mary Arundel became first red, and then deadly pale, as Halbert Glendinning spoke. But when, turning round at the close of his address, he took her hand, she gently withdrew it, and replied, "I cannot read the heart, Halbert, and I would not if my will knew right of you, over what happens on both.—I can only judge of signs, words, and actions of little outward import, more truly than those around me, as my eyes, thou knowest, have seen objects not presented to those of others."

"Let them gape then at me whom they shall never see more," said Halbert, once more turning from her, and making out of the courtyard without again looking back.

Mary Arundel gave a short exclamation, and clasped both her hands firmly on her forehead and eyes. She had been a minute in this attitude, when she was thus greeted by a voice from behind: "Graziously done, my most eloquent Dissertation, to hide these brilliant eyes from the far inferior beams which even now begin to gild the eastern horizon—Gentle, pull there were that Phoenix, without its splendor, might in very gloominess have hid his eye, and rather leave the world in darkness, than incur the disgrace of such an emanation—Credit me, lovely Dissertation!"

But as Sir Pierre Shaftes (the reader will readily set down these flowers of eloquence to the proper owner) attempted to take Mary Arundel's hand, in order to proceed in his speech, she shook him sharply off, and regarding him with an eye

which evinced terror and splutter, rolled past him into the bower.

The knight stood looking after her with a countenance in which contempt was strongly mingled with mortification. "By my knighthood!" he ejaculated, "I have thrown away upon this mad rustic Phibbet a speech, which the present beauty at the court of Policks (as let me tell the Bishops from which I am banished) might have turned the very matins of Orval. Hard and inexorable was the fate that sent them hither, Pierde Shafton, to waste thy wit upon country waddles, and thy valour upon hol-nailed doormen! But that hand—that affront—had it been offered to me by the lowest plebeian, he must have died for it by my hand; in respect the severity of the offence doth counterferv the impetuosity of him by whom it is given. I trust I shall find this churlish ruffian not less willing to die in blows than in taunts."

While he told this conversation with himself, Sir Pierde Shafton was hastening to the little nook of birch-trees which had been assigned as the place of meeting. He greeted his antagonist with a courtly salutation, followed by this merriment: "I pray you to observe, that I doff my hat to you, though so much my inferior in rank, without derogation on my part, because on my laying so far honoured you in receiving and admiring your defiance, doth, in the judgment of the best martialists, in some sort and for the time, make you to a level with me—an honour which you may and ought to account cheaply purchased, even with the loss of your life, if such should chance to be the issue of this combat."

"For which entertainment," said Mallart, "I have to thank the bairns which I presented to you."

The knight changed colour, and grinded his teeth with rage—"Dame your wages!" said he to Glendinning,

"Not in this spot," answered the youth; "we should be liable to interruption—Follow me, and I will bring you to a place where we shall encounter no such risk."

He proceeded to walk up the glen, resolving that their place of combat should be in the entrance of the Cherrymoor-bairns; both because the spot, lying under the reputation of being haunted, was very little frequented, and also because he regarded it as a place which to him might be termed fatal, and which he therefore resolved should witness his death or victory.

They walked up the glen for some time in silence. The two hostile enemies who did not wish to contend with words, and who had nothing friendly to exchange with each other. Silence, however, was always an irksome state with Sir Pieris, and, moreover, his anger was usually a hasty and short-lived passion. As, therefore, he went forth, in his own mind, in all love and honour towards his antagonist, he saw not any cause for submitting longer to the painful restraint of positive silence. He began by complimenting Halbert on the alert activity with which he surmounted the obstacles and impediments of the way.

"Trust me," said he, "worthy rustic, we have not a lighter or a flamer step in our sunlike revels, and if duly set forth by a tilt lance, and trialed unto that stately exercise, your leg would make us indifferent goal shore in a pavilion or a galliard. And I doubt nothing," he added, "that you have availed yourself of some opportunity to improve yourself in the art of fence, which is more skin than dancing to our present purpose!"

"I know nothing more of fencing," said Halbert, "than hath been taught me by an old shepherd of ours, called Martin, and at Whiles a lesson from Christo of the Glentroll—for the rest, I trust most to good sword, strong arm, and sound heart."

"Marry and I am glad of it, young Audacity (I will call you my Audacity, and you will call me your Confidencee, while we are on these terms of canonical equality), I am glad of your ignorance with all my heart. For we martialists proportion the punishments which we inflict upon our opponents, to the length and brawn of the effects wherewith they oppose themselves to us. And I see not why you, being but a tyke, may not be held sufficiently punished for your conceitfulness, and vulgar presumption, by the loss of an ear, an eye, or even a finger, accompanied by some flesh-wound of depth and severity suited to your error—whereas, had you been able to stand more effectually on your defence, I see not how less than your life could have answered sufficiently the your presumption."

"Now, by God and Our Lady," said Halbert, unable any longer to restrain himself, "thou art thyself over presumption, who speakest thus daringly of the issue of a combat which is not yet even begun—Art thou a god, that thou already dispense of my life and limb? or art thou a judge in the Justiciale,

telling at your ease and without risk, how the head and quarters of a condemned criminal are to be disposed of?"

"Not so, O thou, whom I have well permitted to call thyself my *Anchity*! I, thy Condescension, am neither a god to judge the issue of the conflict before it is fought, nor a judge to dispose of my case and in safety of the body and head of a condemned criminal; but I am an indifferent good master of fives, being the first pupil of the first master of the first school of fives that our royal Bagdad affords, the said master being no other than the truly noble, and all-martially skilful Vincenzo Savoia, from whom I learned the fine step, quick eye, and nimble hand—of which qualities then, O my most reverent Anchity, my fell like to reap the fruits so soon as we shall find a plot of ground fitting for such experiments."

They had now reached the gorge of the ravine, where Hallert had at first intended to stop; but when he observed the narrowness of the level ground, he began to consider that it was only by superior agility that he could expect to make up his deficiency in the arrows, as it was called, of defence. He found no spot which afforded sufficient room to manoeuvre for this purpose, until he gained the well-known Savoia, by whose margin, and in front of the huge rock tree which it sprang, was an amphitheatre of level turf, of small space indeed, compared with the great height of the cliff with which it was surrounded on every point save that from which the rascal issued forth, yet large enough for their present purpose.

When they had reached this spot of ground, fitted well by its gloom, and sequestered situation to be a scene of mortal strife, both were surprised to observe that a grave was dug close by the foot of the rock with great neatness and regularity, the green turf being laid down upon the one side, and the earth thrown out in a heap upon the other. A mattock and shovel lay by the verge of the grave.

Sir Pieris Shafins beat his eye with viseral seriousness upon Hallert Glazebrook, as he asked him sternly, "Does this look treason, young man? And have you purpose to set upon me here as in anathema or place of victory?"

"Not on my part, by Heaven!" answered the youth: "I told ye none of our purpose, nor would I for the thronse of Bengal take odds against a single arm."

"I believe then wouldst not, mien Anchity," said the

knights, resuming the affected manner which was become a second nature to him; "nevertheless this fence is certainly well shaped, and might be the masterpiece of Nature's last bed-maker, I would say the veriest—Wherefore, let us be thankful to chance or some unknown friend, who hath thus provided for one of us the denouement of separation, and let us proceed to determine which shall have the advantage of enjoying this place of undisturbed slumber."

So saying, he stripped off his doublet and cloak, which he folded up with great care, and deposited upon a large stone, while Halbert Glendinning, not without some emotion, followed his example. Their vicinity to the favorite haunts of the White Lady led him to form conjectures concerning the incident of the game—"It must have been her work!" he thought—"the Spirit forever and has provided for the final event of the combat—I must return from this place a homicide, or I must remain here die over!"

The bridge seemed now broken down behind him, and the chance of coming off honorably without killing or being killed (the boys of which house had cheered the sinking heart of many a dauber!), seemed now altogether to be removed. Yet the very desperation of his situation gave him, in an instant's reflection, both firmness and courage, and presented to him one sole alternative—conquest, manly, or death.

"As we are here," said Sir Francis Shafton, "unaccompanied by any patron or second, it were well you should pass your hands over my sides, as I shall over yours; not that I suspect you to use any quare device of privy armour, but in order to comply with the ancient and honourable custom practised on all such occasions."

While complying with his antagonist's humor, Halbert Glendinning went through this ceremony, Sir Francis Shafton did not fail to adjust his attention to the quality and fairness of his wrought and embroidered shirt—"In this very shirt," said he, "O noble Astolpho!—I say in this very garment, in which I am now to combat a Scottish rustic like thyself; it was my envied lot to lead the winning party at that wonderful match at balloon, made betwixt the divine Astolpho (our marvellous Sidney) and the right honourable my very good lord of Oxford. At the beaten of Foulis (by which name I distinguish our beloved England) stood in the gallery, waving

their heraldish at each turn of the game, and cheering the winners by their plaudits. After which noble sport we were refreshed by a suitable banquet, whereat it pleased the noble Ursula (being the unmatchable Countess of Penmarch) to accommodate me with her fan for the cooling my somewhat too much inflamed visage, to requite which courtesy, I said, casting my features into a smiling, yet mirthlessly falshim, O discreet Ursula! receive again that too fatal gift, which set like the Zephyr scoldeth, but like the hot breath of the Sirocco, heateth yet more that which is already inflamed. Whereupon, looking upon me somewhat scornfully, yet not so hot that the experienced courtier might perceive a certain cast of apprehensive affection."

Thus the knight was interrupted by Halber, who had waited with courteous patience for some little time, till he found, that far from drawing to a close, Sir Pieris seemed rather inclined to wax prodigal in his reminiscence.

"Sir Knight," said the youth, "if this matter be not very much to the present, we will, if you object not, proceed to that which we have in hand. You should have abode in England had you desired to waste time in words, for here we spend it in blows."

"I crave your pardon, most custodied Andante," answered Sir Pieris; "truly I become oblivious of everything beside, when the recollections of the divine court of Friburgo open my wakened memory, even as a saint is dizzled when he batheth him of the beatific vision. Ah, felicitous Felicibus! delicate muse of the fair, chosen shade of the wise, the birthplace and cradle of nobility, the temple of courtesy, the fane of sprightly mirth—Ah, heavenly court, or rather courtly heaven! adorned with dances, filled always with harmony, wakened with sprightly sports and tourneys, decorated with silks and tassels, glittering with diamonds and jewels, standing on end with double piled velvets, satin, and antinettas!"

"The token, Sir Knight, the token!" exclaimed Halbert Glendinning, who, impatient of Sir Pieris's interminable vanity, reminded him of the ground of their quarrel, as the best way to compel him to the purpose of their meeting.

And he judged right: for Sir Pieris Shalton no sooner heard him speak, than he exclaimed, "Thy death-hour has struck—take thee to thy swan!—Vix!"

Both swords were unsheathed, and the combatants commenced their engagement. Halbert became immediately aware, that, as he had expected, he was the inferior to his adversary in the use of his weapon. Sir Pierie Shalton had taken no more than his own share of real merit, when he termed himself an absolutely good fencer; and Glendinning soon found that he should have great difficulty in coping with him and honour from such a master of the sword. The English knight was master of all the mystery of the strokes, indentures, parades, feintes, and so forth, which the Italian masters of defence had lately introduced into general practice. But Glendinning, on his part, was no novice in the principles of the art, according to the old Scottish fashion, and possessed the fire of all qualities, a steady and collected mind. At first, being desirous to try the skill, and become acquainted with the play of his enemy, he stood on his defence, keeping his feet, head, eye, and body, in perfect ease, and holding his sword sharp, and with the point towards his antagonist's face, so that Sir Pierie, in order to assail him, was obliged to make actual passes, and could not avail himself of his skill in making feints; while, on the other hand, Halbert was prompt to parry these attacks, either by shifting his ground, or with the sword. The consequence was, that after two or three sharp attempts on the part of Sir Pierie, which were evaded or disconcerted by the address of his opponent, he began to assume the defensive in his turn, fearful of giving some advantage by being repeatedly the assailant. But Halbert was too cautious to press on a swordsman whose dexterity had already saved him from a hair's-breadth of death, which he had only escaped by unceasance watchfulness and agility.

When each had made a feint or two, there was a pause in the conflict, both as if by one assent dropping their swords' point, and looking on each other for a moment without speaking. At length Halbert Glendinning, who felt perhaps more anxiety on account of his family than he had done before he had displayed his own courage, and proved the strength of his antagonist, could not help saying, "Is the subject of our quarrel, Sir Knight, so mortal, that one of our two bodies must needs fill up that gash! or may we with honour, having proved ourselves against each other, sheathe our swords and depart friends?"

"Valiant and most radiant Andivity," said the Southern knight, "to no man on earth could you have put a question on the code of honour, who was more capable of rendering you a answer. Let us pause for the space of one verse, until I give you my opinion on this dependence," for certain it is, that brave men should not run upon their fate like brave and furious wild beasts, but should slay each other deliberately, decently, and with reason. Therefore if we easily examine the state of our dependance, we may the better apprehend whether the sisters there have deemed me of us to capture the same with his blood—Dost thou understand me?"

"I have heard Father Basazar," said Halkart, after a moment's repulsion, "speak of the three furies, with their thread and their shears."

"Enough—enough,"—interrupted Sir Pieris Shafter, crimsoning with a new fit of rage, "the thread of thy life is spun!"

And with these words he attacked with the utmost fury the Scottish knight, who had but just time to throw himself into a posture of defence. But the rash fury of the assailant, as frequently happens, disappointed its own purpose; for, as he made a desperate thrust, Halkart's Glaubhancing avoided it, and over the knight could recover his weapon, regaled him (in one his own language) with a resolute stroke, which passed through his body, and Sir Pieris Shafter fell to the ground.

* Dependence—a phrase among the brethren of the sword for an existing quarrel.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Yes, he hath left me—every busy thought,
Each fiery passion, every strong affection,
All signs of outward life and transient scenes;
Are cast at once from the pale trunk before me;
And I have given that which spoke and moved,
Thoughts, wills, sufferings as a living man,
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay,
Soon the food food for朽烂.

One Part.

I UNKNOWN few successful duellists (if the word successful can be applied to a superiority so fatal) have left behind their dead antagonist steepled on the earth at their feet, without wishing

they could redden with their own blood than which it has been their fate to spill. Least of all could such indifference be the lot of so young a man as Halbert Glendinning, who, turned to the sight of human blood, was not only struck with wonder, but with terror, when he beheld Sir Pierre Shatton stretched on the greenward before him, vomiting gore as if impelled by the stroke of a plow. He threw his bloody sword on the ground, and hastened to kneel down and support him, vainly striving at the same time to stanch his wound, which seemed rather to bleed inwardly than externally.

The unfortunate knight spoke at intervals, when the syncope would permit him, and his words, so far as intelligible, partook of his affected and consol'd, yet not courageous character.

"Most rascall youth," he said, "thy fortune hath prevailed over knightly skill—and Ambuscacy hath overcome Condescension, even as the kite hath sometimes hark'd at and struck down the falcon galle.—Fly and save thyself!—Take my pen—it is in the other pocket of thy crimson-coloured hose—and let worth a short's acceptance. See that thy walls, with thy vestments, be sent to the Monastery of Saint Mary!"—(here his voice grew weak, and his raged and recollection seemed to waver)—"I hasten the red velvet jerkin, with close brooches interwoven—for—oh! I—the good of my soul."

"Be of good comfort, sir," said Halbert, half distracted with his agony of pity and remorse. "I trust you shall yet do well—Oh for a book!"

"Were there twenty physicians, O most generous Ambuscacy, and that were a grave spectacle—I might not survive, my life is ebbing fast.—Condemned me to the rustic nymph whom I called my Discression—O Clarianna!—true express of this bleeding heart—which now bleedseth in and augmenteth!—Please me on the ground at my length, most rascall rister, born to quench the pride of the burning light of the most felicitous court of Felicia—O saints and angels—knights and ladies—masques and thanatos—quaint devices—chain-work and heraldry—love, however, and beauty!"

While uttering these last words, which slid from him, as it were, unawares, while doubtless he was readying to mind the glories of the English court, the gallant Sir Pierre Shatton stretched out his hands—grasped deeply, shut his eyes, and became motionless.

The victor tore his hair for very anger, as he looked on the pale countenance of his victim. Little, he thought, had not nearly died, but without better aid than his own, he saw not how it could be preserved.

"Why," he exclaimed, in vain pertinac, "why did I provoke him to an hour so fatal? Would to God I had submitted to the worst insult man could receive from man, rather than be the bloody instrument of this bloody death—and doubly cursed. In this evil-looking spot, which, haunted as I know it to be by a witch or a devil, I yet chose for the place of combat! In any other place, save this, there had been help to be gotten by speed of foot, or by splitting of voice—but here there is no one to be found by search, no one to hear my shouts, save the evil spirit who has compassed this mischief. It is not her hour—I will essay the spell however; and if she can give me aid, she shall do it, or know of what a madman is capable even against those of another world!"

He spurned his bloody slice from his foot, and repeated the spell with which the reader is well acquainted; but there was neither voice, apparition, nor signal of answer. The youth, in the impatience of his despair, and with the rash hardness which formed the basis of his character, shouted aloud, "Witch—demoness—fiend!—art thou deaf to my cry of help, and so ready to appear and answer those of vengeance? Arise and speak to me, or I will choke up thy fountain, tear down thy hollybush, and leave thy haunt as waste and bare as thy fatal assistance has made me waste of comfort and bare of counsel!"—This fierce and raging invocation was suddenly interrupted by a distant sound, resembling a hallo, from the gorge of the ravine. "Now may Saint Mary be praised!" said the youth, hastily doffing his surcoat, "I hear the voice of some living man, who may give me counsel and help in this fearful extremity."

Having doffed his surcoat, Hubert Glasthulme, hallooing at intervals, to answer to the sound which he had heard, ran with the speed of a hunted buck down the rugged dingle, as if paradise had been before him, hell and all her fury behind, and his eternal happiness or misery had deposited upon the spot which he started. In a space incredibly short the way was lost a Scottish mountaineer having his nerves strung by the deepest and most pertinacious interest, the youth reached the

they could redeem with their own blood that which it has born, their fate to spill. Least of all could such indifference be the lot of so young a man as Halbert Glendinning, who, unused to the sight of human blood, was not only struck with terror, but with terror, when he beheld Sir Pierre Shafton lie stretched on the grassy bank before him, roaring gore as if impelled by the stroke of a pump. He threw his bloody sword on the ground, and hastened to kneel down and support him, valiantly striving at the same time to staunch his wound, which seemed rather to bleed inwardly than externally.

The unfortunate knight spoke at intervals, when the syncope would possess him, and his words, as far as intelligible, partook of his affected and conceited, yet not ungenerous character.

"Most martial youth," he said, "thy fortune hath prevailed over knightly skill—and Audacity hath overcome Condescension, even as the kite hath sometimes harried at and streak down the falcon-gentle.—Fly and save thyself!—Take my purse—it is in the leather pocket of my crimson-coloured hose—and it worth a clown's acceptance. See that my maul, with my vestments, be sent to the Monastery of Saint Mary's!"—(here his voice grew weak, and his mind and resolution seemed to waver)—"I bestrue the red velvet jupon, with close bussines mortaining—for—oh!—the good of my soul."

"Be of good comfort, sir," said Halbert, half disengaged with his agony of pity and remorse. "I trust you shall yet do well—Oh! for a leech!"

"Were there twenty physicians, O most generous Audacity, and that were a grave spectacle—I might not survive, my life is ebbing fast—Command me to the reached synaph whom I called my Discretion—O Clarification!—true express of this Wandering Heart—which now bleedineth in and cannot live!—Place me on the ground at my length, most martial victor, born to quench the pride of the burning light of the most felicitous court of Felicity.—O spirits and angels—knights and ladies—muses and theatres—quaint devices—chain-work and bridleery—there, however, need beauty!"—

While uttering these last words, which slid from him, as it were, unawares, while doubtless he was recalling to mind the glories of the English peer, the gallant Sir Pierre Shafton stretched out his hand—grasped deeply, shut his eyes, and became motionless.

The victim tore his hair far more sorrow, as he looked on the pale countenance of his victim. "Life, he thought, had not entirely fled, but without better aid than his own, he saw not how it could be preserved.

"Why," he exclaimed, in vain penitence, "why did I provoke him to an issue so fatal? Would to God I had submitted to the worst!—no man could receive from man, rather than be the bloody instrument of this bloody deed—and deathly caused, to this evil-tabling spot, which, haunted as I knew it to be by a witch or a devil, I yet chose for the place of combat! In any other place, save this, there had been help to be gotten by speed of foot, or by uplifting of voice—but here there is no one to be found by search, no one to hear my shout, save the evil spirit who has counselled this mischief. It is not for me—I will essay the spell however; and if the one give me aid, the shall do it, or know of what a malman is capable even against those of another world!"

He sprang from his bloody chair from his feet, and repeated the spell with which the reader is well acquainted; but there was neither voice, apparition, nor signal of answer. The youth, in the impatience of his despair, and with the rash hardness which formed the basis of his character, shouted aloud, "Wain—Sorceress—Fleud!—art thou deaf to my cry of help, and so ready to appear and answer them of vengeance? Arise and speak to me, or I will choke up thy fountain, tear down thy hollybush, and have thy haunts as waste and bare as thy final assistance has made me waste of comfort and bare of counsel!"—This furious and moving invocation was suddenly interrupted by a distant sound, resembling a holla, from the gorges of the ravine. "Now may Saint Mary be praised," said the youth, hastily fastening his sandal, "I hear the voice of some living man, who may give me counsel and help in this foorth extremity."

Having donned his sandal, Hubert Glastonbury, halloing at intervals, in answer to the sound which he had heard, ran with the speed of a hunted hawk down the ragged dell, as if paradise had been before him, hell and all her fires behind, and his eternal happiness or misery had depended upon the speed which he exerted. In a space incredibly short for any but a Scottish mountaineer having his nerves strong by the deepest and most passionate interest, the youth reached the

entrance of the ravine, through which the rill, that flows down Cerdiccombe discharges itself, and unites with the brook that waters the little valley of Glastonbury.

Here he paused, and looked around him upwards and downwards through the glen, without perceiving a human form. His heart sank within him. But the whistlings of the gale interrupted his prospect, and the person, whose voice he had heard, might therefore be at no great distance, though not obvious to his sight. The boughs of an oak-tree, which shot straight out from the face of a tall cliff, proffered to his bold spirit, steady hand, and active limbs, the means of ascending it at a place of outlook, although the enterprise was what most men would have shrank from. But by one bound from the earth, the active youth might hold of the lower branch, and swing himself up into the tree, and in a minute more gained the top of the cliff, from which he could easily discern a human figure descending the valley. It was not that of a shepherd, or of a hermit, and scarcely any others used to traverse this desolate solitude, especially coming from the north, where the reader may remember that the brook took its rise from an extensive and dangerous mass which lay in that direction.

But Halbert Glastonbury did not pause to consider who the traveller might be, or what might be the purpose of his journey. To know that he saw a human being, and might receive, in the extremity of his distress, the countenance and advice of a fellow-creature, was enough for him at the moment. He threw himself from the planks of the cliff once more into the arms of the projecting oak-tree, whose boughs waved in mid-air, anchored by the roots in a huge rift or cleft of the rock. Catching at the branch which was nearest to him, he dropped himself from that height upon the ground; and such was the athletic springiness of his powerful frame, that he pitched there so lightly, and with so little injury, as the falcon swooping from her wheel.

To run, his pace at full speed up the glen, was the work of an instant; and as he turned angle after angle of the indented banks of the valley, without meeting that which he sought, he became half afraid that the fire which he had seen at such a distance had already melted into thin air, and was either a delusion of his own imagination, or of the elementary spirits by which the valley was supposed to be haunted.

But, to his inexpressible joy, as he turned round the base of a huge and distinguished crag, he saw, straight before and very near to him, a person, whose dress, as he viewed it hastily, resembled that of a pilgrim.

He was a man of advanced life, and wearing a long beard, having on his head a large shaven hat, without either band or brooch. His dress was a tunic of black serge, which, like those commonly called basset-clacks, had an upper part, which covered the arms and fell down on the lower; a small scryp and bottle, which hung at his back, with a short staff in his hand, completed his equipment. His step was feeble, like that of one exhausted by a tedious journey.

"Save ye, good father!" said the youth. "God and Our Lady have sent you to my assistance."

"And in what, my son, can so frail a creature as I am, be of service to you?" said the old man, not a little surprised at being thus accosted by so handsome a youth, his features discomposed by anxiety, his face flushed with exertion, his hands and much of his dress stained with blood.

"A man bleeds to death in the valley here, hard by. Come with me—come with me! You are aged—you have experience—yon have at least your strength—and none have well-nigh left me."

"A man—and bleeding to death—and here in this desolate spot!" said the stranger.

"Stay not to question it, father," said the youth, "but come instantly to his rescue. Follow me—follow me, without an instant's delay."

"Nay, but, my son," said the old man, "we do not lightly follow the guides who present themselves thus suddenly in the bosom of a hosting wilderness. Nay, I follow thee, thou must expose to me thy name, thy purpose, and thy cause."

"There is no time to expect anything," said Blaebert; "I tell thee a man's life is at stake, and thou must come to aid him, or I will carry thee thither by force."

"Nay, thou shalt not need," said the traveler; "if it indeed be as thou sayest, I will follow thee of free-will—the rather that I am not wholly unskilled in leech-craft, and have in my purse that which may do thy friend a service—Yet walk more slowly, I pray thee, for I am already well-nigh累倒 with travel."

With the indignant impatience of the fiery steed when compelled by his rider to keep pace with some slow drudge upon the highway, Halbert accompanied the wayfarer, brimming with anxiety, which he endeavoured to subdue, that he might not alarm his companion, who was obviously afraid to trust him. When they reached the place where they were to turn off the wider glen into the Corri, the traveller made a doubtful pause, as if unwilling to leave the broader path—"Young man," he said, "if thou meancost ought but good to these grey hairs, thou will gain little by thy cruelty—I have no earthly treasure to except either robbery or murder."

"And I," said the youth, "am neither—and yet—God of Heaven!—I may be a murderer, unless your old comrade is true to this wounded wretch!"

"Is it even so?" said the traveller; "and do human passions distract the breast of nature, even in her deepest solitudes!—Yet why should I marvel that where darkness abides the works of darkness should abound?—By the fruits in the tree knowest—Leave me, unhappy youth.—I follow thee!"

And with bitter will to the journey than he had evinced hitherto, the stranger exerted himself to the uttermost, and seemed to forget his own fatigue in his efforts to keep pace with his impetuous guide.

What was the surprise of Halbert Oldbelling, when, upon arriving at the fatal spot, he saw no appearance of the body of Sir Pieris Shafton! The traces of the fray were otherwise sufficiently visible. The knight's cloak had indeed vanished as well as his body, but his doublet remained where he had laid it down, and the turf on which he had been stricken was stained with blood in many a dark crimson spot.

As he gazed round him in terror and astonishment, Halbert's eyes fell upon the place of repose which had so lately appeared to gape for a victim. It was no longer open, and it seemed that earth had received the expected tenant; for the usual narrow killeck was piled over what had lately been an open grave, and the green sod was adjusted over all with the accuracy of an experienced sexton. Halbert stood agape. The idea rushed on his mind irresistibly, that the earth-heap before him enclosed what had lately been a living, moving, and active fellow-creature, whom, on little provocation, his fell art had reduced to a clog of the valley, as senseless and as cold as the

turf under which he rested. The hand that snatched the grave had completed its work; and whose hand could it be save that of the mysterious being of doubtful quality, whom his rashness had invoked, and whom he had suffered to intrude into his dominions?

As he stood with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, bitterly regretting his rashness, he was roused by the voice of the stranger, whose suspicion of his guilt had again been awakened by finding the scene so different from what Halbert had led him to expect—"Young man," he said, "hast thou baited thy tempe with falsehood to cut perhaps only a few days from the life of one whom Nature will soon call home, without guilt on thy part to hasten his journey?"

"By the blessed Heaven!—by our dear Lady!" ejaculated Halbert.

"Swear not at all!" said the stranger, interrupting him, "neither by Heaven, nor by God's thrice, nor by earth, nor is it his footstool—nor by the creatures whom he hath made, for they are but earth and clay as we are. Let thy yea be yea, and thy nay, nay. Tell me, in a word, why not for what purpose thou hast deluged a tale, to lead a bewildered traveler yet further astray?"

"As I am a Christian man," said Glendinning, "I left him here bleeding to death—and now I worship thy like, and much I doubt that the tomb that thou seekst has closed on his mortal remains!"

"And who is he for whose fate thou art so anxious?" said the stranger; "or how is it possible that this wounded man could have been either preserved from, or intrusted to, a place so solitary?"

"His name," said Halbert, after a moment's pause, "is Pierce Shafton—there, on that very spot, I left him bleeding; and what power has conveyed him hence, I know no more than thou dost."

"Pierce Shafton!" said the stranger; "Sir Pierce Shafton of Wilverton, a knave, as it is said, of the great Pierces of Northumberland! If thou hast slain him, to return to the territories of the dead Abbot is to give thy neck to the gallows. He is well known, that Pierce Shafton; the meddling tool of whoso plotters—a hardened trafficker in treason—a champion of the Pope, employed in a felon's barge by those more politic

knave, who have more will to work mischief, than valour to encounter danger.—Come with me, youth, and save thyself from the evil consequences of this duel—fieble me to the Castle of Arundel, and thy sword shall be protection and safety."

Again Halbert paused, and summoned his mind to a hasty council. The vengeance with which the Abbot was likely to visit the daughter of Shaftoe, his friend, and in some measure his guest, was likely to be severe; yet, in the various contingencies which he had considered previous to their duel, he had unaccountably omitted to reflect what was to be his line of conduct in case of Sir Pierrepont falling by his hand. If he returned to Glendorey, he was sure to doom all his whole family, including Mary Arundel, the remnant of the abbot and community, whereas it was possible that flight might make him be regarded as the sole author of the duel, and might avert the indignation of the monks from the rest of the inhabitants of his paternal tower. Halbert recollects also the favour expressed for the household, and especially for Edmund, by the Sub-Prior; and he conceived that he could, by communicating his own guilt to that worthy ecclesiastic, when at a distance from Glendorey, secure his powerful intercession in favour of his family. These thoughts rapidly passed through his mind, and he determined on flight. The stranger's company, and his promised protection, were in aid of that resolution; but he was unable to stanch the temptation which the old man gave him to accompany him for safety to the Castle of Arundel, with the connexions of Julian, the present master of that inheritance. "Good Father," he said, "I fear that you mistake the case with whom you wish me to harbouer. Arundel granted Pierrepont Shaftoe his birthright, and his heirman, Christo of the Chirkill, brought the Southern bicker."

"Of that," said the old man, "I am well aware. Yet if thou wilt trust to me, as I have shown no reluctance to confide in thee, thou shalt find with Julian Arundel welcome, or at least safety."

"Father," replied Halbert, "though I can ill reconcile what thou expect with what Julian Arundel hath done, yet seeing little about the safety of a creature so lost as myself; and as thy words meet those of truth and honesty, and finally, as thou dost render thyself frankly up to my conduct, I will return the

sorrows she had shared, and accompany her to the Castle of Arundel by a road which thou thyself couldst never have discovered." He led the way, and the old man followed for some time in silence.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

To whom the world is suffering with the cold,
The winter first feels pain—so when the soul
And they three of his crew in pain,
The master feels none.

One Part.

Ten feelings of compassion with which Halbert Glendinning was visited upon this painful occasion, were deeper than belonged to an age and country in which human life was held so cheap. They tell far short certainly of those which might have afflicted a mind regulated by better religious precepts, and more strictly trained under social laws; but still they were deep and severely felt, and divided in Halbert's heart over the subject with which he parted from Mary Arundel and the tower of his father.

The old traveller walked silently by his side for some time, and then addressed him.—" My son, it has been said that sorrow must speak or die—Why art thou so much cast down?—Tell me thy unhappy tale, and it may be that my gray head may devise counsel and aid for your young life."

" Alas!" said Halbert Glendinning, " can you wonder why I am cast down—I am at this instant a fugitive from my father's house, from my mother, and from my friends, and I bear on my head the blood of a man who injured me but in idle words, which I have thus bloody repented. My heart now tells me I have done evil—it were harder than these rocks if it could bear unmoved the thought, that I have sent this man to a long account, unheeded and unshivered!"

" Peace there, my son," said the traveller. " That thou hast defaced God's image in thy neighbour's person—that thou hast sent dust to dust in idle wrath or idle pride, is indeed a sin of the deepest dye—that thou hast cast short the spans which Heaven might have allowed him for repentance, makes it yet more deadly—but for all this there is balm in Gilead."

"I understand you not, father," said Hubert, struck by the solemn tone which was assumed by his companion.

The old man proceeded. " Thou hast slain thine enemy—it was a cruel deed ; thou hast sent him off perchance in his sleep—it is a fearful aggression. Do penitence my son, and in lieu of him whom thou hast perchance consigned to the kingdom of Satan, let thine efforts seek another subject than the reign of the Red One."

" I understand you, father," said Hubert ; " thou wouldst have me atone for my rashness by doing service to the soul of my adversary—But how may this be ? I have no money to purchase masses, and gladly would I go barefoot to the Holy Land to free his spirit from purgatory, only that—"

" My son," said the old man, interrupting him, " the sinner for whose redemption I entreat you to labour, is not the dead but the living. It is not for the soul of thine enemy I would entreat thee to pray—that has already had its final doom from a Judge so merciful as He is just ; but were thou to make that rock into dust, and shun a mass for such one, would it avail the departed spirit. Where the tree hath fallen, it must lie. But the sapling, which bath in it yet the vigour and juice of life, may be tended to the point to which it ought to induce."

" Art thou a priest, father?" said the young man, " or by what commission dost thou talk of such high matters?"

" By that of my Almighty Master," said the traveller, " under whose banner I am an enlisted soldier."

Hubert's acquaintance with religious matters was no deeper than could be derived from the Archbishop of Saint Andrews' Catechism, and the pamphlet called the *Trinitarian Faith*,^{*} both which were industriously circulated and recommended by the monks of Saint Mary's. Yet, however indifferent and superficial a theologian, he began to suspect that he was now in company with one of the godlessness, or heretics, before whom influence the ancient system of religion now referred to the very foundation. Prod. 27, as may well be presumed, in a holy

^{*} [This volume, printed at St. Andrews in 1593, known as Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism, was condemned by Bishop Spottiswoode and placed with the *Trinitarian Faith*. A tract of four pages in 1594, discovered only a few years ago, is more fully the one mentioned by Knox. See Knox's Works, vol. I. p. 291 ; The Antidote Almoner, vol. II. p. 212 ; and Knox, vol. VI. p. 474.]

honor against these formidable sectaries, the youth's first feelings were those of a loyal and devoted churchman. "Old man," he said, "wert thou able to make good with thy hand the words that thy tongue hath spoken against our Holy Mother Church, we should have tried upon this man which of our creeds hath the better shapeliness."

"Nay," said the stranger, "if thou art a true soldier of Rome, thou wilt not pause from thy purpose because thou hast the odds of peers and of strength on thy side. Hearken to me, my son. I have showed thee how to make thy peace with Heaven, and thou hast rejected my proffer. I will now show thee how thou shalt make thy reconciliation with the powers of this world. Take this grey head from the foul body which supports it, and carry it to the chair of pious Abbot Tocilus; and when thou tellst him thou hast slain Pierre Shafston, and his true man at the dead, lay the head of Henry Warden at his feet, and thou shalt have peace instead of trouble."

Halbert Climbinglass stopped back in surprise. "What! are you that Henry Warden so famous among the heretics, that even Knave's name is scarce more frequently in their mouths? Art thou he, and durst thou to approach the Hallows of Saint Mary's?"

"I am Henry Warden, of a surety," said the old man, "for nowne to be named in the same breath with Knave, but yet willing to venture on whatever dangers my master's service may call me to."

"Hearken to me, then," said Halbert; "is alay then I have no leaven—to make this prisoner, were equally to bring thy blood on my head—to leave thee in this wild without a guide were little better. I will conduct thee as I promised, in safety to the castle of Arundel; but breathe not, while we are on the journey, a word against the doctrines of the holy church of which I am an unworthy—but though an ignorant, a careless member.—When thou art there arrived, beware of thyself—there is a high price upon thy head, and Julian Arundel loves the gleane of gold beyond place."

"Yet thou exyest not," answered the Protestant preacher, for such he was, "that for laure he would sell the blood of his gange?"

"Not if thou comest as invited stranger, relying on Me

"A gold coin of James V., the most beautiful of the Scotch coins; as called because the obverse of the sovereignty is represented wearing a bonnet.

faith," said the youth; "evil as Julian may be, he dare not break the rites of hospitality; for, honest as we are those maxims may be in all other men, these are respected amongst us even to idolatry, and his nearest relations would think it incumbent on them to spill his blood themselves, to efface the disgrace such treachery would bring upon their name and lineage. But if thou goest self-invited, and without assurance of safety, I promise thee thy risk is great."

"I am in God's hand," answered the prodder; "It is on His errand that I traverse these wild amidst dangers of every kind; while I am useful for my master's service, they shall not prevail against me, and when, like the barren fig-tree, I can no longer produce fruit, what imports it when or by whom the sun is laid to the root!"

"Your courage and devotion," said Glendinning, "are worthy of a better cause."

"That," said Wardie, "cannot be—mine is the very best."

They continued their journey in silence, Halbert Glendinning tracing with the stiletto across the mosses of the dangerous and intricate morasses and hills which divided the Highlands from the barony of Arnesel. From time to time he was obliged to stop, in order to assist his companion to cross the black intervals of quaking bog, called in the Scottish dialect *lags*, by which the firmer parts of the moors were intersected.

"Courage, did man," said Halbert, as he saw his companion almost exhausted with fatigue, "we shall soon be upon hard ground. And yet, soft as this moss is, I have seen the merry falcons go through it as light as deer when the quarry was upon the flight."

"True, my son," answered Wardie, "far as I will still call you, though you bear me no longer father; and even so doth bounding youth pursue its pleasure, without regard to the mire and the pool, of the paths through which they are hurried."

"I have already told thee," answered Halbert Glendinning, sternly, "that I will hear nothing from thee than reasons of doctrine."

"Nay, but, my son," answered Wardie, "thy spiritual father himself would surely not dispute the truth of what I have now spoken for your mitigation!"

Glendinning sternly replied, "I know not how that may be—but I wot well it is the fashion of your brotherhood to talk

your back with fair discourse, and to hold yourselves up as angels of light, that you may the better exceed the kingdom of darkness."

" May God," replied the preacher, " pardon those who have thus reported of his servants! I will not offend thee, my son, by being instant out of season— thou speakest but as thou art taught— yet say I trust that no goodly youth will be still reserved, like a brand from the burning."

While he thus spoke, the rags of the masson was attained, and their path lay on the desirability. Greenwood it was, and, viewed from a distance, chequered with its narrow and verdant line the dark-brown heath which it traversed, though the distinction was not so easily traced when they were walking on it.¹ The old man pursued his journey with comparative ease; and, writhing again to avert the jealousy and of his young companion for the Roman faith, he chattered on other nations. The tone of his conversation was still grave, moral, and instructive. He had travelled much, and knew both the language and manners of other countries, concerning which Halbert Glendinning, already anticipating the possibility of being obliged to leave Scotland for the deed he had done, was mainly and exceedingly desirous of information. By degrees he was more attracted by the charms of the stranger's conversation than repelled by the dread of his dangerous character as a heretic, and Halbert had called him father more than once, ere the towers of Avesel Castle came in view.

The situation of this ancient fortress was remarkable. It occupied a small rocky islet in a mountain lake, or tarn, as such a place of water is called in Westmoreland. The lake might be about a mile in circumference, surrounded by hills of considerable height, which, except where old trees and brushwood concealed the ravines that divided them from each other, were bare and heathy. The surprise of the spectator was chiefly excited by finding a place of water situated in that high and mountainous region, and the landscape around had features which might rather be termed wild, than either romantic or sublime; yet the scene was not without its charms. Under the burning sun of summer, the clear water of the deep ca-

¹ This sort of path, visible when looked at from a distance, but not to be seen when you are upon it, is called in the Border by the significant name of a Blid-rood.

ruffled lake refreshed the eye, and impressed the mind with a pleasing feeling of deep solitude. In winter, when the snow lay on the mountains around, three dazzling masses appeared to stand far beyond their wonted and natural height, while the lake, which stretched beneath, and filled their bosom with all its frozen waves, lay like the surface of a darkened and broken mirror around the black and rocky islet, and the walls of the grey castle with which it was crowned.

As the castle comprised, either with its principal buildings, or with its flanking and enclosed walls, every projecting point of rock, which served as its site, it seemed as completely surrounded by water as the nest of a wild swan, save where a narrow causeway extended between the islet and the shore. But the fortress was larger in appearance than in reality; and of the buildings which it actually contained, many had become ruined and uninhabitable. In the time of the grandeur of the Arvor family, these had been occupied by a considerable portion of followers and retainers, but they were now in a great measure deserted; and Julian Arvor would probably have fixed his habitation in a residence better suited to his diminished fortunes, had it not been for the great security which the situation of the old castle afforded to a man of his prudence and perforce made of life. Indeed, in this respect, the spot could scarce have been more happily chosen, for it could be rendered almost completely inaccessible at the pleasure of the inhabitants. The distance betwixt the nearest shore and the islet was not indeed above a hundred yards; but then the causeway which connected them was extremely narrow, and completely divided by two mits, one in the mid-way between the islet and shore, and another close under the outward gate of the castle. These formed a formidable, and almost insuperable, interruption to any hostile approach. Each was defended by a drawbridge, one of which, being that nearest to the castle, was regularly raised at all times during the day, and both were lifted at night.*

* It is in vain to search near Melaine for any such castle as is here described. The lakes of the head of the Yaror, and those at the rise of the water of the Isle, present no object of the kind. But in Tathelin Land (a romantic sheet of water, in the dry season, as it is called) there are the remains of a fortress called Lockland Tower, which, like the supposed Castle of Arvor, is built upon an island, and connected with the land by a causeway. It is much smaller than the Castle of Arvor is described, consisting only of a single ruinous tower.

The situation of Julian Avenel, engaged in a variety of feuds, and a party to almost every dark and mysterious transaction which was on foot in that wild and military frontier, required all these precautions for his security. His own ambiguous and doubtful course of policy had increased these dangers; for as he made pretensions to both parties in the state, and occasionally shifted successively with either the one or the other, as changed best to serve his immediate purpose, he could not be said to have either firm allies and protectors, or determined enemies. His life was a life of expedient and of peril; and while, in pursuit of his interest, he made all the doubles which he thought necessary to attain his object, he often overruled his prey, and gained that which he might have gained by observing a straighter course.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

I'll walk on tip-toe; see my eye with caution,
My heart with courage, and my hand with weapon,
Like him who ventures on a lion's den.

—
ON PLATE.

WEAP, issuing from the gorge of a pass which terminated upon the lake, the travellers came in sight of the ancient castle of Avenel, the old man looked with earnest attention upon the scene before him. The castle was, as we have said, in many places ruined, as was evident, even at this distance, by the broken, ragged, and irregular outlines of the walls and of the towers. In others it seemed more entire, and a pillar of dark smoke, which ascended from the chimney of the dungeon, and spread its long dusky plumes through the clear air, indicated that it was inhabited. But no man-field or enclosed pasture-ground on the side of the lake showed that provident attention to comfort and subsistence which usually appeared near the houses of the greater, and even of the lesser barons. There were no cottages with their patches of tillage, and their crofts and gardens, surrounded by rows of native yew-trees; no church with its single tower in the valley; no herds of sheep among the hills; no cattle on the lower ground; nothing

which intimated the concealed propagation of the arts of peace and of industry. It was plain that the inhabitants, whether few or numerous, must be considered as the gentry of the castle, living within its defended precincts, and subsisting by means which were other than peaceful.

Probably it was with this conviction that the old man, passing on the castle, muttered to himself, "*Lugis officia et pars
assimili!*" and then, turning to Hubert Glendinning, he added, "We may say of yonder fort as King James did of another fortress in this province, that he who built it was a thief in his heart."

"But it was not so," answered Glendinning; "yonder castle was built by the old lord of Arundel, now as much beloved in peace as they were respected in war. They were the bulwark of the frontier against the Saracens, and the protection of the natives from domestic oppression. The present master of their inheritance no more resembles them, than the night-prowling owl resembles a falcon, because she builds on the same rock."

"This Julian Arundel, then, holds no high place in the love and regard of his neighbours?" said Warden.

"So little," answered Hubert, "that besides the jacks-nom and riders with whom he has associated himself, and of whom he has many at his disposal, I know of few who voluntarily associate with him. He has been more than once outlawed both by England and Scotland, his lands declared forfeited, and his head set at a price. But in these unquiet times, a man so daring as Julian Arundel has ever found some friends willing to protect him against the penalties of the law, on condition of his secret services."

"You describe a dangerous man," replied Warden.

"You may have experience of that," replied the youth, "if you deal not the more warily;—though it may be that he also has forsaken the sanctuary of the church, and gone astray in the path of heresy."

"What your blindness terms the path of heresy," answered the reformed, "is indeed the straight and narrow way, wherein he who walks turns not aside, whether for worldly wealth or for worldly position. Would to God this man were saved by

* It was of Ledwood, the boundary between the jurisdictions of Arundel and, a strong castle situated in the centre of a quaking bog, that James VI. made this remark.

as other and no worse spirit than that which prompts my poor endeavour to extend the kingdom of Heaven ! This Baron of Avenel is personally unknown to me, is not of our congregation or of our cause ; yet I hear to his charges touching my safety, from those whom he most fear if he does not respect them, and upon that assurance I will venture upon his hold—I am now sufficiently satisfied by these few minutes of repose."

"Take then this advice for your safety," said Halbert, "and believe that it is founded upon the usage of this country and its inhabitants. If you can better shift for yourself, go not to the Castle of Avenel—if you do risk going thither, obtain from him, if possible, his anti-confidant, and because that he secures it by the Black Hand—And lastly, observe whether he eats with you at the board, or plagues you in the nap ; for if he gives you not those signs of welcome, his thoughts are evil towards you."

"Aho!" said the preacher, "I have no better earthly refuge for the present than those frowning towers, but I go thither trusting to all which is yet of this earthy—But thou, good youth, rather than trust thyself in this dangerous den!"

"I," answered Halbert, "am in no danger. I am well known to Christie of the Chest-hill, the head-man of this Julian Avenel ; and, what is a yet better protection, I have nothing either to provoke malice or to tempt pleasure."

The tramp of a steed, which clattered along the stony banks of the brook, was now heard behind them ; and, when they looked back, a rider was visible, his steel cap and the point of his long lance glancing in the setting sun, as he rode rapidly towards them.

Halbert Glendinning soon recognized Christie of the Chest-hill, and made his companion aware that the heraldic of Julian Avenel was approaching.

"Ha, powgling ! " said Christie to Halbert, as he came up to them, " thou hast made good thy word at last, and come to take service with my noble master, hast thou not ? Thou shalt find a good friend and a true ; and ere Saint Barnaby comes round again, thou shalt know every pass betwixt Milburn Fells and Whalley, as if thou hadst been born with a jack on thy back, and a lance in thy hand.—What old rags hast thou with thee ?—He is not of the brotherhood of Saint Mary's—at least, he has not the 'holme' of those black cattle."

* Holme—the hand, or mark, set upon sheep or cattle by their owners.

"He is a wayfaring man," said Halbert, "who has connection with Julian of Arundel. For myself, I intend to go to Edinburgh to see the Court and the Queen, and when I return hither we will talk of your problem. Meantime, as thou hast often invited me to the castle, I crave hospitality there to-night for myself and my companion."

"For thyself and welcome, young comrade," replied Christie; "but we harbour no pilgrim, nor night that looks like a pilgrim."

"So please you," said Warden, "I have letters of commendation to thy master from a sure friend, whom he will right willingly oblige in higher matters than in affording me a brief protection.—And I am no pilgrim, but reverence the name, with all its responsibilities observances."

He showed his letters to the baroness, who shook his hand.

"These," he said, "are counters for my master, and it will be well if he can need them himself; for me, swindled and banished am my book and penitier, and have been since I was twelve years old. But I will guide you to the castle, and the Baron of Arundel will himself judge of your errand."

By this time the party had reached the causeway, along which Christie advanced at a trot, inviting his presence to the warden within the castle by a shrill and peculiar whistle. At this signal the further drawbridge was lowered. The baroness passed it and disappeared under the gloomy portal which was beyond it.

Glenclauding and his companion, advancing more leisurely along the rugged causeway, stood at length under the same gateway, over which frowned, in dark red freestone, the ancient heraldic bearings of the house of Arundel, which represented a female figure shrouded and muffled, which occupied the whole field. The cause of their regarding so singular a device was uncertain, but the figure was generally supposed to represent the mysterious being called the White Lady of Arundel.¹ The sight of this mocking shield awakened in the mind of Halbert the strange remembrance which had connected his fate with that of Mary Arundel, and with the doings of the spiritual being who was attached to her house, and whom he now here

¹ There is an ancient English saying, I believe, which bears, or did bear, a ghost or spirit peasant able to a full aspect. "This seems to have been a fiction of a peasant or country border."

represented in stone, as he had before seen, her eye upon the seal ring of Walter Avenel, which, with other trinkets formerly mentioned, had been saved from pillage, and brought to Glendurg, when Mary's mother was driven from her habitation.

" You sigh, my man," said the old man, observing the impatience mark on his youthful companion's countenance, but misreading the cause; " If you fain to enter, we may yet return."

" That can ye not," said Christie of the Chisholm, who emerged at that instant from the side-door under the roadway. " Look yonder, and choose whether you will return abeaming the water like a wild duck, or wringing the air like a plover."

They looked, and saw that the drawbridge which they had just crossed was again raised, and now interposed its planks betwixt the setting sun and the portal of the castle, deranging the gloom of the arch under which they stood. Christie laughed and bid them follow him, saying, by way of encouragement, in Halibut's ear, " Answer boldly and readily to whatever the Baron asks you. Never stop to pick your words, and above all show no fear of him—the devil is not as black as he is painted."

As he spoke thus, he hurried them into the large stone hall, at the upper end of which blazed a huge fire of wood. The long eaten table, which, as usual, occupied the midpart of the apartment, was covered with rude preparations for the evening meal of the Baron and his chief domestics, five or six of whom, strong, athletic, strange-looking men, passed up and down the lower end of the hall, which rang to the jarring clang of their long swords that clattered as they moved, and to the heavy tramp of their high-heeled Jack-boots. Iron jacks, or maces of battle, formed the principal part of their arms, and steel-bonnets, or large domed hats with Spanish plumes drooping backwards, were their head attire.

The Baron of Avenel was one of those tall, muscular, martial figures, which are the favourite subjects of Salvator Rosa. He wore a cloak which had been once gaily trimmed, but which, by long wear and frequent exposure to the weather, was now faded in the colours. Thrown negligently about his tall person, it partly hid, and partly showed, a short doublet of buff, under which was in some places visible that light shirt of mail which was called a *surcet*, because worn instead of more sensible

anxious to protest against private assassination. A leather belt sustained a huge and heavy sword on one side, and on the other that gay pistol which had long been called Sir Pierce Shafton master, of which the hatches and gildings were already much defaced, either by rough usage or neglect.

Notwithstanding the robustness of his apparel, Julian Arundel's manners and countenance had far more elevation than those of the attendants who surrounded him. He might be fifty or upwards, for his dark hair was mingled with grey, but age had neither dimmed the fire of his eye nor the enterprise of his disposition. His countenance had been handsome, for beauty was an attribute of the family; but the face was roughened by fatigue, and exposure to the weather, and rendered coarse by the habitual indulgence of violent passions.

He strolled in deep and moody reflection, and was pacing at a distance from his dependants along the upper end of the hall, sometimes stopping from time to time to turn and feed a goshawk, which sat upon his wrist, with its jesses (i.e. the leather straps fixed to its legs) wound around his hand. The bird, which seemed not insensible to its master's attention, answered his caresses by scolding toward the fowlers, and pecking playfully at his finger. At such intervals the Baron exiled, but intently ruminating the darknesses of fallen ambition. He did not even deign to look upon an object, which few could have passed and repassed so often without bestowing on it a transient glance.

This was a woman of exceeding beauty, rather gaily than richly attired, who sat on a low stool close by the large hall chimney. The gold chains round her neck and arms,—the gay gown of green which swept the floor,—the silver embroidered girdle, with its bunches of bows depending in honorably pride by a silver chain,—the yellow silken coverlet (flemish, surely) which was disposed around her head, and partly concealed her dark profusion of hair,—above all, the countenance so delicately touched. In the old ballad, that "the girdle was too short," the "gown of green all too strait," for the woman's present shape, would have intrusted the Baron's lady. But then the lovely maid,—the expression of deep melancholy, which was changed into a wild smile whenever she saw the long chain of sparkling the eye of Julian Arundel,—the mingled look of grief, and the starting tear for which that constrained smile

was again exchanged when she saw herself entirely disengaged.—these were not the attributes of a wife, or they were those of a dejected and afflicted female, who had yielded her love on less than legitimate terms.

Jillian Arwood, as we have said, continued to pace the hall without paying any of that mute attention which is rendered to almost every female either by affection or courtesy. He seemed totally unconscious of her presence, or of that of his attendants, and was only roused from his own dark reveries by the notice he paid to the falcon, to which, however, the lady seemed to attend, as if studying to find either an opportunity of speaking to the Baron, or of finding something congenial in the expression which he used to the bird. All this the strangers had time enough to remark; the no sooner had they entered the apartment than their master, Christias of the Chantier, after exchanging a significant glance with the menials or troopers at the lower end of the apartment, signed to Hubert Gheestling and to his companion to stand still near the door, while he himself, advancing nearer the table, placed himself in such a situation as to catch the Baron's observation when he should be disposed to look around, but without presenting to intrude himself on his master's notice. Indeed, the look of this man, naturally bold, hardy, and valiant, seemed totally changed when he was in presence of his master, and resembled the dejected and cowering manner of a quarrelsome dog when rebuked by his master, or when he finds himself obliged to despatch the violence of a superior adversary of his own species.

In spite of the novelty of his own situation, and every painful feeling connected with it, Hubert felt his spirits lifted up in the female, who sat by the chimney unsmiling and unregarded. He marked with what keen and troubling solicitude she watched the broken words of Julian, and how her glances stole towards him, ready to be exerted upon the slightest chance of his perceiving himself to be watched.

Meanwhile he went on with his dalliance with his feathered favorite, now giving, now withholding, the morsel with which he was about to feed the bird, and so exciting its appetite and gratifying it by turns. "What! more pert—then fool kins, that wouldn't never have done—give the pert that will have all—ay, prou thy feathers, and prick thyself gay—mash thou,

wilt make of it now—dost think I know thou not?—dost think I see not that all that ruffing and pluming of wing and feather is not for thy master, but to try what thou canst make of him, thou greedy glad I—well—there—take it then, and rejoice thyself!—Wee have gone far with thee, and with all thy son—and so it should."

He caused to look on the bird, and again traversed the apartment. Then taking another small piece of raw meat from the trencher, on which it was placed ready cut for his use, he began once again to tempt and tease the bird, by offering and withdrawing it, until he availed the wild and bold disposition. "What! struggling, fluttering, singeing at me with beak and wings?" "Be it! Be it! wouldn't mount? wouldn't fly! the Junes are round, thy clutches, fool—then come neither will nor man but by my will—Because thou comest to reclaim, wench, else I will wring thy head off one of these days—Well, have it then, and well fay thee with it.—Ho ho, Joakin!" One of the attendants stepped forward—"Take the first glad leave to the morn—or, stay; leave her, but look well to her casting and to her hatching—we will see her fly to-morrow.—How now, Christie? art thou returned?"

Christie returned to his master, and gave an account of himself and his journey, in the way in which a police officer holds communication with his magistrate, that is, as much by signs as by words.

"Nobles sir!" said that worthy satellite, "the Laird of ——," he named no place, but pointed with his finger in a south-western direction,—"may not ride with you the day he purposed, because the Lord Warden has threatened that he will"—

Here another black intelligibly enough made up by the speaker touching his own neck with his left forefinger, and leaning his head a little to one side.

"Cowardly scutif!" said Julian; "by Heaven! the whole world turns about naught—it is not worth a brave man's living in—ye may ride a day and night, and never see a feather move or hear a horse prance—the spirit of our fathers is dead except us—the very leeks are degenerated—the cattle we bring home at our little risk are more rascals—our hawks are rascals!—our

¹ In the blithely language of Scotland, as Lady Julian Bonsor terms it, hawks' talons are called their wings.

² So called when they only caught their prey by the feathers.

heads are corn-pips and tripe-tails—our men are women—and our women are!"

He looked at the details for the first time, and stopped short in the middle of what he was about to say, though there was something in contumacious in the glances, that the black night must have been thus filled up—"Our women are such as she is."

He said it not, however, and as if desirous of attracting his attention at all risks, and in whatever manner, she rose and came forward to him, but with a timorousness (disguised by affected gaiety)—"Our women, Julian—what would you say of the women?"

"Nothing," answered Julian Arundel, "at least nothing but that they are kind-hearted wenchies like thyself, Kate." The female coloured deeply, and returned to her seat—"And what strangers have thou brought with thee, Christie, that stand regular like two stone statues?" said the Baron.

"The taller," answered Christie, "is, as I please you, a young fellow called Hubert Glendinning, the eldest son of the old widow at Glendinning."

"What brings him here?" said the Baron; "bath he any message from Mary Arundel?"

"Not as I think," said Christie; "the youth is roving the country—he was always a wild chap, sir I have known him since he was the height of my arm."

"What qualities hath he?" said the Baron.

"All manner of qualities," answered his follower—"he can strike a buck, track a deer, fly a hawk, halter to a bound—he shoots in the long and crossbow to a hair's breadth—wields a lance or sword like myself nearly—he looks a horse manfully and fairly—I wot not what more a man need to do to make him a gallant companion."

"And who," said the Baron, "is the old miser? who steals beside him?"

"Some sort of a priest as I fancy—he says he is charged with letters to you."

"Did thou come forward," said the Baron, and as never had they approached him more neatly, than, struck by the fine form and strength displayed by Hubert Glendinning, he addressed him thus: "I am told, young Swindles, that you are

"Many, used to the scenes in which it often occurs in Spain, and which is indeed the natural import,—"twisted old men."

rounding the world to seek your fortune—if you will serve Julian Arval, you may find it without going farther."

"So please you," answered Glencoeing, "something has chanced to me that makes it better I should leave this land, and I am bound for Edinburgh."

"What!— thou hast struck some of the King's deer, I warrant—or lightened the meadows of Saint Mary's of some of their hearts—or thou hast taken a moonlight leap over the Border?"

"No, sir," said Halbert, "my case is entirely different."

"Then I warrant thee," said the Baron, "thou hast stabbed some brother churl in a fray about a wench—thou art a likely lad to wrangle in such a cause."

Ineffably disgusted at his tone and manner, Halbert Glencoeing remained silent, while the thought darted across his mind, what would Julian Arval have said, had he known the general, of which he spoke so lightly, had arisen on account of his own brother's daughter? "But be thy cause of flight what it will," said Julian, in confirmation, "dost thou think the law or its emissaries can follow thee into this island, or arrest thee under the standard of Arval?—Look at the depth of the lake, the strength of the walls, the length of the causeway—look at my men, and think if they are likely to see a comrade injured, or if I, their master, am a man to desert a faithful follower, in good or evil. I tell thee it shall be an eternal day of truce between thee and Justice, as they call it, from the instant thou hast put thy column into thy cap—thou shalt ride by the Warden's nose in thine wobbly pony an old market-woman, and never a eye which follows him shall dare to bay at thee!"

"I thank you for your offer, noble sir," replied Halbert, "but I must answer in brief, that I cannot profit by them—my fortune lead me elsewhere."

"Thou art a self-willed fool, for thy pains," said Julian, turning from him; and signaling Christie to approach, he whispered in his ear, "There is promise in that young fellow's looks, Christie, and we want men of brawn and sinews as compacted—thou thou hast brought to me of late are the more refuse of mankind, worthless scurvy wretches worth the arrow that ends them: this youngster is limbed like Saint George. Fly him with wine and wassail—let the wretched waver their maces about him like spiders—how understandest?" Christie gave a suspicious nod.

of intelligence, and still back to a respectful distance from his master.—“And thou, old man,” said the Baron, turning to the elder traveller, “hast thou been roaming the world after fortune too?—it seems not she has fallen into thy way.”

“So please you,” replied Warden, “I were perhaps more to be pitied than I am now, had I indeed met with that fortune, which, like others, I have sought in my greener days.”

“Nay, understand me, friend,” said the Baron; “if thou art satisfied with thy Bachelor gown and long staff, I also am well content thou shouldest be as poor and contemptible as is good for the health of the body and soul.—All I care to know of thee is, the cause which hath brought thee to thy master, where for news of thy kind comrade to settle. Thou art, I warrant thee, some ejected monk of a suppressed convent, paying in thine old days the price of the luxurious lifeless in which he spent his youth,—ay, or it may be some pilgrim with a budget of lies from Saint James of Compostella, or Our Lady of Loretto; or thou mayst be some parsoner with his budget of relics from Rome, forgiving sins at a penny a-dozen, and me to the tale.—Ay, I guess why I find thee in this boy’s company, and doubtless thou wouldest have such a stripping lad as he to carry the wallet, and relieve thy lay shoulder; but by the mass I will cross thy counting. I make my vow to sun and moon, I will not see a proper lad so mislead as to run the country with an old hag like Dianie and his brother.” “Away with thee!” he added, rising in wrath, and speaking so fast as to give no opportunity of answer, being probably determined to terrify the older guest into an abrupt flight.—“Accap with thee, with thy doctored meat, whip, and scoldop-shell, or, by the name of Awest, I will have them loose the hounds on thee.”

Warden waited with the greatest patience until Julian Awest, astounded that the threats and violence of his language made no impression on him, passed in a sort of wonder, and said in a less impudent tone, “Why the dead don’t they not answer me?”

“When you have done speaking,” said Warden, in the same unexpressed manner, “it will be full time to reply.”

* The *gauchisier*, or halting place, where accommodations and repose make the subject of an old French national poem. [The old poem of *Syntexis* and his brother, preserved in *Banbury’s Manuscript*, is included in the *Old French Popular Poetry*, 1870.]

"Say so, man, in the devil's name—but take heed—beg not here—were it but for the rind of cheese, the refuse of the mire, or a morsel that my dogs would turn from—neither a grain of meal, nor the thousandth part of a groat greet, will I give to any fidalgo lieuror of thy cast."

"It may be," answered Warthen, "that you would have less quarrel with my cast if you knew what it covers. I am neither a friar nor goodlance, and would be right glad to hear thy testimony against these foul dachivans of God's church, and usurpers of his rights over the Christian flock, were it given in Christian charity."

"And who or what art thou, then?" said Arundel, "that thou comest to this Border land, and art neither monk, nor soldier, nor broken man!"

"I am an humble teacher of the Holy Word," answered Warthen. "This letter from a most noble person will speak why I am here at this present time."

He delivered the letter to the Baron, who regarded the seal with some surprise, and then looked on the letter itself, which seemed to excite still more. He then fixed his eyes on the stranger, and said, in a measured tone, "I think thou dost not betray me or deceive me!"

"I am not the man to attempt either," was the concise reply.

Jillian Arundel carried the letter to the window, where he perused, or at least attempted to peruse it more than once, often looking from the paper and gazing on the stranger who had delivered it, as if he meant to read the purport of the inclosure in the face of the messenger. Jillian at length called to the female,—"Catherine, better this, and fetch me presently that letter which I bade thee keep ready at hand in thy cabinet, having no more lockable place of my own."

Catherine went with the readiness of one willing to be employed; and as she walked, the situation which requires a wider gown and a larger girdle, and in which woman shuns from time a double portion of the most anxious care, was still more visible than before. She soon returned with the paper, and was rewarded with a cold—"I thank thee, wench; thou art a useful secretary."

This second paper he also perused and reperused more than once, and still, as he read it, lost from time to time a wry and

clearest eye upon Henry Warden. This examination and re-examination, though both the time and the place were dangerous, the preacher endured with the most composed and steady countenance, viewing, under the eagle, or rather the valiant eye of the bœuf, as unshamed as under the gaze of an ordinary and peaceful peasant. At length Julian Arundel folded both papers, and having put them into the pocket of his cloak, cleared his voice, and, coming forward, addressed his female companion. "Catherine," said he, "I have done this good man injustice, when I mistook him for one of the druids of Rome. He is a preacher, Catherine—a preacher of the—the new doctrine of the Lord of the Congregation."

"The doctrine of the blessed Scriptures," said the preacher, "purified from the devices of men."

"Sayest thou?" said Julian Arundel—"Well, thou mayest call it what thou list; but to me it is recommended, because it flings off all those foolish dreams about saints and angels and devils, and unshameable fancies that have troubled us so long, and spangled us so hand. No more masses and corpus-gifts—no more tithes and offerings to make men poor—no more processions or parades to make men proud—no more christenings and funerals, and marriages and burials."

"So please you," said Henry Warden, "it is against the conceptions, not against the fundamental doctrines, of the church, which we desire to conserve, and not to abolish."

"Pray thee, peace, man," said the Baron; "we of the holy see not what you set up, so you pull manfully down what stands in our way. Specially it suits well with us of the floodland folk; for it is our profession to turn the world upside down, and we live over the blithest life when the drowsier side is uppermost."

Warden would have replied; but the Baron allowed him not time, striking the table with the hilt of his dagger, and crying out,—"Ha! you littering knaves, bring our supper-meat quickly. See you not this holy man is exhausted for lack of food? hasted ye ever of priest or popular that deserved not his five meals a-day?"

The attendants hastened to and fro, and speedily brought in several large smoking platters filled with huge pieces of beef, boiled, and roasted, but without any variety whatsoever; without vegetables, and almost without bread, though there were

at the upper end a few red-cherries in a basket. Julian Avesel made a sort of apology to Warden.

"You have been commanded to our use, Sir Preacher, since that is your style, by a person whom we highly honour."

"I am assured," said Warden, "that the most noble Lord"—

"Prifhes, prou, now," said Avesel; "what need of passing names, so we understand each other? I meant but to speak in reference to your safety and comfort, of which he desires me to be always. Now, for your safety, look at my walls and windows. But touching your comfort, we have no care of our own, and the misadventures of the south are less easily transported than their horses, seeing they have no legs to walk upon. But what though! a stoup of wine thou shalt have, and of the best—then shall all herevert Catherine and me at the board-end.—And, Christie, do thou look to the young springid, and call to the collar for a dragon of the best."

The Doctor took his wanted place at the upper end of the board; his Catherine sat down, and courteously pointed to a seat between them for their revered guest. But, notwithstanding the influence both of hunger and fatigue, Henry Warden retained his standing posture.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

*When lovely women sleep in beauty,
And little is said that men today—*

* * * * *
Venus or Vulcanus.

JULIAN AVESEL saw with surprise the demeanour of the recovered stranger. "Beeswax art," he said, "those new-fangled religions have fast-days, I warrant me—the old ones used to confer those blessings chiefly on the hasty."

"We acknowledge no such rule," said the preacher.—"We hold that our faith consists not in eating or abstaining from special meats on special days; and in fasting we rend our hearts, and not our garments."

"The better—the better for powdered, and the worse for

Tom Toller," said the Baron; "but now, sit down, sir, if there needs must you give us a rest of thy office, minister thy church."

"Sir Baron," said the parson, "I am in a strange land, where neither my office nor my doctrine are known, and where, it would seem, both are greatly misinterpreted. It is my duty as to bear me, that in my person, however unworthy, my Master's dignity may be respected, and that all may take no confidence from relaxation of the bonds of discipline."

"No, no! hold there," said the Baron; "thou wentest hither for thy safety, but not, I think, to preach to me, or control me. What is it thou wouldst have, Sir Preacher? Remember thou speakest to one somewhat short of patience, who loves a short health and a long draught."

"In a word, then," said Harry Warden, "that lady!"—

"How?" said the Baron, starting—"what of her?—what hast thou to say of that dame?"

"Is she thy house-dame?" said the parson, after a moment's pause, in which he seemed to seek for the best mode of expressing what he had to say—"In the, in brief, thy wife?"

The unfortunate young woman pressed both her hands on her face, as if to hide it, but the deep black which crimsoned her brows and neck, showed that her cheeks were also glowing; and the bursting tears, which found their way between her slender fingers, bore witness to her sorrow, as well as to her shame.

"Now, by my father's sides!" said the Baron, rising and spurning from him his footstool with such violence, that it hit the wall on the opposite side of the apartment—then instantly controlling himself, he muttered, "What need to run myself into trouble for a thief's wif!"—then raising his head, he answered coldly and scornfully—"No, Sir Priest or Sir Preacher, Catherine is not my wife—Catherine the whispering, thin, foolish wench—she is not my wife—but she is fascinated with me, and that makes her as honest a woman."

"Fascinated!" repeated Warden.

"Knowest thou not that rite, holy man?" said Arundel, in the same tone of derision; "then I will tell thee. We Bordermen are more wary than your inland clowns of Fife and Lothian—so jump in the dark for us—so clasping the fitter around our wrists till we know how they will meet with us—we take our wives, like our horses, upon trial. When we are handfasted,

as we have it, we are man and wife for a year and day ; that space gone by, each may choose another mate, or, at their pleasure, may call the priest to marry them for life—and this we call *bastardizing*.¹¹

"Then," said the preacher, "I tell thee, noble Baron, in brotherly love to thy soul, it is a custom heathen, gross, and corrupted, and, if persisted in, dangerous, yes, diabolical. It leads thee to the fiender being while she is the object of desire—it relieves thee when she is most the subject of pity—it gives all to sensual uses, and nothing to generous and gentle affection. I say to thee, that he who can meditate the breach of such an engagement, abandoning the beloved woman and the helpless offspring, is worse than the birds of prey; for of them the males remain with their mates until the nestlings can take wing. Above all, I say it is contrary to the pure Christian doctrine, which assigns women to man as the partner of his labour, the mother of his evil, his helpmate in peril, his friend in affliction ; not as the toy of his lower hours, or as a flower, which, once dropped, he may throw aside at pleasure."

"Now, by the Soltis, a most vicious hooly!" said the Baron ; "quaintly conceived and curiously pronounced, and to a well-thought congregation. Hark ye, Sir Chapeler ! trow ye to have a fool in hand ! Know I not that your son rose by thaff Harry Tudor, merely because ye aided him to change his Kate ! and wherefore should I not use the same Christian liberty with *mine* ? Tush, man ! blow the good fife, and recollect not with what concernes thou art—thou hast no gull in *Julius Caesar*."

"He hath galled and cheated himself," said the preacher, "should be even inclin to do that poor share of his domestic care the imperfect justice that remains to him. Can he now raise her to the rank of a pure and uncontaminated matron?—Can he deprive his child of the misery of owing birth to a mother who has err'd? He can indeed give them both the rank, the state of married wife and of lawful son ; but, in public opinion, their names will be embalmed, and called with a stink

¹¹ This custom of *bastardizing* actually prevailed in the spinal days. It arose partly from the want of priests. While the ecclesiastic ministered, monks were scattered in regular missions through the wider districts, to marry those who had lived in this species of concubinage. A practice of the same kind existed in the Isle of Portland.

which his lady's efforts cannot entirely efface. Yet render it to them, Baron of Arundel, render to them this late and imperfect justice. But we bind you together for ever, and condann the day of your herald, not with flogging or wassail, but with amiss for past sins, and the condition to commence a better life. Happy then will bane the chance bane that has drawn me to this castle, though I come driven by calamity, and unknowing where my course is bound, like a leaf travelling on the north wind."

The plain, and even coarse features, of the mealy speaker, were warmed at once and excited by the dignity of his oration; and the wild Baron, laudless as he was, and accustomed to spurn at the control whether of religion or moral law, felt, for the first time perhaps in his life, that he was under subjection to a mind superior to his own. He sat mute and suspended in his definitions, hesitating between anger and shame, yet borne down by the weight of the just rebuke thus boldly intimated against him.

The unfortunate young woman, receiving hopes from her tyrant's silence and apparent indecision, forgot both her fear and shame in her timid expectation that Arundel would relent; and fixing upon him her anxious and beseeching eyes, gradually drew near and nearer to his seat, till at length, laying a trembling hand on his cloak, she ventured to exclaim, "O noble Julius, return to the good man!"

The speech and the emotion were ill-timed, and wrought on that proud and wayward spirit the reverse of her wishes.

The fierce Baron started up in a fury, exclaiming, "What! thou foolish wench, art thou confederate with this strolling vagabond, whom thou hast seen board me in my own hall? Know with thee, and think that I am good both to male and female hypocrites!"

The poor girl started back, astounded at his voice of thunder and looks of fury, and, turning pale as death, endeavoured to shun his ardour, and hurried towards the door. Her looks failed in the attempt, and she fell on the stone floor in a manner which her situation might have rendered fatal.—The blood gushed from her face.—Haltor Glendinning looked not a sight so livid, but, uttering a deep impression, started from his seat, and laid his hand on his sword, under the strong impulse of passing it through the body of the cruel and hard-

hearted reflex. But Christie of the Clinkhill, guessing his intention, threw his arms around him, and prevented him from stirring to execute his purpose.

The impulse to such an act of violence was indeed but momentary, as it instantly appeared that Arundel himself, shocked at the effects of his violence, was lifting up and endeavoring to soothe in his own way the terrified Catherine.

"Peace," he said, "prisoner, peace, thou silly creation—why, Kate, though I hating not to this trumpery preacher, I did not what might happen an' then dost best me a stout log. There—there—dry thy tears—all thy wants.—So ho ho—where be these gypsies?—Christie—Bosley—Hatherton—drag them hither by the hair of the head!"

A half-dozen of stolid wild-looking females rushed into the room, and bore out her who might be either turned their mistress or their companion. She showed little sign of life, except by groaning faintly and keeping her hand on her side.

No sooner had this hideous female been conveyed from the apartment, than the Baron, advancing to the table, filled and drank a deep goblet of wine; then, putting an obvious restraint on his passions, turned to the preacher, who stood irresolute at the scene he had witnessed, and said, "You have been too hard on us, Sir Preacher—but coming with the consideration which you have brought me, I doubt not but your meaning was good. But we are a wilder folk than you judged men of Fife and Lothian. Be advised, therefore, by me—Spar not an unbroken bone—get not your ploughshares too deep into new land—Preach in a spiritual liberty, and we will hearken to you—but we will give no way to spiritual bondage.—So, therefore, down, and plough me in old neck, and we will talk over other matters."

"It is from spiritual bondage," said the preacher, in the same tone of abjectivity regret, "that I came to deliver you—it is from a bondage more fearful than that of the heaviest earthly gyves—it is from your own evil passions."

"Sit down," said Arundel, firmly; "sit down while the play is good—else by my father's sword and my mother's honor!"

"Now," whispered Christie of the Clinkhill to Halbert, "if he refuses to sit down, I would not give a good grain for his head."

"Lord Baron," said Warden, "thou hast placed me in extre-

ivity. But if the question be, whether I am to lose the light which I am commanded to show forth, or to lose the light of this world, my choice is made. I say to thee, like the Holy Baptist to Herod, it is not lawful for thee to have this woman; and I say it though lands and death be the consequences, counting my life as nothing in comparison of the relativity to which I am called."

Julian Arundel, enraged at the firmness of this reply, flung from his right hand the cup in which he was about to drink to his guest, and from the other cast off the kerchief, which flew wildly through the apartment. His first intent was to lay hand upon his dagger. But, changing his resolution, he exclaimed, "To the dungeon with this impudent scold!—I will hear no man speak a word for him.—Look to the future, Christie, thou fool—an abominable, I will despatch you after her every man—along with that hypocritical dramer—drag him hence if he resist!"

He was stayed in both points. Clifton, of the Glastonbury arrested the knave's flight, by putting his foot on her bosom, and so holding her fast, while Henry Warner was let off, without having shown the slightest symptoms of terror, by two of the Baron's satellites. Julian Arundel walked the apartment for a short time in silent silence, and despatching one of his attendants with a whispered message, which probably related to the health of the unfortunate Catherine, he said aloud, "These rash and meddling priests—By Heaven! they make us worse than we would be without them."

The master which he presently received assumed somewhat to pacify his angry master, and he took his place at the board, commanding his retainer to do the like. All sat down in silence, and began the repast.

During the meal Christie in vain attempted to engage his youthful companion in converse, or, at least, in conversation. Halbert Glastonbury plodded fatigued, and expressed himself unwilling to take any larger morsel than the leather ale, which was at that time frequently used at meals. Thus every effort at jocularity died away, until the Baron, striking his hand against the table, as if impatient of the long unbroken silence, cried out aloud, "What ha' my master—am ye Puritanists, and sit as mince over your meal as a mass of monks and

* Note II. Julian Arundel.

Hear !—Beats not sing, if no man has to speak. Men often withdraw either health or manly courage of digestion.—Look,” he added, speaking to one of the youngest of his followers, “you are ready enough to sing when no one bids you.”

The young man looked first at his master, then up to the arched roof of the hall, then drewl off the horn of ale, or wine, which stood beside him, and with a rough, yet not unmelodious voice, sang the following dirty to the ancient air of “The Bonnets over the Border.”

I.

March, march, British and Scotchmen,
Why the devil comes ye marching forward to battle ?
March, march, British and Scotchmen,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread,
Flew before your head,
Many a steel that is famous in story ;
Mount and make ready then,
None of the mountain gies,
Fight for the Queen and the old Scotchmen play !

II.

Come from the hills where the bracken are greater,
Come from the glen of the brack and the wye ;
Come to the song where the bonnie is blawing,
Come with the boulder, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
Warhorns are sounding,
Stand to your arms then, and march in good order ;
England shall march a day
Till of the Bloody Bay,
When the Blue Bonnets come over the Border !

The song, rude as it was, had in it that warlike character which at any other time would have roused Halbert's spirit; but at present the charm of melancholy had no effect upon him. He cast it his request to Christie to suffer him to retire to rest, a request with which that worthy person, seeing no chance of making a favourable impression on his intended proselyte in his present language, was at length pleased to comply. But no Sergeant Kite, who ever practised the profession of recruiting, was more attentive than his object should not stamp him, than was Christie of the Glasshill. He indeed undid Halbert

[A spirited ballad in the same strain, called “Bonny Ladie’s March to Inverness-shire,” is printed in older Bannatyne’s *Ælfric’s Lives*, and other collections.]

Glauchus in a small apartment overlooking the lake, which was accommodated with a trunks bed. But before quitting him, Christie took special care to give a look to the bars which crossed the outside of the window, and when he left the apartment, he failed not to give the key a double turn; circumstances which convinced young Glauchus that there was no intention of suffering him to depart from the Castle of Arundel at his own time and pleasure. He judged it, however, most prudent to let those alarming questions pass without observation.

No sooner did he find himself in undisturbed solitude, than he ran rapidly over the events of the day in his recollection, and to his surprise found that his own passionate fits, and even the death of Picote Shaftron, made less impression on him than the singularly bold and determined conduct of his companion, Henry Warner. Providence, which wields its instruments in the end they are to achieve, had avenged in the name of Reformation in Scotland, a body of preachers of more energy than refinement, bold in spirit, and strong in faith, courageous of whatever stood between them and their principal object, and seeking the advancement of the great cause in which they laboured by the roughest road, provided it were the shortest. The soft breeze may move the willow, but it requires the voice of the tempest to agitate the boughs of the oak; and, accordingly, to rabbler houses, and in a less rude age, their messages would have been ill adapted, but they were singularly successful in their mission to the rude people to whom it was addressed.

Owing to these reasons, Hubert Glauchus, who had resisted and repudiated the arguments of the preacher, was finally struck by the force of his denunciation in the dispute with Julian Arundel. It might be disconcerting, and most certainly it was invincitable, to choose such a place and such an audience, for upholding with his transgressions a heretic, whom both manners and situation placed in full possession of independent power. But the conduct of the preacher was unapproachable, firm, manly, and obviously grounded upon the deepest conviction which duty and principle could afford; and Glauchus, who had viewed the conduct of Arundel with the deepest abhorrence, was proportionately interested in the brave old man, who had renounced life rather than withhold the cause due to truth. This pitch of virtue seemed to him to be in religion

what was demanded by chivalry of her votaries in war; an absolute surrender of all selfish feelings, and a combination of every energy proper to the human mind, to discharge the task which duty demanded.

Halbert was at the period when youth is most open to generous emotions, and knows best how to appreciate them in others, and he felt, although he hardly knew why, that, whether catholic or heretic, the safety of this man deeply interested him. Curiosity mingled with the feeling, and led him to wonder what the nature of those doctrines could be, which stole their votary so completely from himself, and devoted him to death or to death as their ever champion. He had indeed been told of saints and martyrs of former days, who had braved for their religious faith the extremity of death and torture. But their spirit of enthusiastic devotion had long slept in the ease and indolent habits of their successors, and their adventures, like those of knight-errant, were rather read for amusement than for edification. A new impulse had been necessary to rekindle the embers of religious zeal, and that impulse was now spending its favour of a pure religion, with one of whose stoutest votaries the youth had now met for the first time.

The sense that he himself was a prisoner, under the power of this savage chieftain, by no means diminished Halbert's interest in the fate of his fellow-sufferer, while he determined at the same time as far to analyze his hereticism, that neither threats nor suffering should compel him to enter into the service of such a master. The possibility of escape next occurred to him, and though with little hope of effecting it in that way, Glendinning proceeded to examine more particularly the window of the apartment. The apartment was situated in the first story of the castle, and was not as far from the rock on which it was founded, but that an active and bold man might, with little assistance, descend to a shelf of the rock which was immediately below the window, and from thence either leap or drop himself down into the lake which lay before his eye, clear and blue in the pied light of a full summer's moon.—"Were I once placed on that ledge," thought Glendinning, "Julian Aventur and Christie had seen the last of me." The size of the window favored such an attempt, but the shackles or iron bars seemed to form an insurmountable obstacle.

While Halbert Glendinning gazed from the window with

that expression of hope which was prompted by the energy of his character and his determination not to yield to circumstances, his ear caught some sounds from below, and listening with more attention, he could distinguish the voice of the preacher engaged in his solitary devotions. To open a correspondence with him became immediately his object, and failing to do so by less marked sounds, he at length ventured to speak and was answered from beneath—"Is it thou, my son?" The voice of the priest now sounded more distinctly than when it was first heard, for Warles had approached the small aperture, which, serving his purpose for a window, opened just between the wall and the rock, and admitted a scanty portion of light through a wall of immense thickness. This crevice being placed exactly under Halbert's window, the contiguous position the prisoners to converse in a low tone, when Halbert declared his intention to escape, and the possibility he saw of achieving his purpose, but for the iron fastenings of the window—"From thy strength, my son, in the name of God!" said the preacher. Halbert clung him more in despair than hope, but to his great astonishment, and unfeigned to his terror, the bar parted suddenly near the bottom, and the longer part being easily bent outwards, and not secured with lead in the upper socket, dropped out into Halbert's hand. He immediately whispered, but as energetically as a whisper could be expressed—"Be Heaven, the bar has given way in my hand!"

"Thank Heaven, my son, instead of exerting by it," answered Warles from his dungeon.

With little effort Halbert disengaging himself through the opening thus wonderfully effected, and using his leather sword-hilt as a rope to assist him, let himself suddenly drop on the shelf of rock upon which the preacher's window opened. But through this no passage could be effected, being scarce larger than a loophole for musketry, and apparently constructed for that purpose.

"Are there no means by which I can assist your escape, my father?" said Halbert.

"There are none, my son," answered the preacher; "but if thou will ensure my safety, that may be in thy power."

"I will labour earnestly for it," said the youth.

"Take then a letter which I will presently write, for I have the means of light and writing materials in my strip—Haston,

towards Edinburgh, and on the way thou wilt meet a body of horse marching southwards—Give this to their leader, and acquaint him of the state in which thou hast left me. It may be that thy doing so will advantage thyself."

In a minute or two the light of a taper glimmered through the shut-holes, and very shortly after, the peacock, with the assistance of his staff, pushed a billet to Gladfasting through the window.

"God bless thee, my son," said the old man, "and complete the marvellous work which he has begun."

"Amos!" answered Halbert, with admiring, and protracted on his enterprise.

He hesitated a moment whether he should attempt to descend to the edge of the water; but the steepness of the rock, and darkness of the night, rendered the enterprise too dangerous. He clapped his hands above his head, and boldly sprang from the precipice, shooting himself forward into the air as far as he could the fear of sudden rocks, and alighted on the lake, head foremost, with such force as sank him for a minute below the surface. But strong, long-breathed, and accustomed to such exercises, Halbert, even though encumbered with his sword, drew and rose like a sea-fowl, and swam across the lake in the northern direction. When he landed and looked back on the castle, he could observe that the alarm had been given, for lights gleamed from window to window, and he heard the drawbridge lowered, and the tread of horses' feet upon the causeway. But, little alarmed for the consequences of a pursuit during the darkness, he waded the water free, his dress, and, plunging into the mire, directed his course to the north-east by the assistance of the polar star.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

Why, what an impudent impound is this!
I think you all have drunk of God's nay.
If here you brought him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so nobly.

CANTERBURY TALES.

Two scenes of our story, leaving for the present Halbert Gladfasting to the guidance of his courage and his fortune,

science in the Tower of Glendine, where masters in the meanwhile fell out with which it is most fitting that the reader should be acquainted.

The meal was prepared of acorn-meal with all the care which Elspeth and Tibb, assisted by the various accommodations which had been supplied from the Monastery, could bestow on it. Their dialogue ran on as usual in the intervals of their labour, partly as between master and servant, partly as maintained by persons of nearly equal quality.

"Look to the raised trout, Tibb," said Elspeth; "and turn the branch over, thou good-for-nothing Simach,—thy wife are carrying birds' nests, child.—Well, Tibb, this is a fakusse job, this Sir Pierce lying blearie with us up here, and who know the how long?"

"A fakusse job indeed," answered her diffidit attendant, "and little good did the name ever bring to fair Scotland. Ye may have poor hands full of them than they are yet. Many a wiry boar have the Pierces given to Hoste wife and haim with their prickling on the Tuson. There was Skotape and many more of that bloody kindred, have sat in our shirts since Malcolm's time, as Martin says!"

"Martin should keep a well-scriupt tongue in his head," said Elspeth, "and not slander the kin of any body that quarters at Glendine; forby, that Sir Pierce Shafton is much respected with the holy fathers of the community, and they will make up to us any fakusse that we may have with him, either by good word or good deed, Far warrant them. He is a considerate lord the Lord Abbot."

"And wot he like a salt meat to his hinder end," said Tibb; "I have seen a boiled boar sit on a bare bench, and find me flesh. But as ye are pleased, mistress, I am pleased."

"Now, in good time, here comes Myrie of the MEL,—and where has ye been, lass, for ye gane wrong without you?" said Elspeth.

"I just givell a kick up the kates," said Myrie, "for the young lady has been down on her bed, and is no jist that wot—So I givell a gift up the barn."

"To see the young lads come home firs the sport, I will warrant you," said Elspeth. "Ay, ay, Tibb, that's the way the young folk giddie us, Tibbie—Leave us to do the work, and not to the play themselves."

"Never a bit of that, mistress," said the Maid of the Mill, stripping her round pretty arms, and looking actively and good-humouredly round, for some duty that she could discharge, "but just—I thought ye might like to know if they were coming back, just to get the dinner forward."

"And now no sight of them then?" demanded Elspeth.

"Not the less tokening," said Myrle, "though I got to the head of a knome, and though the English knight's beautiful white feather could have been seen over all the braes in the Shaws."

"The knight's white feather?" said Dame Glantining; "ye are a silly bamp—my Hubert's high head will be soon further than his feather, let it be as white as it like, I trow."

Myrle made no answer, but began to knock dough for wortel-bake with all despatch, observing that Sir Florrie had partaken of that dainty, and committed it upon the preceding day. And presently, in order to place on the fire the plack, or iron plate on which these cakes were to be baked, she displayed a stow-pen in which some of Tibb's delicacies were submitted to the action of the kitchen fire. Tibb muttered between her teeth—"And it is the looth for my sick bairn, that manna make room for the dainty Bonkirk's wortel-bread. It was a bitha time in Wight Wallace's day, or good King Hubert's, when the pease-puddings got naething here but hard strokes and bloody crowns, but we will see how it will stand."

Elspeth did not think it proper to notice these discontented expressions of Tibb, but they sank into her mind; for she was apt to consider her as a sort of authority in matters of war and policy, with which her former experience as house-woman at Avenel Castle made her better acquainted than were the peasant inhabitants of the Haldanes. She only spoke, however, to express her surprise that the bairns did not return.

"An they come not back the sooner," said Tibb, "they will farr the wear, for the meat will be roasting to a枕elor—and there is poor Skirmale that can turn the spit no longer: the bairn is rattling like an icicle in warm water—Gang awa, bairn, and take a mouthful of the cailler air, and I will turn the branch till ye come back."

"Run up to the bartizan at the tower-head, callant," said Dame Glantining, "the air will be callower than that moy

gate also, and 'tisn't us we'd if we! Halbert and the gentlemen are coming down the glen."

The boy lagged long enough to allow his substitute, Tim Tuckit, heartily to tip up his own generosity, and of his cricket-skirt by the side of a huge fire. He at length returned with the news that he had seen nobody.

The master was not squeamish as far as Halbert Glendinning was concerned, for, patient alike of want and of fatigue, it was no uncommon circumstance for him to remain in the walls till curfew time. But nobody had given Sir Pieris Shaftron credit for being as keen a sportsman, and the idea of an Englishman preferring the chase to his chores was altogether inconsistent with their preconception of the national character. Amidst wondering and conjecturing, the usual chaise-horse passed long away; and the inmates of the tower, taking a hasty meal themselves, adjourned their more solemn preparations until the horses' return at night, since it seemed now certain that their sport had either carried them to a greater distance, or engaged them for a longer time than had been expected.

About four hours after noon arrived, not the reported sportsmen, but an unlooked-for visitor, the Sub-Prior from the Monastery. The scenes of the preceding day had stuck on the mind of Father Eastace, who was of that keen and penetrating cast of mind which loves not to leave unascertained whatever of mysterious is subjected to its scrutiny. His kindness was interested in the family of Glendinning, which he had now known for a long time; and besides, the community was interested in the preservation of the peace between Sir Pieris Shaftron and his pastoral host, since whatever might draw public attention on the former, could not fail to be prejudicial to the Monastery, which was already threatened by the hand of power. He found the family assembled all but Mary Arundel, and was informed that Halbert Glendinning had accompanied the stranger on a day's sport. So far was well. They had not returned; but when did youth and sport amuse themselves bound by no laws? and the circumstance excited no alarm in his mind.

While he was conversing with Edward Glendinning touching his progress in the studies he had pointed out to him, they were startled by a shriek from Mary Arundel's apartment, which drew the whole family thither in hastening haste. They found her

in a swoon in the arms of old Martin, who was bitterly scorning himself of having killed her; as indeed it seemed, for her pale features and closed eyes argued rather a dead corpse than a living person. The whole family were instantly in tumult. Shutting her from Martin's arms with the eagerness of affectionate terror, Edward bade her to the casement, that she might realize the influence of the open air; the Sub-Priest, who, like many of his profession, had some knowledge of medicine, hastened to prescribe the rectifying remedies which occurred to him, and the terrified females hastened with red impelled each other, in their rival efforts to be useful.

"It has been one of her weary ghosts," said Dame Glendinning.

"It's just a trembling on her spirits, as her blessed mother used to have," said Tibb.

"It's some ill news has come over her," said the miller's maid; while burnt feathers, cold water, and all the usual means of restoring suspended animation, were employed alternately, and with little effect.

At length a new assistant, who had joined the group uninvited, tendered his aid in the following terms:—"How is this, my most fair Discretion! What name hath named the ruby current of life to rush back to the citadel of the heart, bearing pale those features in which it should have delighted to wander for ever?—Let me approach her," he said, "with this sovereign essence, distilled by the fair hands of the divine Ursula, and powerful to recall fugitive life, even if it were trembling on the verge of despatch."

Thus speaking, Sir Francis Shattoe knelt down, and most gracefully presented to the nostrils of Mary Arvel a silver posset-box, exquisitely shaped, containing a sponge dipped in the essence which he recommended so highly. Yes, gentle reader, it was Sir Francis Shattoe himself who thus unexpectedly profaned his good offices! his cheeks, indeed, very pale, and some part of his dress stained with blood, but not otherwise appearing different from what he was on the preceding evening. But no sooner had Mary Arvel opened her eyes, and fixed them on the figure of the officious courtier, than she screamed shrilly, and exclaimed,—"Save the marlions!"

These present stood agape with astonishment, and more mute so than the Englishman, who found himself so suddenly and

so strangely accosted by the patient whom he was endeavoring to succour, and who repelled his attempts to yield her assistance with all the energy of abhorrence.

"Take him away!" she exclaimed—"take away the murderer!"

"Now, by my knighthood," answered Sir Pieris, "your lovely features either of mind or body are, O my most fair Discretion, obviated by some strange hallucination. For either your eyes do not discern that it is Pieris Shafles, your most devoted Affection, who now stands before you, or else, your eyes discerning truly, your mind hath most unmercifully concluded that he hath been guilty of some delict or violence to which his hand is a stranger. No murmur, O most merciful Discretion, hath been this day done, saving but that which your angry glances are now preferring on your most devoted captive."

He was here interrupted by the Sub-Prior, who had, in the meantime, been speaking with Martin apart, and had received from him an account of the circumstances, which, suddenly communicated to Mary Arundel, had thrown her into this state. "Sir Knight," said the Sub-Prior, in a very solemn tone, yet with some hesitation, "circumstances have been communicated to us of a nature so extraordinary, that, robust as I am to exercise such authority over a guest of our venerable community, I am constrained to request from you an explanation of them. You left this tower early in the morning, accompanied by a youth, Hubert Glendinning, the eldest son of this good dame, and you return hither without him. Where, and at what hour, did you part company from him?"

The English knight paused for a moment, and then replied, "I learned that your reverence employs me, gave a kiss to suffice as light a question. I parted with the village where you call Hubert Glendinning some hour or twain after sunrise."

"And at what place, I pray you?" said the monk.

"In a deep ravine, where a fountain rises at the base of a huge rock; an earth-born Titan, which heareth up its grey head, even as"—

"Spare no further description," said the Sub-Prior; "we know the spot. But that youth hath not since been heard of, and it will fall on you to account for him."

"My bairn, I my bairn!" exclaimed Dame Glendinning. "You, bairn father, make the willkin answer for my bairn!"

"I swear, good woman, by bread and by water, which are the props of our life!"

"Swear by wife and wedded-bread, for these are the props of my life, thou greedy bairnman!" said Dame Glendinning;—"I have bairn-god, to whom here to set the best, and practices on our bairn that givit him to him!"

"I tell thee, woman," said Sir Francis Shafton, "I did but go with thy son to the hunting."

"A black hunting! It has been to him, poor bairn," replied Dame; "and me I said, it wad prove sicker if they saw the bairn shaftonment of them. Little good comes of a Piers's hunting, from Cherry Chase till now."

"He affer, woman," said the Sub-Prior, "and all' not upon the English knight; we do not yet know of anything beyond suspicion."

"We will have his bairn's blood!" said Dame Glendinning; and, surrounded by the soldiers of the abbey, she made such a sudden onslaught on the unhappy Edward, so much her terminology in something severe, had not the monk, aided by Miles Flapier, interposed to protect him from their fury. Edward had left the apartment the instant the disturbance broke out, and now entered, sword in hand, followed by Martin and Jasper, the one having a hunting-spear in his hand, the other a sword.

"Keep the door," he said to his two attendants; "shoot him or stab him without mercy, should he attempt to break death; if he offers an escape, by Heaven he shall die!"

"How now, Edward," said the Sub-Prior; "how is this that you as the fangt yourself? maltreating violence to a guest, and in my presence, who represent your bairn lord?"

Edward stepped forward with his drawn sword in his hand. "Pardon me, reverend father," he said, "but in this matter the voice of nature speaks louder and stronger than yours. I took my swerdle point against this proud man, and I demand of him the blood of my brother—the blood of my father's son—and the bairn of our state! If he dares to give me a true account of him, he shall not depay me vengeance."

Embarrassed as he was, Sir Francis Shafton showed no personal fear. "Put up thy sword," he said, "young man; not in the same day does Francis Shafton march with two peasants."

"Hear him! he confesses the deed, holy father," said Edward.

"Be patient, my son," said the Sub-Prior, endeavouring to soothe the feelings which he could not otherwise control, "be patient—then will attain the ends of justice better through my means than thine own violence—and you, women, be silent—Tibbs, remove your sisters and Mary Avesel."

While Tibbs, with the assistance of the other females of the household, bore the poor mother and Mary Avesel into separate apartments, and while Edward, still keeping his sword in his hand, hastily traversed the room, as if to prevent the possibility of Sir Francis Shaafer's escape, the Sub-Prior initiated upon hearing from the perplexed knight the particulars which he knew respecting Ralfe Glendinning. His situation became extremely embarrassing, for what he might with safety have told of the loss of their cousin was so according to his pride, that he could not bring himself to enter into the detail; and of Haller's actual fate, he knew, as the reader is well aware, absolutely nothing.

The father in the meanwhile passed him with remonstrance, and prayed him to observe, he would greatly prejudice himself by deciding to give a full account of the transactions of the day. "You cannot deny," he said, "that yesterday you caused to take the most violent offence at this unfortunate youth; and that you suppressed your resentment so suddenly as to impress us all with surprise. Last night you proposed to him this day's hunting party, and you set out together by break of day. You parted, you said, at the fountain near the rock, about an hour or twain after sunrise, and it appears that before you parted you had been at strife together."

"I could not do," replied the knight. "Here is a roll, indeed, about the absence of a certain bondman, who, I dare say, hath gone off (if he be gone) to join the pack usually based at Gloucester! We ask me, a knight of the Plaintiff's lineage, to account for such an insignificant fugitive, and I answer,—let me know the price of his head, and I will pay it to your contentment."

"You think, then, that you have slain my brother?" said Edward, interposing once more; "I will presently show you at what price we Scots rate the lives of our friends."

"Peace, Edward, peace—I entreat—I command thee," said

the Sub-Prior. " And you, Sir Knight, think better of us than to suppose you may spend Scottish blood, and risk the life of a wise spirit in a drunken revel. This youth was not headstrong—then well known, that in this own land thou hadst not dared to lift thy sword against the innocent subjects of England, but her laws would have called thee to answer for the deed. Do not hope it will be otherwise here, for you will but deserve yourself."

" You drive me beyond my patience," said the Englishman, " even as the over-driven ox is urged into madness !—What can I tell you of a young fellow whom I have not seen since the second hour after sunrise ?"

" But can you explain in what circumstances you parted with him ?" said the monk.

" What are the circumstances, in the doctor's name, which you desire should be explained ?—for although I protest against this constraint as alike unworthy and insupportable, yet would I willingly end this day, provided that by words it may be ended," said the knight.

" If these end it not," said Edward, " none shall, and that full speedily."

" Peace, impudent boy !" said the Sub-Prior ; " and do you, Sir Piers de Blaize, unparent me why the ground is Bloody by the ways of the fountain in Corinnes-shire, where, as you say yourself, you parted from Halbert Glendinning ?"

Blaize set to argue his dozen if possibly he could avoid it, the knight answered in a hasty tone, that he supposed it was no unusual thing to find the turf Bloody where brawlers had slain a dozen.

" And did you bury your man as well as kill him ?" said the monk. " If so much know from you who is the tenant of that grave, that newly-made grave, beside the very fountain whose margin is so deeply crimsoned with blood ?—then must thou eat hot coals me ; therefore be impudent, and tell me the fate of this unhappy youth, whose body is doubtless lying under that Bloody turf."

" If it be," said Sir Piers, " they must have buried him alive ; for I swear to thee, reverend father, that this youth journeyed parted from me in perfect health. Let the grave be searched, and if his body be found, then deal with me as you see fit."

"It is not my sphere to determine thy fate, Sir Knight, but that of the Lord Abbot, and the right reverend Chapter. It is but my duty to collect such information as may best promote their wisdom with the matters which have occurred."

"Might I presume so far, reverend father?" said the knight, "I should wish to know the names and ordines of all these suspicious, so unfeignedly exiled against me?"

"It is now told," said the Sub-Prior; "nor do I wish to disguise it, if it can avail me in your defense. This master, Mary Arundel, apprehending that you nourished malice against her brother under a friendly brow, did advisedly send up the old man, Martin Tasteb, to follow your footsteps and to prevent retribution. But it seems that your evil passions had恶毒 possession: for when he came to the spot, guided by your footsteps upon the dale, he found but the bloody turf and the air several years; and after long and vain search through the wilds after Halidon and yourself, he brought back the sorrowful news to her who had sent him."

"How be not my doublet, I pray you?" said Sir Piers; "for when I came to myself, I found that I was wrapped in my cloak, but without my under garment as poor remissness may cleare."

In saying, he opened his cloak,forgetting, with his characteristic incoherency, that he showed his shirt stained with blood.

"How I could run," said the monk, when he observed this contradiction of his suspicion; "with thou dryng the gout, even while thou bearest on thy person the blood thou hast shed! With thon longer dryng that thy rich hand has scalded a mother of a son, our countrywoman of a realm, the Queen of Scotland of a large subject! and what cause thou artest, but that, at the least, we deliver thee up to Engeland, as unfeigning our further protection!"

"By the Santes!" said the knight, now driven to extremity, "if this blood be the witness against me, it is but red blood, since this morning at sunrise it flowed within my own veins."

"How were that possible, Sir Piers Shilton?" said the monk, "since I see no wound from whence it can have flowed?"

"That," said the knight, "is the most mysterious part of the transaction—See here!"

In saying, he could his shirt collar, and, opening his bosom, showed the spot through which Halbert's sword had passed but strongly constricted, and bearing the appearance of a wound lately healed.

"This exhausts my patience, Sir Knight," said the Salt-Prince; "and is adding insult to violence and injury. Do you hold me for a child or an idiot, that you pretend to make me believe that the fresh blood with which your shirt is stained, flowed from a wound which has been healed for weeks or months? Unhappy master, thinkest thou thus to blind me! Too well do we know that it is the blood of your victim, wrestling with you in the desperate and mortal struggle, which has thus dyed your apparel."

The knight, after a moment's recollection, said in reply, "I will be open with you, my father—bid those men stand out of my sight, and I will tell you all I know of this mysterious business; and name not, good father, though it may pass thy wit to express it, for I trust to you it is too dark for mine own."

The monk commanded Edward and the two men to withdraw, assuring the former that his conference with the prince should be brief, and giving him permission to keep watch at the door of the apartment; without which allowance he might, perhaps, have had some difficulty in preventing his absence. Edward had no sooner left the chamber, than he despatched messengers to one or two families of the Hallidays, with whom was his brother and he sometimes associated, to tell them that Halbert Glendinning had been murdered by an Englishman, and to require them to repair to the Tower of Glendinning without delay. The duty of revenge is such, even as held so sacred, that he had no reason to doubt they would instantly come with such assistance as would insure the detection of the murderer. He then locked the doors of the tower, both inner and outer, and also the gate of the courtyard. Having taken these precautions, he made a hasty visit to the families of the family, exhorting himself in efforts to console them, and in protestations that he would have vengeance for his murdered brother.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

Now, by our Lady, Knave! 'twas hard enduring,
That I, with every skin of birth and beauty,
Should be esteemed base for the meanest churl.
Of a wild boar, whose armed living
It left the bony barding of the hart
In which he ride his hedge-hoof.

—*The Fair.*

While Edward was making preparations for starting and presenting the supposed murderer of his brother, with an intense thirst for vengeance, which had not hitherto shown itself as part of his character, Sir Florio Shilton made such examinations as it pleased him on the Oak-Price, who listened with great attention, though the knight's manner was poor at the instant, especially as his self-respect led him to conceal or slantly the details which were necessary to render it intelligible.

"You are to know," he said, "reverend father, that this wretched journey, having chosen to offer me, in the presence of your reverable Superior, yourself, and other ecclesiastical and worthy persons, besides the dame, Mary Arundel, whom I term my Disciple in all honour and kindness, a gross fault, rendered yet more intolerable by the time and place, my just recompence did so gain the mastery over my discretion, that I resolved to allow him the privilege of an equal, and to indulge him with the combat."

"But, Sir Knight," said the Oak-Price, "you will have two masters very shortly. First, why the token he presented to you gave you no such offence, as I with others witnessed; and then again, how the youth, whom you then met for the first, n^t, at least, the second time, knew so much of your history as enabled him so greatly to move you?"

The knight coloured very deeply.

"For your first query," he said, "most reverend father, we will, if you please, peremptorily set nothing essential to the matter in doubt; and for the second—I protest to you that I know as little of his means of knowledge as you do, and that I am well-nigh persuaded to dealt with Falstaffe, of which more anon.—Well, sir—in the evening, I failed not to tell my purpose with a pleasant brow, as to the masters amongst us mortals, who never display the bloody colours of defiance in our

considerance until our hand is armed to fight under them. I armed the fair Thespis with some ammunition, and other toys, which could not but be mortifying to her inexperienced man. I arose in the morning, and met my antagonist, who, to my truth, for an inexperienced village, contrived himself as stoutly as I could have desired.—So, running to the encounter, reverend sir, I did try his mettle with some half-a-dozen of downright blows, with any one of which I could have been through his body, only that I was loth to take so fatal an advantage, but rather, mixing rage with my just indignation, stedfast to inflict upon him some flesh-wound of no very fatal quality. But, ah, is the master of my chancery, he, being instigated, I think, by the devil, did follow up his first offence with some insult of the same nature. Whereupon, being eager to punish him, I made an extraneous, and my foot slipping at the same time,—not from any fault of sense on my part, or any advantage of skill on his, but the devil having, as I said, taken up the matter in hand, and the grass being slippery,—as I recovered my position I unloosened his sword, which he had advanced, with my undivided power, so that, as I think, I was in some sort run through the body. My journal, being beyond measure appalled at his own unexpected and unmerited success in this strange encounter, takes the flight and leaves me there, and I fall into a dead swoon for the loss of the blood I had lost so foolishly—and when I awoke, as from a sound sleep, I find myself lying, as it like you, wrapt up in my cloak at the foot of one of the birch-trees which stand together in a clump near to this place. I feel my hands, and experience little pain, but much weakness—I put my hand to the wound—it was white and skinned over as you now see it—I rise and come hither; and in these words you have my whole day's story."

"I can only reply to so strange a tale," answered the monk, "that it is scarce possible that Sir Pierce Shaston can expect me to credit it. Here is a quirel, the cause of which you named,—a wrath received in the forenoon, of which there is no recent appearance at present,—a grave filled up, in which no body is deposited—the vanquished found alive and well—the visitor departed no man knows whence. These things, Sir Knight, hang not so well together, that I should receive them as gospel."

" Reverend father," answered Sir Pierce Shaston, "I pray

you in the first place to observe, that if I offer painful and civil justification of that which I have already avowed to be true, I do so only to decent deference to your dress and to your order, professing, that to any other opposite, during a time of religion, a lady, or my liege prince, I would not shrink to support that which I had once attested, otherwise than with the point of my good sword. And so much being premised, I have to add, that I can but gape my bosom as a gentleman, and my faith as a Catholic Christian, that the things which I have described to you have happened to me as I have described them, and not otherwise."

"It is a deep assertion, Sir Knight," answered the Sub-Prior; "yet, be think you, it is only an assertion, and that no reason can be alleged why things should be believed which are so contrary to reason. Let me pray you, to say whether the grave, which has been seen at your place of combat, was open or closed when your encounter took place?"

"Hallowed father," said the knight, "I will tell from you nothing, but show you such scars of my bosom; even as the pure fountain seetheth the smallest pebble which graces the sand at the bottom of its crystal mirror, and so"—

"Speak in plain terms, for the love of heaven!" said the monk. "These holiday phrases belong not to solemn affairs—Was the grave open when the conflict began?"

"It was," answered the knight, "I acknowledge it; even as he that acknowledgeth."

"Nay, I pray you, fair sir, forbear these subtleties, and observe me. On yesterday at even no grave was found in that place, for old Martin claimed, contrary to his wont, to go thither in quest of a striped sheep. At break of day, by poor man's confession, a grave was spied in that spot, and there a combat was fought—only one of the combatants appears, and he is covered with blood, and to all appearance wounded."—Here the knight made a gesture of impatience.—"Nay, fair sir, hear me but one instant—the grave is closed and covered by the sod—what can we believe, but that it encloses the bloody corpse of the fallen soldier?"

"By Heaven, it cannot!" said the knight, "unless the jester hath slain himself and buried himself, in order to please me in the judgment of his master."

"The grave shall doubtless be explored, and that by to-

tomorrow's dawn," said the monk; "I will see it done with *his* own eyes."

"But," said the prisoner, "I protest against all evidence which may arise from its contents, and do insist beforehand, that whatever may be found in that grave shall not prejudiceme in my defence. I have been so bewitched by diabolical deceptions in this matter, that what do I know but that the devil may assume the form of this *rabid* *Journal*, in order to procure me further vexation?—I protest to you, holy father, it is my very thought that there is *whomsoever* in all that hath hitherto me. Since I entered into this northern land, in which now say that sorceries do abound, I, who am held in *acee* and regard even by the prime gallants in the court of Felicissime, have been here bewitched and taunted by a chid-treading slave, I, whom Vincenzo Ravagli turned his nimblest and most agile disciple, was, to speak briefly, foiled by a cow-boy, who knew no more of fuses than is need at every country wake. I am sure, as it seemed to me, through the body, with a very sufficient smart, and flung on the spot; and yet, when I awoke, I find myself without either *wife* or *wound*, and, taking nothing of my apparel, saving my marrope-sleeved doublet, matted with *satin*, which I will pray may be inquired after, left the devil, who transported me, should have dropped it in his passage among some of the trees or bushes—it being a choice and most beautiful piece of *raiment*, which I wore for the first time at the Queen's pageant in Southwark."

"Sir Knight," said the monk, "you do again go astray from this matter. I inquire of you respecting that which concerns the life of another man, and it may be, touches your own also, and you answer me with the tale of an old doublet?"

"Oho!" exclaimed the knight; "now, by the gods and salutes, if there be a gallant at the British Court more *flaskishly* courageous, and more considerably *flaskily*, more *quarrelously* curious, and more *curiously* quarellous, in frequent change of all this articles of *vesture*, becoming one who may be accounted *quarrel-device*'s *courtier*, I will give you leave to turn into a slave and a *lascivious*."

The monk thought, but did not say, that he had already acquired right to doubt the veracity of the Rappolet, considering the marvellous tale which he had told. Yet his own strange adventures, and that of Peter Philly, rankled on his mind, and

before his coming to any conclusion. His potential friend, therefore, with observing, that these were certainly strange incidents, and requested to know if Sir Piero Shurton had any other reason for suspecting himself to be in a manner so particularly selected for the sport of savery and villainy.

"Sir Bulk-Priar," said the Englishman, "the most extraordinary circumstance remains behind, which alone, had I neither been beaten in dispute, nor fallen in combat, nor wounded, and cured in the space of a few hours, would nevertheless of itself, and without any other corroborative, have compelled me to believe myself the subject of some malevolent fascination. Reverend sir, it is not to your years that man should tell tales of love and gallantry, nor is Sir Piero Shurton one who, to say my whatsoever, is wont to boast of his fair acquaintances with the charms and graces beauties of the sex; insomuch that a lady, nowe of the least resplendent countenances which revives in that hemisphere of honour, pleasure, and beauty, but whose name I have forgotten, was wont to ride past her Tudorancy. Nevertheless truth must be spoken; and I cannot but allow, as the general report of the world, allowed it always, and educated both by city and country, that in the splendor of the person, the tender delicacy of the regard, the distinction of the address, the sloping and paring of the fancy, the adoring eyes, and the graceful fall-off, Piero Shurton was accounted the only gallant of the time, and as well accepted amongst the choicer beauties of the age, than no silk-housed vassal of the present-day, or plumed jester of the tilt-yard, approached him, by a bow's length in the ladies' regard, being the mark at which every will-born and generous jouner alstrof his shaft. Reverend sir, having found in this rude place something which by blood and birth might be termed a lady, and being desirous to keep my gallant honour in exercise, as well as to shew my own devotion to the sex in general, I did shoot off some arrows of amputation at this Mary Arundel, turning her my Discriction, with other quaint and well-hungred矢s, rather bestowed out of my bounty than warranted by her merit, or peradventure the boyish prouise, who, rather than set aside his blasphe, will shoot at more or napples for lack of better game"——

"Mary Arundel is much obliged by your notice," answered.

the monk; "but to what does all this detail of past and present gallantry conduct us?"

"Marry, to this conclusion," answered the knight; "that either this my Discression, or I myself, am little less than bewitched; for, instead of receiving my answer with a gratified bow, answering my regard with a supposed smile, accompanying my falling off or departure with a slight sigh—harrowing with which I protest to you the noblest dame and greatest beauties in Felioland have graced my poor services—she hath paid me as little and as cold regard as if I had been some hob-nailed clown of these black mountains! Nay, this very day, while I was in the act of kneeling at her feet to render her the summons of this present visitation of purest spirit destined by the fairest hand of the court of Felioland, she pushed me from her with looks which exceed of repugnance, and, as I think, thrust at me with her foot as if to spurn me from her presence. Those things, reverend father, are strange, portentous, unnatural, and tell not in the course of mortal affairs, but are symptomatic of misery and destruction. So that, having given to your reverence a perfect, simple, and plain account of all that I know concerning this matter, I leave it to your wisdom to solve what may be found soluble in the same, it being my purpose to-morrow, with the prep of Mass, to set forward towards Edinburgh."

"I graine to be an interruption to your designs, Sir Knight," said the monk, "but that purpose of thine may hardly be fulfilled."

"How, reverend father!" said the knight, with an air of the utmost surprise; "if what you say respects my departure, understand that it must be, for I have so resolved it."

"Sir Knight," reiterated the Sub-Prior, "I must assure more repeat, this must be, until the Abbot's pleasure be knowne to the matter."

"Harkened sir," said the knight, drawing himself up with great dignity, "I desire my hearty and thankful commendations to the Abbot; but in this matter I have nothing to do with his reverend pleasure, designing only to consult my own."

"Fardon me," said the Sub-Prior; "the Lord Abbot hath in this matter a voice potential."

As Picot Shafier's colour began to rise—"I marvel," he said, "to hear your reverence talk thus—What will you, for

the imagined death of a rude low-born drayster and wrangler, venture to impinge upon the liberty of the kinsmen of the house of Pierdie?"

"Sir Knight," returned the Sub-Prior, civilly, "your high lineage and your kindling anger will avail you nothing in this matter—You shall not come here to seek a shelter, and then spill our blood, as if it were water."

"I tell you," said the knight, "none more, as I have told you already, that there was no blood spilled but mine own!"

"That remains to be proved," replied the Sub-Prior; "we of the community of Saint Mary's of Kemsingdale, are not to take fairy tales in exchange for the lives of our holy vessels."

"We of the house of Pierdie," answered Shafston, "break neither threats nor restraint—I say I will travel to-morrow, happen what may!"

"And I," answered the Sub-Prior, in the same tone of determination, "say that I will break your journey, come what may!"

"Who shall gainsay me," said the knight, "if I make my way by force?"

"You will judge wisely to think over you make such an attempt," answered the monk, with compassion; "there are men enough in the Hallidom to vindicate his rights over those who dare to infringe them."

"My cousin of Northumberland will know how to revenge this wrong to a beloved kinsman so near to his blood," said the Englishman.

"The Lord Abbot will know how to protect the rights of his territory, both with the temporal and spiritual sword," said the monk. "Besides, consider, were we to send you to your kinsmen at Alnwick or Warkworth to-morrow, he dare do nothing but transmit you in fetters to the Queen of England. Reflect, Sir Knight, that you stand on slippery ground, and will not meet wisely in regarding yourself to be a prisoner in this place until the Abbot shall decide the matter. These are armed men come to confound all your efforts at escape. Let patience and resignation, therefore, arm you to a necessary submission.

So saying, he clapped his hands and called aloud. Edward entered, unaccompanied by two young men, who had already joined him, and were well armed.

"Edward," said the Sub-Prior, "you will supply the English

night here in this space with suitable food and accommodation for the night, treating him with as much kindness as if nothing had happened between you. But you will place a sufficient guard, and look carefully that he makes not his escape. Should he attempt to break forth, resist him to the death; but let no other man have a hand of his head, as you shall be answerable."

Edward Glendinning replied,—“ That I may obey your commands, reverend sir, I will not again offer myself to this peasant's presence; for shame it were to me to break the peace of the Haldons, but not less shame to leave my brother's death unavenged.”

As he spoke, his lips grew livid, the blood forsake his cheek, and he was about to leave the apartment, when the Sub-Prior recalled him and said in a solemn tone,—“ Edward, I have known you from infancy—I have done what lay within my reach to be of use to you—I say nothing of what you owe to me as the representative of your spiritual Superior—I say nothing of the duty from the vessel to the Sub-Prior—But Father Kristen expects from the pupil whom he has nurtured—he expects from Edward Glendinning, that he will not by any deed of sudden violence, however justified in his own mind by the provocation, break through the respect due to public justice, or that which he has an especial right to claim from him.”

“ Your nothing, my reverend father, for so in an hundred voices may I well term you,” said the young man; “ For me, I would say, that I will in any thing diminish the respect I owe to the venerable community by whom we have so long been protected, far less that I will do ought which can be possibly less than respectful to you. But the blood of my brother must not cry for vengeance in vain—your reverence knows our Border creed.”

“ Vengeance is mine, with the Lord, and I will avenge it!” answered the monk. “ The barbarous custom of deadly feud which prevails in this land, through which each man seeks vengeance at his own hand when the death of a friend or kinsman has shamed, hath already deluged our vales with the blood of Saxon men, spilled by the hands of countrymen and kindred. It were endless to count up the fatal results. On the Eastern Border, the Houses are in flood with the Britons and

Cochrane; in our Middle Marches, the Scotts and Kerrs have spilled as much brave blood in domestic feud as might have fought a pitched field in England, could they have but forgiven and forgotten a mutual remonstrance that placed their names in opposition to each other. On the west frontier, the Johnstones are at war with the Maxwells, the Jardines with the Bells, dowering with them the flower of the country, which should place their banners as a bulwark against England, into private and bloody wrangles, of which it is the only end to waste and impair the forces of the country, already divided in itself. Do not, my dear son Edward, permit this bloody prejudice to master your mind. I cannot ask you to think of the crime supposed as if the blood spilt had been less dear to you—Alas! I know that is impossible. But I do require you, in proportion to your interest in the supposed culprit (for as yet the whole is matter of supposition), to bear on your mind the evidence on which the guilt of the accused person must be tried. He hath spoken with me, and I confess his tale is so extraordinary, that I should have, without a moment's hesitation, rejected it as incredible, but that an affair which chanced to myself in this very place—More of that another time—Suffice it for the present to say, that from what I have myself experienced, I deem it possible, that extraordinary as Sir Pierie Shafton's story may seem, I hold it not utterly impossible."

"Father," said Edward Glendinning, when he saw that his preceptor paused, unwilling further to explain upon what grounds he was inclined to give a certain degree of credit to Sir Pierie Shafton's story, while he admitted it as improbable—"Father to me you have been in every sense. You know that my hand grasped more readily to the book than to the sword; and that I lacked utterly the ready and bold spirit which distinguished!"—Here his voice faltered, and he paused for a moment, and then went on with resolution and rapidity—"I would say, that I was reared up in Holbert in principles of honor and of honor; but Holbert is gone, and I stand his representative, and that of my father—his successor in all his rights" (while he said this his eyes shot fire); "and bound to assert and maintain them as he would have done—therefore I am a changed man, increased in courage as in my rights and pretensions. And, reverend father, reverently, but pliably and firmly do I say, his blood, if it has been shed by this man,

shall be stoned—Malfort shall not sleep neglected in his lonely grave, as if with him the spirit of my father had ceased forever. His blood flows in my veins, and while his has been poured forth unquenched, mine will permit me no rest. My poverty and meanness of rank shall not avail the lordly murderer. My calm estate and peaceful studies shall not be his protection. Even the obligations, holy father, which I acknowledge to you, shall not be his protection. I wait with patience the judgment of the Abbot and Chapter, for the daughter of one of their most nobly descended vessels. If they do right to my brother's memory, it is well. But mark me, father, if they shall fail in rendering me that justice, I bear a heart and a hand which, though I love not such extremities, are equal to remanding such an evile. He who takes up my brother's succession must answer his death."

The monk perceived with surprise, that Edward, with his extreme diffidence, basility, and choleric acidity, for such were his general characteristics, had still, boiling in his veins the wild principles of those from whom he was descended, and by whom he was surrounded. His eyes sparkled, his frame was agitated, and the intensity of his desire of vengeance seemed to give a vehemence to his manner resembling the restlessness of joy.

"May God help us," said Father Roastor, "for, frail wretches as we are, we cannot help ourselves under sudden and strong temptation. Edward, I will rely on your word that you do nothing rashly."

"That will I not," said Edward,—"that, my better than father, I surely will not. But the blood of my brother,—the tears of my mother,—and—and—and of Mary Arundel, shall not be shed in vain. I will not desire you, father—if this Pierde Shafte bath slain my brother, he dies, if the whole blood of the whole house of Pierde were in his veins."

There was a deep and solemn determination in the utterance of Edward Glendinning, expressive of a rooted resolution. The Sub-Prior sighed deeply, and for the moment yielded to circumstances, and would the acquiescence of his pupil no further. He commanded lights to be placed in the lower chamber, which for a time he passed in silence.

A thousand ideas, and even differing principles, abated with each other in his bosom. He grudgily doubted the English

Knight's account of the duel, and of what had followed it. Yet the extraordinary and supineful circumstances which had baulked the Benedictine and himself! is that very glass, prevented him from being absolutely impulsive on the score of the wonderful wound and recovery of Sir Piers Shafee, and prevented him from at once condemning as impossible that which was altogether inexplicable. Then he was at a loss how to control the fraternal affection of Edward, with respect to whom he felt something like the keeper of a wild animal, a lion's whelp or tiger's cub, which he has held under his command from infancy, but which, when grown to maturity, on some sudden provocation displays his fangs and talons, overthrows, rouses his savage nature, and bids defiance at once to his keeper and to all mankind.

How to sustain and enlighten as to which the universal example of the time required deadly and treacherous, were sufficient cause of anxiety to Father Bertram. But he had also to consider the situation of his community, dismoured and disgraced by submitting to suffer the slaughter of a vessel so pure unawares; a circumstance which of itself might in those difficult times have effected pretext for a revolt among their mounting adherents, or, on the other hand, exposed the community to imminent danger, should they proceed against a subject of England of high degree, connected with the house of Northumberland, and other northern families of high rank, who, as they possessed the means, could not be supposed to lack inclination, to wreak upon the patrimony of Saint Mary of Kenningdale, any violence which might be offered to their kinsman.

In either case, the Sub-Prior well knew that the calamitous case of flood, insurrection, or incursion, being case affected, the case would not be ruled either by cause or by evidence, and he groaned in spirit when, upon counting up the chances which arose in this ambiguous dilemma, he found he had only a choice of difficulties. He was a monk, but he was also a man, indignant at the supposed slaughter of young Glandulius by one skilful in all the practices of arms, in which the vessel of the Monastery was most likely to be deficient; and to aid the punishment which he felt for the loss of a youth whom he had known from infancy, came in full force the sense of dishonour arising to his community from passing over so gross an insult.

unprepared. Then the light in which it might be viewed by those who at present presided in the stormy court of Scotland, attached as they were to the Reformation, and allied by common faith and common interest with Queen Elizabeth, was a formidable subject of apprehension. The Bob-Prior well knew how they looked after the revenues of the Church (he express'd in the ordinary phrase of the religion of the time), and how readily they would grasp at such a pretext for exacting all that those of Saint Mary's, as would be afforded by the collecting to pay unprovided the sum of a native Scotishman by a Catholic Sepulchre, a rated to Queen Elizabeth.

On the other hand, to deliver up to England, or, which was nearly the same thing, to the Scotch administration, as King-Ed's bright, bequeath'd with the Pierris by himself and political intrigue, a faithful follower of the Catholic Church, who had had in the Netherlands the protection, was, to the estimation of the Bob-Prior, an act most unworthy in itself, and mortifying the moderation of Heaven, besides being, moreover, fraught with great temporal risk. If the government of Scotland was now almost entirely in the hands of the Protestant party, the Queen was still a Catholic, and there was no knowing when, until the sudden change which agitated that tumultuous country, she might find herself at the head of her own affairs, and able to protect those of her own faith. Then, if the crews of England and its Queen were uniformly Protestant, the northern nation, whose sterility or want was of most consequence in the first instance to the community of Saint Mary's, contained many Catholics, the heads of whom were able, and most be supposed willing, to avenge any injury suffered by the Pierris Brother.

On either side, the Bob-Prior, thinking, according to his sense of duty, most seriously for the safety and welfare of his Monastery, saw the greatest risk of damage, blame, hazard, and confusion. The only course on which he could determine, was to stand by the Duke like a cordial pilot, watch every contingency, do his best to weather each and all, and consult the rest to heaven and his patroness.

As he left the apartment, the bright called after him, beseeching he would order his coach-horse to be sent into his apartment, understanding he was to be granted there for the night, as he wished to make some alteration in his apparel.*

* Note L. Poppy of the Thirteenth Century.

"Ay, ay," said the monk, muttering as he went up the winding stairs, "carry him his trumpery with all despatch. Alas! that man, with so many noble objects of parentage, will scarce himself like a Jakkansse, with a broad Jenkins and a cap and bells!—I must now to the melancholy work of unmasking that which is well-nigh incomparable, a mother weeping for her first-born."

Advancing, after a gentle knock, into the apartment of the women, he found that Mary Arundel had retired to bed, extremely indisposed, and that Dame Glendinning and Tibb were occupying their chamber by the side of a dying fire, and by the light of a small iron lamp or candle, as it was termed. Poor Elspeth's spouse was thrown over her head, and bitterly did she sob and weep for "her beautiful, her brave,—the very image of her dear Queen Glendinning, the stay of her whitened and the support of her old age."

The faithful Tibb abhorred her complaints, and, more violently than ever, made deep groans of revenge on Sir Francis Stanier, "if there were a man left in the south who could draw a whinger, or a woman that could throw a nap!" The presence of the Sub-Prior imposed silence on these clamours. He was drawn by the unfortunate mother, and escaped, by such napes as his religion and reason suggested, to intercept the current of Dame Glendinning's feelings; but the attempt was in vain. She retorted, indeed, with some little interest, while he pledged his word and his influence with the Abbot, that the family which had lost their eldest born by means of a gout received at his command, should experience particular protection at the hands of the community; and that the fief which belonged to Dame Glendinning should, with unfeasted bounds and added privileges, be conferred on Edward.

But it was only for a very brief space that the mother's fits were apparently better, and her grief more mild. She even blamed herself for casting a moment's thought upon world's gear while poor Halleran was lying steepled in his bloody shirt. The Sub-Prior was not more fortunate, when he promised that Halleran's body "should be removed to hallowed ground, paid his soul reward by the prayers of the Church in his behalf." Grief would have its natural course, and the voice of the confessor was wasted in vain.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

He is at liberty. I have received his letter!

Push and constrain me not; none living wishes
More lenient-hearted master willing my doom,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr.

The Two Noble Knaves.

The half-Prior of Saint Mary's, in taking his departure from the spaces in which Sir Francis Shadwell was confined, had in which some preparations were made for his passing the night at the room which might be most conveniently guarded, left more than one perplexed person behind him. There was connected with this chamber, and opening into it, a small recess, or projecting part of the building, occupied by a sleeping apartment, which, upon ordinary occasions, was that of Mary Arundel, and which, in the unusual number of guests who had come to the tower on the former evening, had also accommodated Myrie Hopper, the Miller's daughter; for evidently, as well as in the present day, a Scottish laird was always rather too narrow and limited for the extent of the owner's hospitality, and some shift and contrivance was necessary, upon any unusual occasion, to ensure the accommodation of all the guests.

The fatal news of Halbert Glendinning's death had thrown all former arrangements into confusion. Mary Arundel, whose case required immediate attention, had been transported into the apartment hitherto occupied by Halbert and his brother, as the latter proposed to watch all night, in order to prevent the escape of the prisoner. Poor Myrie had been altogether overlooked, and had naturally enough betaken herself to the little apartment which she had before occupied, ignorant that the space, through which lay the only access to it, was to be the sleeping chamber of Sir Francis Shadwell. The measures taken for securing his slave had been so sudden, that she was not aware of it, until she found that the other females had been removed from the spaces by the half-Prior's direction, and having once missed the opportunity of retreating along with them, bashfulness, and the high respect which she was taught to bear

in the mask, prevented her remaining butch alone, and intruding herself on the presence of Father Rousseau, while in secret conference with the Southern. These appeared so many hours to wait till their interview was over; and, as the door was close, and did not shut very closely, she could hear every word that passed between them.

It thus happened, that without any intended intention on her part, she became privy to the whole conversation of the Bob-Fitter and the English knight, and could also observe from the window of her little retreat, that more than one of the young men accompanied by Edward arrived successively at the town. These circumstances led her to entertain most serious apprehension that the life of Sir Francis Shafte was in great and instant peril.

Woman is naturally compassionate, and not less willingly so when youth and fair features are on the side of him who claims her sympathy. The handsome presence, eloquent dress and address of Sir Francis Shafte, which had failed to make any favourable impression on the grave and lady character of Mary Arundel, had completely changed and bewitched the poor Maid of the Mist. The knight had possessed this result, and, flattered by seeing that his merit was not universally underrated, he had fastened on Myrtle a good deal more of his anxiety than in his opinion her rank warranted. It was not that my, but received with a devout sense of his condescension, and with gratitude for his personal notice, which, joined to her fears for his safety, and the natural tenderness of her disposition, began to make wild work in her heart.

"To be sure it was very wrong in him to say 'Hallowt Gloucestring'" (it was then she argued the case with herself), "but then he was a gentleman born, and a soldier, and so gentle and courteous behaved, that she was sure the quarrel had been all of young Gloucestring's own making; for it was well known that both these lads were so taken up with that Mary Arundel, that they never looked at another lass in the Hallibens, more than if they was of a different degree. And then Hallowt's done was as drowsid as his manners were haughty; and this poor young gentleman (who was habited like my prince), banished from his own land, was cast down like a sparred by a rade bougher, and then persecuted and like to be put to death by his kin and allies."

Mysie kept biting at the thought, and then, her heart rising against such cruelty and opposition to a defenseless stranger, who dressed with so much skill, and spoke with so much grace, she began to consider whether she could not render him some assistance in this enterprise.

Her mind was now entirely altered from its original purpose. At first her only anxiety had been to find the means of escaping from the farther apartment, without being noticed by any one; but now she began to think that Marvin had placed her there for the safety and protection of the persecuted stranger. She was of a simple and affectionate, but at the same time an alert and enterprising character, possessing more than female strength of body, and more than female courage, though with feelings no regard of being bewitched with gallantry of dress and language, as a fine gentleman of any generation would have desired to encounter his master upon. "I will save him," she thought, "that is the first thing to be resolved—and then I wonder what he will say to the poor Miller's master, that has done for him what all the dairymen in London or Holyrood would have been afraid to venture upon."

Prudence began to pull her sleeve as she indulged speculations so baneful, and hinted to her that the warmer Sir Pierde Shafner's gratitude might prove, it was the most likely to be fraught with danger to her benefaction. Also I poor Prudence, thou mayest say with our moral teacher,

"I prud'le be ever, but I proude to win."

The Miller's master, while you poor poor wretched into her unwilling bosom, has glanced his eye on the small mirror by which she has placed her little hand, and it returns to her a countenance and eyes, pretty and sparkling at all times, but now filled at present with the energy of excessive prayer to those who have dwelt in them, and stand prepared to execute, deeds of greatest malignity. "Will these features—will these eyes, joined to the benefits I am about to confer upon Sir Pierde Shafner, do nothing towards removing the distance of rock between us?"

Such was the question which female vanity asked of fancy; and though even fancy dared not answer in a truly affirmative, a middle resolution was adopted—"Let me first unmask the gallant youth, and trust to fortune for the rest."

Besides, therefore, than her mind everything that was personal to herself, the rich but peasant girl bowed her whole thoughts to the success of executing this enterprise.

The difficulties which besetted her were of no ordinary nature. The courage of the men of that country, in case of deadly feuds, that is, in cases of a quarrel excited by the slandering of any of their relatives, was one of their most marked characteristics; and Edward, however gentle in other respects, was no fond of his brother; but there could be no doubt that he would be an agent in his revenge at the expense of the country authorities. There were to be passed the inner door of the apartment, the two gates of the tower itself, and the gate of the courtyard, and the prisoner was at liberty; and then, a guide and means of flight were to be provided, otherwise ultimate escape was impossible. But when the will of women is strongly bent on the accomplishment of such a purpose, her will is seldom baffled by difficulties, however embarrassing.

The Sub-Priest had not long left the apartment, ere Myrie had devised a scheme for Sir Francis Shaftron's freedom, daring, indeed, but likely to be successful, if skilfully conducted. It was necessary, however, that she should remain where she was till so late as noon, that all in the tower should have become themselves to repose, excepting those whom duty made them watchmen. The interval she employed in observing the movements of the person in whose service she was then really a volunteer.

She could hear Sir Francis Shaftron pass the floor to and fro, in reflection doubtless on his own unfeasted fate and precarious situation. By and by she heard him making a rustling among his trunks, which, agreeable to the order of the Sub-Priest, had been placed in the apartment to which he was confined, and which he was probably causing more unnecessary trouble by consulting and arranging. Then she could hear him resume his walk through the room, and, as if his spirits had been somewhat relieved and elevated by the survey of his wardrobe, she could distinguish that at one turn he half recited a sonnet, at another half whistled a galliard, and at the third hummed a wretched. At length she could understand that he intended himself on the temporary couch which had been allotted to him, after muttering his prayers hastily, and in a short time she concluded he must be fast asleep.

She employed the moments which intervened in considering her enterprise under every different aspect; and, dangerous as it was, the steady review which she took of the various perils accompanying her purpose, furnished her with plausible devices for eluding them. Love and generous compassion, which give singly such powerful impulse to the female heart, were in this case united, and impelled her to the last extremity of hazard.

It was an hour past midnight. All in the tower slept sound but those who had undertaken to guard the English princess; or if sorrow and suffering drove sleep from the bed of Dame Glendowering and her sister-daughter, they were too much wrapt in their own griefs to attend to external sounds. The means of striking light was at hand in the small apartment, and thus the Miller's maid was enabled to light and trim a small lamp. With a trembling step and throbbing heart, she would the door which separated her from the apartment in which the Southern knight was confined, and almost flinched from her fixed purpose, when she flung herself to the same room with the sleeping princess. She secretly trusted herself to look upon him, as he lay wrapped in his cloak, and that unlay upon the pallet bed, but turned her eyes away while she gently pulled his mantle with no more force than was just equal to avert him. He moved not until she had twirled his cloak a second and a third time, and then, at length looking up, was about to make an exclamation in the surprise of his surprise.

Mystic's timbidity was conquered by her fear. She placed her fingers on her lips, in token that he must observe the most strict silence, and then pointed to the door to intimate that it was watched.

Sir Picote Shaftron now alighted himself, and sat upright in his couch. His gaze with surprise on the graceful figure of the young woman who stood before him; her well-formed person, her flowing hair, and the outline of her features, shone dimly, and yet to advantage, by the partial and feeble light which she held in her hand. The romantic imagination of the gallant would soon have raised some impudent project for the occasion, but Mystic left him not thus,

"I come," she said, "to save your life, which is due to great

peril—if you answer me, speak as low as you can, for they have surrounded your door with armed men."

"Consort of Miller's daughter," answered Sir Piers, who by this time was sitting upright on his couch, "dread nothing for my safety. Credit me, then, as in very truth, I have not spilt the red pottage (which these villagers call the blood) of their most wretched relation, so I am under no apprehension whatever for the loss of this restraint, seeing that it cannot but be baneful to me. Kneel down, to thee, O most Melancholy-benty, I return the thanks which thy courtesy may justly claim."

"Nay, but, Sir Knight," answered the maiden, in a whisper as low as it was tremulous, "I deserve no thanks unless you will not by my counsel, Edward Glendinning hath said for Dan of the Howlet-hunt, and young Ailes of Alenshaw, and they are come with three more more, and with bow, and jack, and spear, and I heard them say to each other, and to Edward, as they alighted to the court, that they would have enough for the death of their kinman, if the scold's owl should shriek for it—And the rascals are so wild now, that the Abbot himself dare not control them, for fear they turn heretic, and refuse to pay their taxation."

"In faith," said Sir Piers Shafte, "it may be a shrewd temptation, and perchance the rascals may rid themselves of trouble and master, by handing me over the couch to Sir John Foster or Lord Hamilton, the English warhorses, and so make peace with their vassals and with England at once. Polychrome Molinare, I will for once walk by thy rule, and if thou dost venture to exhort me from this vice baser, I will so celebrate thy wit and beauty, that the Baser's nymph of Raphael d'Urbino shall seem but a gipsy in comparison of thy Molinare."

"I pray you, then, be silent," said the Miller's daughter; "for if your speech betrays that you are awake, my scheme fails utterly, and it is Heaven's mercy and Our Lady's that we are not already overthrown and discovered."

"I am silent," replied the Soutane, "even as the stillness night—but yet—if this occurrence of thine should endanger thy safety, fair and no less kind than fair damsel, it were utterly unworthy of me to accept it at thy hand."

"Do not think of me," said Mynde, hastily; "I am safe—I will take thought for myself, if I once saw you out of this

dangerous dwelling—if you would provide yourself with any part of your apparel or goods, loss no time."

The Knight did, however, loss some time ere he could settle in his own mind what to take and what to abandon of his wardrobe, each article of which seemed endowed to him by recollection of the feasts and revels at which it had been exhibited. For some little while Myris left him to make his selections at leisure, for she herself had also some preparations to make for flight. But when, returning from the chamber into which she had retired, with a small bundle in her hand, she found him still indecisive, she insisted in plain terms, that he should either make up his baggage for the enterprise, or give it up entirely. Thus urged, the disconsolate knight hastily made up a few clothes into a bundle, regarded his treasures with a wist expression of parting sorrow, and indicated his readiness to wait upon his kind guide.

She led the way to the door of the apartment, having first carefully extinguished her lamp, and motioning to the knight to stand close behind her, tapped once or twice at the door. She was at length answered by Edward Glendinning, who demanded to know who knocked within, and what was desired.

" Speak low," said Myris Hopper, " or you will awaken the English knight. It is I, Myris Hopper, who knock—I wish to get out—you have locked me up—and I was obliged to wait till the Southern sleep."

" Looked you up?" replied Edward, in surprise.

" Yes," answered the Miller's daughter, " you have locked me up into this room—I was in Mary Avenel's sleeping apartment."

" And can you not remain there till morning?" replied Edward, " since it has so chance?"

" What!" said the Miller's daughter, in a tone of offended delicacy, " I remain here a moment longer when I can get out without discovery!—I would not, for all the Hollanders of Saint Mary's, remain a minute longer in the neighbourhood of a man's apartment than I can help it.—For whom, or for what, do you hold me? I promise you my father's daughter has been better brought up than to put in peril her good name."

" Come forth then, and get to thy chamber in silence," said Edward.

So saying, he undid the bolt. The staircase without was in

utter darkness, as Mystic had before ascertained. As soon as she stepped out, she took hold of Edward as if to support himself, thus interposing her person between him and Sir Pierce Shafteur, by whom she was closely followed. Thus screened from observation, the Englishman slipped past on tiptoe, naked and in silence, while the damsels complained to Edward that she wanted a light.

"I cannot get you a light," said he, "for I cannot leave this post; but there is a fire below."

"I will sit below till morning," said the Maid of the Mill; and, tripping down stairs, bound Edward bolt and bar the door of the now desarted apartment with vain caution.

At the foot of the stair which she descended, she found the object of her now waiting her further directions. She recommended to him the most absolute silence, which, for once in his life, he seemed not unwilling to observe, conducted him, with as much caution as if he were walking on cracked ice, to a dark recess, used for depositing wood, and instructed him to ensconce himself behind the fagots. She herself lit her lamp once more at the kitchen fire, and took her distaff and spindle, that she might not seem to be unoccupied, in case any one came into the apartment. From time to time, however, she stole towards the window on tiptoe, to catch the first glance of the dawn, for the further prosecution of her adventurous project. At length she saw, to her great joy, the first rays of the morning brightness upon the gray clouds of the east, and, clasping her hands together, thanked Our Lady for the night, and implored protection during the remainder of her enterprise. Ere she had finished her prayer, she started at feeling a hand's arm across her shoulder, while a rough voice spoke to her out—
"What! miserable Mystic of the Mill so soon at her prayers!—now, bosom on the heavy eyes that open so early!—I'll have a kiss for good morrow's sake."

Dua of the Hermit-hotel, for he was the gallant who paid Mystic this compliment, seized the action with the word, and the action, as is usual in such cases of rustic gallantry, was concluded with a cuff, which Dua received as a fine gift, unless he receives a tap with a fist, but which, delivered by the energetic arm of the Miller's maiden, would have certainly astonished a less robust gallant.

"How now, Sir Ossocoh!" said she, "and must you be always

from your guard over the English knight, to plague quiet folk with your horse-tricks!"

"Truly you are mischievous, pretty Myrie," said the clown, "for I have not yet relieved Edward at his post; and were it not a shame to let him stay any longer, by my faith, I could find it in my heart not to quit you these two hours."

"Oh, you have hours and hours enough to see my me," said Myrie; "but you must think of the distress of the household even now, and get Edward to sleep for a while, for he has kept watch this whole night."

"I will have another kiss first," answered Dan of the Howlet-kirst.

But Myrie was now on her guard, and, conscious of the vicinity of the wood-hole, offered such strenuous resistance, that the maid cursed the nymph's bad humor with very impudent phrase and emphasis, and ran up stairs to relieve the guard of his comrade. Stealing to the door, she heard the two scolded hold a brief conversation with Edward, after which the latter withdrew, and the former entered upon the duties of his watch.

Myrie suffered him to walk there a little while undisturbed, until the dawning became more general, by which time she supposed he might have digested her censure, and then presenting herself before the watchful sentinel, demanded of him "the keys of the outer tower, and of the courtyard-gate."

"And for what purpose?" answered the warden.

"To milk the cows, and drive them out to their pasture," said Myrie; "you would not have the poor beasts kept in the byre o' morning, and the maid in such distress that there is no one th' to do a turn but the byre-woman, and myself?"

"And where is the byre-woman?" said Dan.

"Gitting with me in the kitchen, in case these distressed folk want anything."

"There are the keys, then, Myrie Drotis," said the sentinel.

"Many thanks, Dan Nob-de-vud," answered the Maid of the Mill, and escaped down stairs in a moment.

To hasten to the wood-hole, and there to robe the English knight in a short gown and vestment, which she had provided for the purpose, was the work of another moment. She then would the gates of the tower, and made towards the byre, or

cow-house, which stood in one corner of the courtyard. Sir Francis Shaftron concentrated against the door which this would occasion.

"Fair and generous Molinara," he said, "had we not better undo the outward gate, and make the best of our way hence, even like a pair of robbers who make towards shelter of the rocks as the storm waves high?"

"We must drive out the cows first," said Myrie, "for a sixtieth were to spoil the poor widow's cattle, both for her sake and the poor beasts' own; and I have no mind any man shall leave the town in a hurry to follow us. Besides, you must have poor horses, for you will need a fleet one ere all be done."

So saying, she locked and double-locked both the inward and outward doors of the tower, proceeded to the cow-house, turned out the cattle, and, giving the knight his own horse to lead, drove them before her out of the courtyard-gate, intending to return the key over paltry. But the noise attending the last operation caught the watchful attention of Edward, who, starting to the borstine, called to know what the matter was.

Myrie answered with great readiness, that "she was driving out the cows, for that they would be spoiled for want of looking to."

"I thank thee, kind maid," said Edward—"and yet," he added, after a moment's pause, "what damsel is that thou hast with thee?"

Myrie was about to answer, when Sir Francis Shaftron, who apparently did not desire that the great work of his liberation should be executed without the interposition of his own largesse, exclaimed from beneath, "I am she, O most benignant jester, under whose charge are placed the milky mothers of the land."

"Hail and darkness!" exclaimed Edward, in a transport of fury and astonishment, "it is Francis Shaftron—What! treason!—treason!—thee!—Dame—Jasper—Maurice—the wilful escape!"

"To horse! to horse!" cried Myrie, and in an instant mounted behind the knight, who was already in the saddle.

Edward caught up a crossbow, and let fly a bolt, which whistled so near Myrie's ear, that she called to her companion,—"Spar—spar—Sir Knight! the next will not miss us.

— Had it been Malford instead of Edward who bent that bow, we had been dead."

The knight pressed his horse, which dashed past the crew, and down the knoll on which the tower was situated. Then taking the road down the valley, the gallant animal, voids of its double burden, soon conveyed them out of hearing of the trumpet and alarm with which their departure filled the Tower of Glenderry.

Thus it strangely happened, that two men were flying in different directions at the same time, each anxious of being the other's murderer.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.

—————
Save me cannot.
It is necessary to to have me here :
If he do, trouble will not so easily
Trust me again.

THE TWO NUNES KILLED.

The knight continued to keep the good horse at a pace as quick as the road permitted, until they had cleared the valley of Glenderry, and entered upon the broad dales of the Tweed, which now rolled before them in crystal beauty, displaying on its opposite bank the huge grey Monastery of Saint Mary's, whose towers and pinnacles were scarce yet touched by the newly-risen sun, so deeply the edifice lies shrouded under the mountains which rise to the southward.

Turning to the left, the knight continued his road down to the northern bank of the river, until they arrived nearly opposite to the weir, or dam-dike, where Father Philip concluded his extraordinary aquatic excavation.

Sir Pierde Shattoe, whose brain seldom admitted more than one idea at a time, had hitherto pushed forward without very distinctly considering where he was going. But the sight of the Monastery so near to him, reminded him that he was still on dangerous ground, and that he must necessarily provide for his safety by choosing some artful plan of escape. The situation of his guide and deliverer also occurred to him, for he

was far from being either selfish or ungrateful. He listened, and discovered that the Miller's daughter was sobbing and weeping bitterly as she rested her head on his shoulder.

"What art thou," he said, "my generous Molaura!—is thereught that Pierie Shafion can do which may share his gratitude to his deliverer?" Myrie pointed with her finger across the river, but ventured not to turn her eyes in that direction. " Nay, has speak plain, most generous dame," said the knight, who, for once, was possessed as much as his own eloquence of speech was wont to puzzle others, "for I swear to you that I comprehend naught by the extension of thy fair digit."

"Yonder is my father's house," said Myrie, in a voice interrupted by the increased burst of her sobs:

"And I was carrying thee discoursively to a distance from thy habitation!" said Shafion, laughing; he had found out the source of her grief: "Was worth the hour that Pierie Shafion, in attention to his own safety, neglected the accommodation of any friend, the loss of his most benignant Benefactor! Distrust, then, O lovely Molaura, unless thou wouldest rather that I should transport thee on horseback to the house of thy seducatory father, which, if thou sayest the word, I am prompt to do, defying all dangers which may arise to me personally, whether by moak or miller."

Myrie suppressed her sobs, and, with considerable difficulty mastered her desire to alight, and take her fortune by herself. Sir Pierie Shafion, too devoted a squire of ducas to consider the most lonely as exempted from a respectful attention, independent of the claims which the Miller's maiden possessed over him, dismounted instantly from his horse, and received in his arms the poor girl, who still wept bitterly, and, when placed on the ground, seemed scarce able to support herself, or at least still cling, though, as it appeared, unconsciously, to the support he had afforded. He carried her to a weeping birch-tree, which grew on the greenwood bank around which the road winded, and, placing her on the ground beneath it, exhorted her to compose herself. A strong touch of natural feeling struggled with, and half overcame, his acquired affection, while he said, " Credit me, most generous dame, the service you have done to Pierie Shafion he would have deemed too dearly bought, had he forsaken it were to cost you these tears and sighs."

Show me the cause of your grief, and if I can do ought to remove it, believe that the rights you have acquired over me will make your commands sacred as those of an emperor. Speak, then, fair Meliora, and command him whom fortune hath rendered at once your debtor and your champion. What are your orders?"

"Only that you will fly and save yourself," said Mystic, truturing up her utmost efforts to utter these few words.

"Yes," said the knight, "let me not leave you without some tokens of remembrance." Mystic would have said there needed none, and most truly would she have spoken, could she have spoken the weeping. "Pierso Shafte is poor," he continued, "but let this chain testify he is not ungrateful to his deliverer."

He took from his neck the rich chain and medallion we have formerly mentioned, and put it into the powerless hand of the poor maiden, who neither received nor rejected it, but, occupied with more intense feelings, seemed scarce aware of what he was doing.

"We shall meet again," said Sir Pierso Shafte, "at least I trust so; meanwhile, weep no more, fair Meliora, as thou havest me."

The phrase of congection was but used as an ordinary commonplace expression of the time, but bore a deeper sense to poor Mystic's ear. She dried her tears; and when the knight, in all kind and chivalrous courtesy, stooped to embrace her at their parting, she was hasty up to receive the professed knight in a posture of mere distress, and meekly and gratefully accepted the offered salute. Sir Pierso Shafte mounted his horse and began to ride off, but curiosity, or perhaps a stronger feeling, soon induced him to look back, when he beheld the Miller's daughter standing still motionless on the spot where they had parted, her eyes turned after him, and the watershed chain hanging from her hand.

It was at this moment that a glimpse of the real state of Mystic's affections, and of the motive from which she had acted in the whole matter, glanced on Sir Pierso Shafte's mind. The gallants of that age, disinterested, aspiring, and lefty-minded, even in their conceit, were strangers to those degrading and wickedious passions which are usually termed low passions. They did not "cast the humble maidens of the plain," or degrade their own rank, to deprive rural innocents

of peace and virtue. It followed, of course, that no suspect in this class were no part of their ambition; they were in most cases totally overlooked and unexamined, left uninterrogated, as a useless weight, till R., whose, as in the present occasion, they were usually made. The companion of Antecephal, and flower of the tilt-yard of Falstaffe, had no more idea than his green and good parts could attach the love of Mystic Bopper, than a fair-faced beauty in the bony depths of the fatal womb which her charms may inflict on some attorney's romantic apprentice in the pit. I suppose, in any ordinary case, the pride of rank and distinction would have possessed in the bawdy chamber the dams which Sir Piers Fielding descended against the whole female world, "Let them look and die;" but the obligations under which he lay to the unaccused master, master's daughter as she was, precluded the possibility of Sir Pierie's troubling the master or master's, and, much embarrassed, yet a little flattered at the same time, he rode back to try what could be done for the damsel's relief.

The frantic modesty of poor Mystic could not prevent her showing too obvious signs of joy at Sir Pierie Shafstan's return; she was bewitched by the sparkle of the roving eye, and a curse, which, however timidly uttered, she could not help giving to the neck of the horse which brought back the beloved rider,

"What further can I do for you, kind Meliora?" said Sir Pierie Shafstan, himself hesitating and blushing; for, in the grace of Queen Boni's age be it spoken, her countresses were more true on their breasts than base on their foreheads, and even apid their mothers preserved still the dancing spirit of chivalry, which inspired of yore the very gentle Knight of Chancery,

"Who in his pot was woken to a snail?

Mystic blushed deeply, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and Sir Pierie prostrated in the same way of embarrassed modesty. "Are you afraid to return home alone, my kind Meliora?—would you that I should accompany you?"

"Alas!" said Mystic, looking up, and her cheek changing from purple to pale, "I have no home left."

"How! no home!" said Shafstan; "says my generous Meliora she hath no home, when yonder stands the house of her father, and but a crystal stream between?"

"Ab I!" answered the Miller's master, "I have no longer either home or father. He is a devoted servant to the Abbot—I have offended the Abbot, and if I return home my father will kill me."

"He does not injure thee, by Heaven!" said Sir Floris; "I swear to thee by my honor and knighthood, that the forces of my manor of Northumberland shall lay the Monastery so that that a horse shall not stampfe as he rides over it, if they should dare to injure a hair of your head! Therefore be joyful and content, fair Myranda, and know you have obliged one who can and will avenge the slightest wrong offered to you."

He sprang from his horse as he spoke, and in the excitement of his argument, grasped the willing hand of Myranda (or Myrinda, as he had now christened her). He gazed too upon tell black eyes, fixed upon his own with an expression which, however subtlety disguised, it was impossible to mistake, on which white something like hope began to rouse the natural color, and on two lips which, like double rosebuds, were kept a little apart by separation, and showed within a line of teeth as white as pearl. All this was dangerous to look upon, and Sir Floris faltered, after pausing with loss and loss from his respect that the fair Myranda would allow him to carry her to her father's, ended by adding the fair Myranda to go along with him—"At least," he added, "until I shall be able to conduct you to a place of safety."

Myrinda Rapper made no answer; but blushing amidst bewilderment, joy and shame, modestly expressed her willingness to accompany the courteous Knight, by holding her hands close, and preparing to receive her escort on wings. "And what is your pleasure that I should do with this?" she said, holding up the shawl as if she had been for the first time aware that it was in her hand.

"Keep it, fairest Myranda, for my sake," said the Knight.

"Not so, sir," answered Myrinda, gravely; "the maidens of my country take no such gifts from their superiors, and I need no tokens to remind me of this morning."

Most earnestly and seriously did the knight urge her acceptance of the proposed gesture, but on this point Myrinda was resolute; feeling, perhaps, that to accept of anything bearing the appearance of reward, would be to pluck the nerves

she had resolved him on a mercenary footing. In short, she would only agree to cover the chaps, but it might prove the means of detecting the wench, until Sir Picote should be placed in perfect safety.

They started and resumed their journey, of which Myrie, as bold and sharp-witted in some points as she was simple and unaptitude in others, now took in some degree the direction, having only inspired by its general destination, and learned that Sir Picote Shattock desired to go to Edinburgh, where he hoped to find friends and protection. Possessed of this information, Myrie availed herself of her local knowledge to get, as soon as possible out of the bounds of the Shetlands, and into those of a temporal home, supposed to be addicted to the reformed doctrine, and upon whose merits, at least, she thought their masters could not attempt to hazard any violence. She was not indeed very apprehensive of a pursuit, reckoning with some confidence that the inhabitants of the Town of Gloucester would find it a matter of difficulty to surmount the obstacles arising from their own bolts and bars, with which she had carefully secured these before setting forth on the retreat.

They journeyed on, therefore, in tolerable security, and Sir Picote Shattock found leisure to amuse the time in high-flown speeches and long anecdotes of the court of Falstaffe, to which Myrie lent an ear not a whit less attentive, than she did not understand one word out of those which were uttered by her fellow-traveller. She listened, however, and advised open heart, as many a wise man has been contented to trust the narration of a bandit or a silly mistress. As for Sir Picote, he was in his element; and, well assured of the interest and full approbation of his auditor, he went on quoting *Explosives* of more than usual妙处, and of more than usual length. Thus passed the morning, and soon brought them within sight of a winding stream on the side of which arose an ancient hermitage castle, surrounded by some large trees. At a small distance from the gate of the mansion, extended, as in those days was usual, a straggling banister, bearing a church in the centre.

"There are two hermitages in this Kirkcavven," said Myrie, "but the worst is best for our purpose; for it stands apart from the other houses, and I hear the man went, for he has dealt with my father for nought."

This was evident, to me a lawyer's phrase, was evidence for Mydd's purpose; for Sir Francis Shafton had, by dint of his own eloquence, been taking himself all this while in a high colour, for his fellow-traveller, and, pleased with the gracious reception which she afforded to his powers of conversation, had well-nigh forgotten that she was not herself one of those high-born beauties of whom he was recounting so many stories, when the melancholy speech at once placed the most disadvantageous circumstances attending her brought into his incomplete recollection. He said nothing, however. What indeed could he say! Nothing was so natural as that a Miller's daughter should be acquainted with politicians who dealt with her father for salt, and all that was to be wondered at was the extensiveness of events which had rendered such a female the companion and guide of Sir Francis Shafton of Wirksworth, known of the great Bar of Northumberland, when princes and sovereigns themselves termed courts, because of the Prince Blood.¹ He felt the disgrace of striding through the country with a Miller's maid on the crupper behind him, and was even ungrateful enough to feel some emotion of shame, when he halted his horse at the door of the little inn.

But the alert intelligence of Mydd Hagger spared him further sense of degradation, by instantly springing from his horse, and running the sum of nine furlongs, who came out with his mouth open to receive a gust of the knight's appearance, with an inspired tale, in which circumstance or circumstance was intimated so that, as to annihilate Sir Francis Shafton, whose own invention was issue of the most brilliant. She explained to the politician that this was a great English knight travelling from the Monastery to the Court of Scotland, after having paid his rents to Saint Mary, and that she had been directed to conduct him so far on the road; and that Bell, her pony, had fallen by the way, because he had been over-weighted with carrying home the last mallet of wood to the portmanteau of Longhope; and that she had turned in Bell to graze in the Thakery Park near Ovingham, for he had stood as still as Lot's wife with very weakness; and that the knight had earnestly intimated she should ride behind him, and that she had brought

¹ Professor Hall's authorities (the dates of reigns are indifferent to accurate reference) tell us the King of France called one of the French nobles, because of the blood of Northumberland.

him to her hand friend's hospitality rather than to proud Peter Prichard's, who got his milk at the Midwestern mills ; and that he cannot get the book that the house offered, and that he must get it ready in a moment of time, and that she was ready to help in the kitchen.

All this ran glibly off the tongue without pause on the part of Myra Hopper, or doubt on that of the landlord. The guest's form was conducted to the stable, and he himself installed in the cleanest corner and best nest which the place afforded. Myra, ever active and efficient, was at once engaged in preparing food, in spreading the table, and in making all the better arrangements which her experience could suggest, for the honour and comfort of her companion. He would fain have resisted this ; for while it was impossible not to be gratified with the eager and alert kindness which was so active in his service, he felt an unshakable pain in seeing Myra engrossed in these menial services, and discharging them, moreover, as one to whom they were but too familiar. Yet this jolting feeling was mixed with, and perhaps balanced by, the extreme grace with which the well-handled maidie executed these tasks, however menial in themselves, and gave to the wretched master of a miserable inn of the period, the air of a 'liver,' in which an unaccused fairy, or at least a sylphide of Amalthe, was displaying, with bewitching subtlety, her charms on the heart of some knight, destined by fortune to higher thoughts, and a more splendid issue.

The lightness and grace with which Myra covered the little round table with a snow-white cloth, and arranged upon it the handsomely-crated oysters, with its accompanying stamp of Bonduau, was but plebian grace in themselves ; but yet there were very flattering ideas excited by such grace. She was a very well made, agile at once and graceful, with her hand and arm as white as snow, and her face in which a smile contended with a blush, and her eyes which looked over at Shadlow when he looked elsewhere, and were dropped at once when they encountered his, that she was irresistible ! In fact, the affectionate dulcify of her whole demeanour, joined to the promptitude and felicity with which she boldly entered, tended to confirm the suspicion she had rendered, as if none.

— sweet, ringing tones
Put me some station to move abroad,
And hold a winter's place.

But, on the other hand, came the damning reflection, that these duties were not taught her by Love, to serve the beloved only, but arose from the ordinary and natural habits of a mother's daughter, discontented, desirous, to render the same service to every womanlier soul who frequented her father's will. This stopped the mouth of vanity, and all the love which vanity had been harboring, as effectually as a peck of flannel does would have done.

Ambit this variety of emotions, Sir Francis Shattock longed not to ask the object of them; to sit down and parboil the good sheep which she had been so anxious to provide and to place in order. He expected that this junction would have been happily, perhaps, but certainly most thankfully, accepted; but he was partly flattered, and partly piqued, by the silence of deference and resolution with which Myrtle declined his invitation. Immediately after, she vanished from the apartment, leaving the Bachelor to consider whether he was more gratified or displeased by her disappearance.

In fact, this was a point on which he would have found it difficult to make up his mind, had there been any necessity for it. As there was none, he drank a few cups of claret, and sang (to himself) a strophe or two of the canzonette of the divine Astrophel. But in spite both of this and of Sir Philip Sidney, the companion in which he now lived, and that which he was to future to hold, with the lovely Madeline, or Myrrha, as he had been pleased to denominate Myrtle Hopper, resolved to be silent. The fashion of the time (as we have already noticed) passionately abominated with his own natural generosity of disposition, which indeed amounted almost to extravagance, in prohibiting, as a deadly sin, alms against gallantry, chivalry, and morality; his revering the good offices he had received from this poor maidens, by shewing any of the advantages which her confidence in his honor had afforded. To do Sir Francis justice, it was an idea which never entered into his head; and he would probably have dealt the most scurrilous informants, streets, or public rooms, which the school of Vincent Starick had taught him, to any man who had dared to suggest to him such odious and ungrateful thoughts. On the other hand, he was a man, and former various circumstances which might render their journey together in this intimate fashion a scandal and a curse. Moreover he was a coconch and a covetor, and

felt there was something ridiculous in travelling the land with a mother's daughter behind his saddle, giving rise to suspicions not very creditable to either, and to ludicrous conjectures, as far as he himself was concerned.

"I would," he said half aloud, "that if such might be done without harm or discredit to the too-ambitious, yet too-well-distinguishing Hollins, she and I were fairly severed, and based on our different courses; even as we see the goodly vessel bound for the distant seas loses sight and bear away into the deep, while the humble fly-boat courses to shore those friends, who, with wounded hearts and watery eyes, have committed to their higher destinies the more daring adventures by whom the fate-finger is marked."

The last words entered the wild when it was granted; for the host turned to say that his worshipful knight's horse was ready to be brought forth as he had desired; and on his inquiry for "the—dear—dear—dear—is the young woman?"

"My dearest," said the master, "has returned to her father's; but she bids me say, you could not miss the road for Edinburgh, in respect it was neither far west nor far gone."

It is seldom we are exactly blessed with the precise fulfilment of our wishes at the moment when we enter them; perhaps, because Heaven wisely withdraws what, if granted, would be often mingled with ingratitude. So at least it chanced in the present instance; for when this host said that Myra was returned homeward, the knight was tempted to reply, with an ejaculation of surprise and vexation, and a hasty demand, whether and when she had departed! The first question his prideless suppressed, the second found utterance.

"Where is she gone?" said the host, gazing on him, and repeating his question—"She is gone home to her father's, it is true—and she good just when she gave orders about your worship's horse, and now it will fit (she might have treated me, but mother and mother!) like think a body as should like to themselves, as' shot three miles on the gate by this time."

"Is she gone then?" muttered Sir Piers, making two or three hasty strides through the narrow apartment—"Is she gone?...Well, then, let her go. She could have had but disgrace by sticking by me, and I little credit by her society. That I should have thought there was such difficulty in shaking her off! I warrant she is by this time laughing with some-

down she has uncounted; and my rich chain will prove a good story.—And ought it not to prove so? and has she not deserved it, were it ten times more miserable!—Please Shaftron! Please Shaftron!—I dare then proude thy deliverer the gaudies she hath so deadly want. The foolish air of this master's land hath infected thee, Please Shaftron!—and blighted the blossoms of thy generosity, even as it is said to shrivel the flowers of the industry.—Yet I thought," he added, after a moment's pause, "that she would not so easily and voluntarily have parted from me. But it stills not thinking of it.—Cast my reckoning, miss her, and let your grace land forth my rag."

The good host seemed also to have some moral point to discuss, for he answered not instantly, debating perhaps whether his conscience would bear a double charge for the same goods. Apparently his conscience replied in the negative, though not without hesitation, for he at length replied—"Sir soldier to her, it witness day that the living is done paid. Nevertheless, if your worshipful knighthood pleases to give answer for increase of trouble"——

"How!" said the knight; "the reckoning paid! and by whom, I pray you?"

"Now by Myse Rappo, if truth mase be spoken, as I well believe," answered the honest herald, with as many compensatione whittings for telling the verily as another might have thid for making a lie in the circumstance—"And out of the money supplied for poor hymen's journey by the Abbot, as she toldt to me. And both were I to perchance say gentilmen that durst not say so." He added in the confidence of honesty which his frank speech satisfied him to entertain, "Nevertheless, as I said before, if it pleases your knighthood of his good-will to consider extraordinary trouble"——

The knight set about his argument, by throwing the herald a remvable, which probably denoted the value of a Scotch rebus, though it would have defrayed but a half sou at the Three Cranes of the Ventry. The knight so much delighted mine host, that he use to tell the alabroop (for which no charge was ever made) from a butt pot sharper than that which he tall placed for the former steep. The knight passed slowly to home, partake of his country, and thanked him with the stiff condescension of the court of Elizabeth; then mounted and followed the northern path, which was pointed out as the

nearest to Edinburgh, and which, though very unlike a modern highway, bore yet no distinct resemblance to a public and frequented road as not to be easily mistaken.

"I shall get used her guidance it seems," said he to himself, as he rode slowly onward; "and I suppose that was the reason of his abrupt departure, so different from what one might have supposed.—Well, I am well rid of her. Do we not pray to be delivered from temptation? Yet that she should have tried to reach in estimation of her own abilities and aims, so to think of destroying the nation! I would I saw her once more, but to explain to her the motives of which her impetuosity had rendered her guilty. And I fear," he added, as he emerged from some struggling trees, and looked out upon a wild moorish country, composed of a succession of swelling heath-hills, "I fear I shall soon meet the end of this Ariadne, who might afford me a clue through the mazes of popular misconception labyrinth."

As the Knight thus communed with himself, his attention was caught by the sound of a horse's trotting; and a lad, mounted on a little grey British nag, about fourteen hands high, coming along a path which led from behind the trees, joined him on the high-road, if it could be termed such.

The dress of the lad was completely in village fashion, poor and homely in appearance. He had a jerkin of grey cloth clouted and trimmed, with black hose of the same, with deer-skin stockings, or stockings, and handsome silver spurs. A cloak of a dark mulberry colour was closely drawn round the upper part of his person, and the cap in fact masked his face, which was also obscured by his bonnet of black velvet cloth, and its little plumes of feathers.

Mr. Faversham, full of anxiety, desired she to have a guide, and, moreover, proposed to direct of so handsome a youth, failed not to ask his whence he came, and whether he was going? The youth looked another way, as he answered that he was going to Edinburgh, "to seek service in some nobleman's family."

"I fear me you have run away from your last master," said the Faversham, "since you do not bid me to the fire while you answer my question."

"Indeed, sir, I have not," answered the lad, bashfully, while, as if with reluctance, he turned round his face, and instantly

widower it. It was a pleasure, but the discovery was complete. There was no masking the dark full eye, the cheek in which much embarrassment could not altogether disguise an expression of comic humor, and the whole figure at once betrayed, under her metamorphosis, the Maid of the Mill. The recognition was joyful, and Sir Pierie Shaftron was too much pleased to have required his companion to remember the very good reasons which had counselled him for losing her.

To his questions respecting her dress, she answered, that she had obtained it in the Khirkiya from a friend; it was the holiday suit of a son of hers, who had taken the field with his Regi lord, the bairam of the land. She had borrowed the suit under protest she meant to play in some running or round-tournaments. She had left, she said, her own apparel in exchange, which was better worth ten crowns than this was worth five.

"And the rag, my ingenuous Melinda," said Sir Pierie, "whence comes the rag?"

"I borrowed him from our host at the Ghef's Nest," she replied; and added, half stifling a laugh, "he has not to get, instead of it, our Hall, which I left in the Tailor's Park at Cripplecross. He will be lucky if he finds it there."

"But then the poor rascal will lose his home, most tragic Mynde," said Sir Pierie Shaftron, whose English notions of property were a little startled at a mode of acquisition more congenial to the likes of a miller's daughter (and to a Basque miller in boot) than with those of an English peerage of quality.

"And if he does lose his home," said Mynde, laughing, "surely he is not the first man on the marches who has had such a mischance. But he will be no loser, for I warrant he will stop the value set of moneye which he has swol my father this many a day."

"But then your father will be the loser," objected yet again the pertinacious uprightness of Sir Pierie Shaftron.

"What signifies it now to talk of my father?" said the damsel, pettishly; then instantly changing to a tone of deep feeling, she added, "My father has this day lost that which will make him hold light the loss of all the gear he has left."

Struck with the accents of remorseful sorrow in which his companion uttered those few words, the English knight took himself bowed both in honour and conscience to expostulate

with her as strongly as he could, on the risk of the step which she had now taken, and on the probability of her returning to her father's house. The matter of his discourse, though adorned with many unnecessary flourishes, was honourable both to his head and heart.

The Maid of the Mist returned to his flowing periods with her head back on her bosom in the role, like me in deep thought or deeper sorrow. When he had finished, she raised up her countenance, looked full on the knight, and replied with great firmness—"If you are weary of my company, Sir Pieris Shafton, you have but to say so, and the Miller's daughter will be no further trouble to you. And do not think I will be a burden to you, if we travel together to Edinburgh; I have wit enough and pride enough to be a willing burden to no man. But if you reject not my company at present, and find not it will be burdensome to you however, speak no more to me of returning back. All that you can say to me I have said to myself; and that I am now here, is a sign that I have said it to no purpose. Let this subject, therefore, be for ever ended between us. I have already, in some small fashion, been useful to you, and the time may come I may be more so; for this is not your land of England, where man's justice is done with little fear or favour to great and to small; but it is a land where men do by the strong hand, and defined by the ready wit, and I know better than you the perils you are exposed to."

Sir Pieris Shafton was somewhat mortified to find that the damsel conceived her presence useful to him as a protectress as well as guide, and had something of seeking protection from amongst mere his own arm and his good sword. Myria answered very quietly that she nothing doubted his bravery; but it was that very quality of bravery which was most likely to involve him in danger. Sir Pieris Shafton, whose head never kept very long in any continued train of thinking, acquiesced without much reply, reaching in his own mind that the maiden only used this apology to disguise her real motive, of affection to his person. The resonance of the situation, fanned his vanity and elevated his imagination, as placing him in the situation of one of those romantic heroes of whom he had read the histories, where similar transformations made a distinguished figure.

He took away a silken glove of his page, whose habits of country sport and country exercise had rendered her quite

sufficient to sustain the character she had assumed. She managed the little ruse with dexterity, and even with grace; nor did anything appear that could have betrayed her disguise, except when a painful consciousness of her companion's eyes being fixed on her, gave her an appearance of temporary embarrassment, which greatly added to her beauty.

The couple rode forward as in the morning, pleased with themselves and with each other, until they arrived at the village where they were to repose for the night, and where all the inhabitants of the little inn, both male and female, joined in extolling the good grace and handsome countenance of the English knight, and the uncommon beauty of his youthful attendant.

It was here that Miss Hopper first made Sir Pieris Shafton sensible of the reserved manner in which she proposed to live with him. She accosted him as her master, and, walking upon him with the reverent demeanor of an actual dame, permitted not the least approach to familiarity, not even such as the bright night with the utmost innocence had ventured upon. For example, Sir Pieris, who, as we know, was a great connoisseur in dress, was detailing to her the advantageous change which he proposed to make in her attire as soon as they should reach Edinburgh, by arraying her in his own colours of pink and carnation. Miss Hopper listened with great complacency to the emotion with which he dilated upon wands, lace, sleeves, and trimmings, until, carried away by the enthusiasm with which he was asserting the superiority of the falling band over the Spanish ruff, he approached his hand, in the way of illustration, towards the collar of his page's doublet. She instantly stepped back, and gravely intimated him that she was alone and under his protection.

"You cannot but remember the case which has brought me here," she continued; "make the least approach to my familiarity which you would not offer to a princess surrounded by her court, and you have seen the last of the Miller's daughter—She will vanish as the stuff disappears from the spinning-wheel when the west wind blows."

"I do protest, fair Madam," said Sir Pieris Shafton—but the fair Madam had disappeared before his protest could be uttered. "A most singular wench," said he to himself; "and

"The place where now was situated, while that operation was performed by the hand, was called in Scotland the Spinning-wheel."

by this hand, as direct as she is his-favoured—Cecile, shame it were to alter her smile or displease ! She makes studies too, though somewhat sorrowing of her condition. Had she but read Hopkins, and forgotten that accursed mill and skidding-hill, it is my thought that her countenance would be bejewelled with as many and as choice pearls of complexion, as that of the most rhetorical lady in the court of Felicia. I trust she yearns to return to have me company."

But that was no part of Myris's preordained scheme. It was then drawing to dusk, and he saw her not again until the next morning, when the horses were brought to the door that they might prosecute their journey.

But our story here necessarily leaves the English knight and his page, to return to the Tower of Glaesbury.

CHAPTER THIRTYFIFTH.

You will be an ill neighbour may be my
But now I am, among the ranks which tell,
To the first hand of a comrade I used to rise,
And who like him the spirit himself had forfeited.
Our Play.

We must resume our narrative at the period when Mary Averell was consoled in the apartment which had been formerly occupied by the two Glaesburys, and when her faithful attendant, Tibbie, had exhausted herself in useless attempts to comfort and to console her. Father Bertram also dealt forth with well-meant kindness those apothegms and dogmas of consolation, which friendship always strives to yield, though they are uniformly offered in vain. She was at length left to indulge in the dissolution of her own sorrowful feelings. She felt as those who, loving for the first time, have lost what they loved; before time and repeated misery have taught them that every loss is to a certain extent separable or endurable.

Such grief may be conceived better than it can be described, as is well known to those who have experienced it. But Mary Averell had been taught by the peculiarity of her situation, to regard herself as the Child of Destiny ; and the melancholy and

reflecting torn of her disposition gave to her sorrow a depth and breadth peculiar to her character. The grave—and it was a bloody grave—had closed, as she believed, over the youth to whom she was secretly, but most warmly attached; the form and features of Halbert's character bearing a singular correspondence to the energy of which her own was capable. Her sorrow did not exhaust itself in sighs and tears, but when the first shock had passed away, concentrated itself with deep and steady meditation to reflect and calculate, like a bankrupt debtor, the full amount of her loss. It seemed as if all that connected her with earth had vanished with this loss to her. She had never dared to anticipate the possibility of an ultimate union with Halbert, yet now his supposed fall seemed that of the only tree which was to shelter her from the storm. She respected the more gentle character, and more peaceful dispositions, of the younger Glandining; but it had not escaped her (what never indeed escaped woman in such circumstances) that he was disposed to place himself in competition with what she, the daughter of a proud and warlike race, deemed the more manly qualities of his elder brother; and there is no time when a woman dare so little justice to the character of a surviving hero, as when comparing him with the preferred rival of whom she has been recently deprived.

The motherly, but unmanly kindness of Dame Glandining, and the clustering fondness of her old domestic, seemed now the only kind feeling of which she formed the object; and she could not but reflect how little these were to be compared with the devoted attachment of a high-spirited youth, whom the last gleams of her eye could command, as the high-mettled steed is governed by the lasso of the rider. It was when (engaged among these dissolating reflections, that Mary Arwell left the room to walk, taking from the mirror and basket, ignorance in which Rose then educated the children of her church. Their whole religion was a ritual, and their prayers were the thread iteration of unknown words, which, in the hour of affliction, could yield but little consolation to those who from habit resorted to them. Unused to the practice of mental devotion, and of personal approach to the Divine presence by prayer, she could not help exclaiming in her distress, "There is no aid for me on earth, and I know not how to seek it from Heaven!"

As she spoke thus in an agony of sorrow, she cast her eyes

into the apartment, and saw the mysterious Spirit, which waited upon the fortunes of her house, standing in the moonlight in the midst of the room. The same form, as the reader knows, had more than once offered itself to her sight; and either her native boldness of mind, or some peculiarity attached to her from her birth, made her now look upon it without shrinking. But the White Lady of Arundel was now more distinctly visible, and more closely present, than she had ever before seemed to be, and Mary was appalled by her presence. She would, however, have spoken; but there was a tradition, that though others who had seen the White Lady had asked questions and received answers, yet those of the house of Arundel who had ventured to speak to her, had never long survived the epilepsy. The figure, besides, as sitting up in her bed, Mary Arundel gazed on it intently, moved by its gesture to caution her to keep silence, and at the same time to bespeak attention.

The White Lady then seemed to peer over the planks of the floor with her feet, while in her usual low, melancholy, and musical chant, she repeated the following words—

" Mabon, when streets will the living beat,
When men shall communise with the Dead Aller,
Mabon, stand! Beneath my foot lies all
The War, the Law, the Folk, which men and women
Ye find, and cannot set free.—Should spirits shudder
There for those lot, it were my lot to weep,
Sleeping the rest which I shall never leave,
Through my foot prints lie.—Sleep, thou sleep,
Dusk, dusk, and cold forgottenness my lot lie—
But do not thou, oh human life, despair,
Gone there has left guidance in this sport,
For all the woes that wait thee, Adon's lies—
Sleep, sleep, and make if possible may not make it worse!"

The phantom stooped towards the floor as she concluded, as if with the intention of laying her hand on the board on which she stood. But ere she had completed that gesture, her form became indistinct, was presently only like the shade of a fleecy cloud, which passed toward earth and the moon, and was soon altogether invisible.

A strong impression of fear, the first which she had experienced in her life to any striking extent, seized upon the mind of Mary Arundel, and for a minute she felt a disposition to faint. She repelled it, however, mastered her courage, and

addressed herself to writing and reading, as her church recommended. Broken slumber at length stalked on her exhausted mind and frame, and she slept until the dawn was about to arise, when she was awakened by the cry of "Traitors! treason! treason! follow, follow!" which arose in the town, when it was found that French Staunton had made his escape.

Aprehension of some new misfortune, Mary Avenel hastily arranged the dress which she had not laid aside, and, venturing to quit her chamber, learned from Tilly, who, with her grey hair dishevelled like those of a boy, was flying from room to room, that the bloody Southern villain had made his escape, and that Halbert Gloucestrian, poor halibut, would sleep unweaved and unquiet in his bloody grave. In the lower apartments the young men were roaring like thunders, and venting in oaths and execrations against the fugitives the rage which they experienced in finding themselves locked up within the tower, and delivered from their vindictive purpose by the wily preservation of Mystic Hopper. The authoritative voice of the Sub-Prior commanding silence was next heard; upon which Mary Avenel, whose tons of feeling did not lead her to enter into council or society with the rest of the party, again retired to her solitary chamber.

The rest of the family held counsel in the space, Edwold almost "beating himself" with rage, and the Sub-Prior in no small degree offended at the effrontery of Mystic Hopper in attempting such a scheme, as well as at the mingled boldness and dexterity with which it had been executed. But neither surprise nor anger availed ought. The windows, well secured with iron bars for keeping squallids out, proved now as effectual for detaining the inhabitants within. The battlements were open, indeed; but without ladder or rope to act as a substitute for wings, there was no possibility of descending from them. They easily succeeded in alarming the inhabitants of the outposts beyond the precincts of the court; but the men had been called in to strengthen the guard for the night, and only women and children remained, who could contribute nothing to the emergency, except their useless exhibitions of surprise, and there were nought else for miles around. Dame Euphie, however, though devoted in truth, was not so unskillful of external affairs, but that she could find voice enough to tell the women and children without, to "leave their shilling, and look

after the cows that she could get mended, what w^t the awful distinction of her mind, what w^t of that three not having locked them up in their six tower so fast as if they had been in the Jeckyll-Tolbooth."

Meanwhile, the cows, finding other modes of exit impossible, tumultuously crowded to force the door with such tools as the house afforded for the purpose. These were not very proper for the occasion, and the strength of the door was great. The interior one, formed of oak, occupied then the three mortal hours, and there was little prospect of the iron door being forced in double the time.

While they were engaged in this ingrateful toil, Mary Arundel had with much less labour acquired exact knowledge of what the Spirit had intimated in her mystic rhyme. On examining the spot which the phantom had indicated by her gesture, it was not difficult to discover that a board had been loosened, which might be raised at pleasure. On removing this piece of plank, Mary Arundel was astonished to find the Black Book, well remembered by her as her mother's favourite study, of which she immediately took possession, with as much joy as her present situation rendered her capable of feeling.

Opposant to a great measure of its contents, Mary Arundel had been taught from her infancy to hold this volume in sacred reverence. It is probable that the deceased Lady of Walter Arundel only postponed initiating her daughter into the mysteries of the Divine Word, until she should be better able to comprehend both the lesson which it taught, and the risk at which, in those times, they were entitled. Death interposed, and removed her before the time became favourable to the reformers, and before her daughter was so far advanced in age as to be fit to receive religious instruction of this deep import. But the affectionate mother had made preparations for the earthly work which she had most at heart. There were slips of paper inserted in the volume, in which, by an appeal to, and a comparison of, various passages in holy writ, the errors and human inventions with which the Church of Rome had defaced the simple edifice of Christianity, as erected by its divine architect, were pointed out. These controversial topics were treated with a spirit of tolerance and Christian charity, which might have been an example to the theologians of the period; but they were clearly, fully, and plainly argued, and supported by the prove-

very peace and refection. Other papers there were which had no reference whatever to polities, but were the simple effusions of a devout mind communing with itself. Among them was one frequently used, as it seemed from the state of the manuscript, in which the mother of Mary had transcribed and placed together those affecting texts to which the heart has recourse in affliction, and which assure us at once of the sympathy and protection afforded to the children of the psalmist. In Mary Arden's state of mind, these attested her above all the other lessons, which, coming from a hand so dear, had reached her at a time so critical, and in a manner so touching. She read the affecting promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and the consoling exhortation, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." She read them, and her heart responded in the conclusion, *Verily this is the Word of God!*

There are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those whom it has surrounded amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity; there are those, too, who have heard its "still small voice" amid rural labours and plough-contestants. But perhaps the knowledge which cometh not to us, is most frequently impressed upon the mind during scenes of affliction; and such are the so-called showers which cause the seed of Heaven to spring and take root in the human breast. At least it was thus with Mary Arden. She was insensible to the discordant noise which rang below, the clink of iron and the jarring symphony of the terms which they used to disseminate, the measured shouts of the labouring inmates as they combined their strength for each house, and gave them with their voices to the exertion of their arms, and their deeply muttered vow of revenge on the fugitives who had banished them at their departure a task as tedious and difficult. Not all this also, combined in hideous concert, and expressive of might but peace, love, and largesse, could divert Mary Arden from the new course of study on which she had so singularly entered. "The sensuity of Heaven," she said, "is above me; the words which are around me but those of earth and earthly passion."

Meanwhile the noon was passed, and little impression was made on the iron grates, when they who laboured at it received a sudden reinforcement by the unexpected arrival of Christie of the Cliffield. He came at the head of a small party, consisting

of four horsemen, who bore in their caps the sprig of holly, which was the badge of Arundel.

"What, he !—my master," he said, "I bring you a present."

"You had better have brought us liberty," said Dus of the Howlet-blast.

Christie looked at the state of affairs with great surprise. "As I were to be hanged for it," he said, "as I may be at little a master, I could not forbear laughing at seeing men peeping through their own bars like so many rats in a trap, and he with the head behind, like the eldest rat in the cellar."

"Hush, thou unmerciful knave," said Edward, "it is the Sub-Prior ; and this is neither time, place, nor company for your scurrilous jests."

"What, he ! is my young master impudent!" said Christie; "why, man, were he my own cruel father, instead of being father to half the world, I would have my laugh out. And now it is over, I must admit you, I rascals, for you are nothing very grandly about this gate—pull the post nearer the staple, man, and lead me on from tree through the gate, for there's the jewel to fly away with a wicket on its shoulder. I have broke into as many gates as you have teeth in your young head—ay, and broke out of them too, as the captain of the Castle of Lochinvar knows full well."

Christie did not boast more skill than he really possessed; for, applying their combined strength, under the direction of that experienced engineer, bolt and staple gave way before them, and in less than half-an-hour, the gate which had so long repelled their three stood open before them.

"And now," said Edward, "to have, my master, and possess the villain Shaftron!"

"Wait there," said Christie of the Chathill; "parson your guest, my master's friend and my own!—there go two words to that bargain. What sum total would you parson him for?"

"Let me guess," said Edward volubly, "I will be staid by no man—the villain has murdered my brother!"

"What says he?" said Christie, turning to the others; "murdered! who is murdered, and by whom?"

"The Englishman, Sir Pierce Shaftron," said Dus of the

Hoyal-shire," has murdered young Halbert Glendinning yesterday morning, and we have all risen to the fray."

"It is a foolish business, I think," said Christie. "First I find you all locked up in your own tower, and next I am sent to prevent you revenging a murder that was never committed."

"I tell you," said Edward, "that my brother was slain and buried yesterday morning by this thine Engleman."

"And I tell you," answered Christie, "that I saw him alive and well last night. I would I knew his trick of getting out of the grave; most men find it more hard to break through a green sod than a grated door."

Every body now paused, and looked on Christie in astonishment, until the Sub-Prior, who had hitherto avoided communication with him, came up and required earnestly to know, whether he meant really to maintain that Halbert Glendinning lived.

"Father," he said, with more respect than he usually showed to any one save his master, "I confess I may sometimes jest with those of your coat, but not with you; because, as you may partly perceive, I owe you a life. It is certain as the sun is in heaven, that Halbert Glendinning stepped at the base of my master the Baron of Avenel last night, and that he came thither in company with an old man, of whom more anon."

"And where is he now?"

"The devil only can answer that question," replied Christie, "for the devil has possessed the whole family I think. He took Master, the foolish lad, at something or other which our Baron did in his master's honour, and so he jumped into the lake and swam ashore like a wild duck. Master of Rossmore spoiled a good gelding in chasing him this morning."

"And why did he chase the youth?" said the Sub-Prior; "what harm had he done?"

"None that I know of," said Christie; "but such was the Baron's order, being in his mood, and all the world having gone mad, as I have said before."

"Whether away so fast, Edward?" said the monk.

"To Corri-an-shire, Father," answered the youth. — "Martin and Tom, take pitchfork and mattock, and follow me if you be free."

"Right," said the monk, "and tell not to give us better notice what you find."

"If you did sight there like Hubert Glaistering," said Christie, halloving after Edward, "I will be bound to set him wounded.—'Tis a sight to see now how that fellow takes the beat!—It is in the time of action man see what lads are made of. Hubert was aye skipping up and down like a roe, and his brother used to sit in the chimney-corner with his book and candle-like trash—but the lad was like a loaded buckshot, which will stand in the corner as quiet as an old crutch until ye draw the trigger, and then there is nothing but flesh and sinews.—But here comes my prisoner; and, setting other matters aside, I must pay a visit with you, Sir Sub-Prior, respecting him. I came on 'fore to treat about him, but I was interrupted with this fashions."

As he spoke, two more of Arnaldi's troopers rode into the courtyard, leading between them a horse, on which, with his hands bound to his side, sat the reformed preacher, Henry Warden.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

As when I saw him a sharp-witted youth,
Grown, thoughtful, and reserved among his mates,
Turning the leaves of sport and fable in leisure,
Shriving his body to inform his mind.

One Phar.

The Sub-Prior, at the Brother's request, had not failed to return to the tower, into which he was followed by Christie of the Cliffhill, who, shutting the door of the apartment, drew near, and began his discourse with great confidence and familiarity.

"My master," he said, "wants me with his commendations to you, Sir Sub-Prior, above all the community of Saint Mary's, and more specially than even to the Abbot himself; for though he be termed my lord, and so forth, all the world knows that you are the tongue of the trumpet."

"If you have ought to say to me concerning the community," said the Sub-Prior, "it were well you pronounced it without further delay. Time passes, and the fits of young Glaistering dwindle on my mind."

"I will be master for man, body for body," said Christie.
"I do protest to you, as sure as I am a living man, as surely is
the sun."

"Should I not tell his unhappy master the joyful tidings?"
said Father Bussette,—"and yet better wait till they return
from searching the grave. Well, Sir Justman, your message to
me from your master?"

"My lord and master," said Christie, "had good reason to
believe that, from the information of certain book friends,
whom he will reward at mass hours, your parochial community
had been led to deem him ill attached to Holy Church, allied
with heretics, and those who follow heresy, and a hangman after
the spoils of your Abbey."

"In brief, good 'benedic,' said the Sub-Prior, "for the
devil is ever most to be feared when he prevaileth."

"Truly then—my master desires your friendship; and to
remove himself from the maligner's calumny, he sends to your
Abbot that Harry Marion, whom names have fanned the
world wide down, to be dealt with as Holy Church directs, and
at the Abbot's pleasure may determine."

The Sub-Prior's eyes sparkled at the intelligence; for it had
been accounted a matter of great importance that this man
should be arrested, possessed, as he was known to be, of so
much evil and popularity, that scarcely the preaching of Knox
himself had been more abhorred to the people, and more
forswearable to the Church of Rome.

To that, that ancient system, which as well accommodated its
doctrines to the wants and wishes of a barbarous age, had, since
the art of printing, and the gradual diffusion of knowledge,
but floating like some huge levitation, into which ten thousand
reforming fathers were darting their lances. The Roman
Church of Scotland, in particular, was at her last gasp, asthmatically
Moaning blood and water, yet still with unrelaxed, though
natural exertions, maintaining the conflict with the auxiliaries,
who on every side were plunging their weapons into her belly
body. In many large towns, the monasteries had been cap-
tured by the fury of the populace; in other places, their
possessions had been usurped by the power of the rebuked nobles; but still the Monarchy made a part of the common law
of the realm, and might claim both its property and its privi-
leges wherever it had the means of asserting them. The

community of St. Mary's of Kenmolphair was considered as being particularly in this situation. They had indeed diminished their territorial power and influence; and the great laicos in the neighbourhood, partly from their attachment to the party in the state who still upheld the old system of religion, partly because such grudged the share of the prey which the others most absurdly claim, had as yet obtained from despoiling the Holland. The community was also understood to be protected by the powerful Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, whose zealous attachment to the Catholic faith caused at a later period the great rebellion of the tenth of Elizabeth.

Thus happily placed, it was supposed by the friends of the despising cause of the Roman Catholic faith, that some determined example of courage and resolution, exercised where the franchises of the church were not entire, and her jurisdiction unimpeded, might see the progress of the new opinions into activity; and, protected by the laws which still existed, and by the favour of the sovereign, might be the means of recovering the territory which Rome yet possessed in Scotland, and perhaps of recovering that which she had lost.

The matter had been considered more than once by the northern Catholics of Scotland, and they had held communication with those of the south. Father Thantze, elevated by his public and private virtue, had caught the flame, and had eagerly advised that they should execute the doom of heresy on the first-referenced principle, or, according to his sense, on the first heretic of infidelity, who should venture within the precincts of the Holland. A heart naturally kind and noble, now, in this instance, as it has been in many more, dastardly by its own generosity. Father Thantze would have been a bold administrator of the Inquisitorial power of Spain, where that power was unimpeded, and where judgment was exercised without danger to those who inflicted it. In such a situation his right might have relented in favour of the accused, when it was at his pleasure to crush or to spare at discretion. But in Scotland, during this crisis, the case was entirely different. The question was, whether one of the spirituality there, at the hazard of his own life, to step forward to assert and vindicate the rights of the church. Was there any who would venture to wield the thunder in her cause, at least. It remains like that in the hand

of a painted Jupiter, the object of derision instead of terror! The trial was calculated to exalt the soul of Rosina; for it comprised the question, whether he deserved, or did deserve to himself, to execute with stolid sternity a sentence which, according to the general opinion, was in so advertisingress to the church, and, according to ancient law, and to his firm belief, was not only justifiable but meritorious.

While such resolutions were agitated amongst the Catholics, there was placed a visited within their group, Henry Wardlaw had, with the unfeigned regret to the catholicistic reformers of the age, transgressed, in the recklessness of his soul, the bounds of the discreet. Liberty allowed to his soul so far, that it was thought the Queen's personal dignity was concerned in bringing him to justice. He fled from Edinburgh, with remonstrations, however, from Lord James Stewart, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Murray, to some of the border chief-thanes of inferior rank, who were privately conjured to procure his safe passage into England. One of the principal persons to whom such recommendation was addressed, was Julian Arundel; for in fact, and for a considerable time afterwards, the correspondence and interests of Lord James lay rather with the intermediate leaders than with the chiefs of great-power, and men of distinguished influence upon the border. Julian Arundel had interceded without scruple with both parties—yet, had he been so, he certainly would not have practised night against the guest whom Lord James had recommended to his hospitality, had it not been for what he termed the passenger's obvious intermeddling in his family affairs. But when he had determined to make Wardlaw pay the forfeit he had sued him, and the sum of public scandal which he had caused in his hall, Julian resolved, with the constitutional shrewdness of his disposition, to combine his vengeance with his interest. And therefore, instead of doing violence to the person of Henry Wardlaw within his own castle, he determined to deliver him up to the Community of Saint Mary's, and at once make those the instruments of his own revenge, and found a claim of personal recompence, either in money, or in a grant of Abbey lands at a low quantum, which had long since to be the established term in which the temporal nobles ploughed the spirituality.

The Sub-Priest, therefore, of Saint Mary's, unexpectedly saw

the standard, native, and indocile army of the church delivered into his hand, and felt himself called upon to make good his promise to the friends of the Catholic faith, by spilling honey in the blood of one of its most zealous professors.

To the honest man of Father Bertrand's heart than of his consistency, the consciousness that Henry Warden was placed within his power, struck him with more sorrow than triumph; but his next feelings were those of exultation. "It is sad," he said to himself, "to see human suffering. It is evil to see human blood to be spilled; but the Judge to whom the sword of Saint Paul, as well as the keys of Saint Peter, are confided, must not shrink from his task. Our weapons return here our own bosom, if not wickedly with a steady and unrelenting hand against the invincible enemies of the Holy Church. Forward! It is the doom he has incurred, and were all the heretics in Scotland armed and at his back, they should not prevent his being pronounced, and, if possible, enforced.—Bring the heretic before me," he said, laying his commands aloud, and in a tone of authority.

Henry Warden was led in, his hands still bound, but his feet at liberty.

"Clear the apartment," said the Sub-Prior, "of all but the necessary guard on the prisoner."

All retired except Christian of the Cliftill, who, having dismissed the inferior troopers whom he commanded, unsheathed his sword, and placed himself beside the door, as if taking upon him the character of sentinel.

The Judge and the accused met face to face, and in that of both was exhibited the noble confidence of rectitude. The monk was about, at the utmost risk to himself and his community, to exercise what in his ignorance he conceived to be his duty. The preacher, actuated by a benevolent, yet not a mere sullen, and, was prompt to submit to execution for God's sake, and to end, were it necessary, his mission with his blood. Placed at such a distance of time as better enables us to appreciate the tendency of the principles on which they severally acted, we cannot doubt to which the palm ought to be awarded. But the soul of Father Bertrand was as free from passion and personal bias as if it had been exerted in a better cause.

They appraised each other, armed each and prepared for

Intellectual conflict, and such interest regarding his opponent, as if either hoped to spy out some defect, some chasm in the armor of his antagonist.—As they gazed on each other, old recollections began to awake in either bosom, at the sight of features long unseen and much altered, but not forgotten. The luster of the Sub-Priest dimmed by degrees the crown of command, the look of calm yet stern defiance gradually vanished from that of Warbreck, and both lost the air instant that of gloomy solemnity. They had been ardent and intimate friends in youth at a foreign university, but had been long separated from each other; and the change of name, which the preceptor had adopted from motives of safety, and the cloak from the common status of the country, had prevented the possibility of their hitherto recognizing each other in the opposite parts which they had been playing in the great political and religious drama. But now the Sub-Priest exclaimed, "Henry Willwood!" and the preceptor replied, "William Allen!"—and, stirred by the old familiar names, and never-to-be-forgotten recollections of college studies and college intimacy, their hands were for a moment clasped in each other.

"Remove his bonds," said the Sub-Priest, and assisted Christopher in performing that office with his own hands, although the prisoner scarcely would consent to be released, repeating with emphasis, that he rejoiced in the name for which he suffered shame. When his hands were at liberty, however, he shewed his sense of the kindness by again exchanging a grasp and a look of affection with the Sub-Priest.

The smile was frank and generous on either side, yet it was not the friendly recognition and greeting which are wont to take place between adverse disciples, who do nothing in hate but all in honor. As each felt the pressure of the situation in which they stood, he quitted the grasp of the other's hand, and fell back, concerning each other with looks more calm and sorrowful than expressive of any other passion. The Sub-Priest was the first to speak.

"And is this, then, the end of that restless activity of mind, that bold and indomitable love of truth that urged investigation to its utmost limits, and caused to take heaven itself by storm—is this the termination of Willwood's career!—And having known and loved him during the best years of our youth, as we meet in our old age as judge and criminal!"

"Not as Judge and criminal," said Henry Warde,—"for to avoid confusion we describe him by his later and best known name—" Not as Judge and criminal do we meet, but as a misguided oppressor and his ready and devoted victim. I, too, may ask, are there the harvest of the rich lures excited by the classical learning, acute logical power, and vast knowledge of William Allen, that he should risk to be the military dress of a cold, grizzled, ugly crew with the high complacence of escorting Roman mailed as all who oppose Roman imposture?"

"Not to this," answered the Sub-Prior, "be assured—nor unto that, nor unto mortal man, will I render an account of the power with which the Church may have invested me. It was granted but as a deposit for her welfare—for her welfare it shall at every risk be exercised, without fear and without favor."

"I expected no less from your misguided soul," answered the preacher; "and it can here you and me on whom you may fearlessly exercise your authority, assure that his mind at least will defy your influence, as the stones of that West Bank which we saw together, shiv'lt not under the heat of the hottest summer sun."

"I do believe these," said the Sub-Prior, "I do believe that truth is indeed most unshakable by force. Let it yield then to persuasion. Let us debate these matters of faith, as we once more went to conduct our scholastic disputes, when hours, nay, days, glided past in the mutual exercise of our intellectual powers. It may be thou mayest yet hear the voice of the shag-hawk, and nature in the unceasal field."

"No, Allen," replied the prisoner, "this is no vain question, derived by domineering scholastics, on which they may whet their intellectual facilities until the very metal be wasted away. The errors which I confess are like those leeches which are only cast out by fasting and prayer. Alas! not many wise, not many learned, are shorn; the cottage and the hamlet shall in our days bear witness against the schools and their disciples. They very wisdom, which is foolishness, hath made them, as the Greeks of old, bold as foolishness that which is the only true wisdom."

"This," said the Sub-Prior, sternly, "is the mere cast of ignorant enthusiasm, which separates from learning and from authority, from the mere guidance of that lamp which God hath afforded us in the Councils and in the Fathers of the Church, to a rash, self-willed, and arbitrary interpretation of the Scriptures,

wanted according to the private opinion of such speculating heretic."

"I decline to reply to the charge," replied Warde. "The question at issue between your Church and mine, is, whether we will be judged by the Holy Scriptures, or by the devices and decisions of men not less subject to error than ourselves, and who have defiled our holy religion with vain devices, raised up idols of stone and wood, in form of these, who, when they lived, were but sinful creatures, to share the worship due only to the Creator—established a toll-house between heaven and hell, that profitable peregriny of which the Pope keeps the keys, like as an impudent judge exacts punishment for bribe, and!"

"Silence, blasphemer," said the Sub-Prior, sternly; "or I will have thy blasphemous abominable stopped with a gag!"

"Ay," replied Warde, "such is the freedom of the Christian conference in which Romish priests so kindly invite us!—the gag—the mask—the gag—in the name whereof? But know thou, unwise amateur friend, that the diameter of the human complexion is not so changed by age, but that he still dares to venture for the cause of truth all that thy proud hierarchy shall dare to inflict."

"Of that," said the monk, "I nothing doubt.—There went over a hound in turn against the spear of the hunter, not a sting to be discovered at the sound of his bark."—He walked through the room in silence. "Well-sayd," he said at length, "we can no longer be friends. Our faith, our hope, our anchor of futurity, is no longer the same."

"Doubt is my sorrow that thou speakest truth. May God so judge me," said the Reformer; "as I would buy the communion of a soul like thine with my dearest brother's blood."

"To these, said with bitter music, do I return the wish," replied the Sub-Prior; "it is such an arm as thine that should defend the bulwarks of the Church, and it is now discharging the battering-ram against them, and rendering practicable the breach through which all that is greedy, and all that is base, and all that is mortifiable and fast-handed in this fascinating age, already hove to advance to destruction and to spoil. But since such is our fate, that we can no longer fight side by side as friends, let us at least act as generous enemies. You cannot have forgotten,

* Quare horis det credidit auctor?
Quae nescit, erat' illa folia dicens? —

Although, perhaps," he added, stopping short in his quotation, "your love faith forbids you to sacrifice a place in your memory, even the what high posts have recorded of loyal faith and generous sentiment."

"The faith of Huskisson," replied the preacher, "the faith of Huskisson and of Bea, cannot be unfriendly to Huskisson. But the post you have quoted affords *some* room for a dissolute start there for a contrast."

"I might retort on your Thunders Bea," said the Sub-Priest, smiling; "but I hate the judgment that, like the flesh fly, comes over whatever is sound, to detect and settle upon some spot which is tainted. But to the purpose. If I conduct thee or send thee a prisoner to Saint Mary's, thou art tonight a tenant of the dungeon, tomorrow a burden to the gibbet-tree. If I were to let thee go loose at large, I were thereby wronging the Holy Church, and breaking mine own solemn vow. Other resolutions may be adopted by the capital, or better times may speedily come. Will then remain a true prisoner upon thy parole, ransom or no ransom, as is the phrase amongst the warriors of this country? Will then solemnly promise that thou will do so, and that at my command thou will present thyself before the Abbot and Chapter at Saint Mary's, and that thou will not stir from this house above a quarter of a mile in any direction? Will thou, I say, engage me thy word for this? and such is the sure trust which I repose in thy good faith, that thou shalt *soever* here harboured and encumbered, a prisoner at large, subject only to appear before our court when called upon."

The preacher paused—"I am unwilling," he said, "to flatter thy native Thibet by any self-adapted suggestion. But I am already in your power, and you may bind me to my answer. By such promise, to abide within a certain limit, and to appear when called upon, I renounce not any liberty which I at present possess, and am free to exercise; but, on the contrary, being in bonds, and at your mercy, I acquire thereby a liberty which I at present possess not. I will therefore accept of thy proffer, as what is courteously offered on thy part, and may be honourably accepted on mine."

"Stay yet," said the Sub-Priest, "one important part of the engagement is forgotten—thou art farther to promise, that while thou leftst thine liberty, thou will not preach or teach, directly or indirectly, any of those pestilent heresies by which so many

sooth have been in this our day wot, o'er thon the Kingdom of light to the kingdom of darkness."

"There we break off our treaty," said Warden, firmly—"We unto us if I preach not the Gospel!"

The Sub-Prior's countenance became clouded, and he again paced the apartment, and muttered, "A plague upon the will-wielded fool!" then stopped short in his walk, and proceeded in his argument—"Why, by thine own reasoning, Harry, thy religion here is but poorish obstinacy. It is in my power to pluck you where your preaching can teach no human soul; in preaching therefore to snatch from it, you gainst nothing which you have it in your power to refine."

"I know not that," replied Harry Warden; "thou mayest indeed cast me into a dungeon, but can I foretell that my Master hath not task-work for me to perform even in that dreary mansion? The chains of Saincts here, are now, been the means of breaking the bonds of Sathan. In a prison, haply Paul found the jailor whom he brought to believe the word of salvation, he and all his house."

"Nay," said the Sub-Prior, in a tone half-angry and weary, "if you match yourself with the blessed Apostle, it were time we had done—prepare to endure what thy silly, as well as thy hasty, answer.—Blad him, soldier."

With great submission to his fane, and regarding the Sub-Prior with something which almost amounted to a smile of superiority, the preacher placed his arms so that the bonds could be again fastened round him.

"Spare me not," he said to Christie; for even that robust heraldist to drove the cord straitly.

The Sub-Prior, meanwhile, looked at him from under hisowl, which he had drawn over his head, and partly over his face, as if he wished to shade his own countenance. They were those of a hunting-wild-boar point-blank shot of a noble stag, who is yet too much streaked with his majesty of front and of sides to take aim at him. They were those of a devil, who, levelling his gun at a magnificent eagle, is yet reluctant to see his advantage while he sees the noble strength of the bird granding himself in good defense of whatever may be attempted against him. The jaws of the Sub-Prior (figured as he was) relaxed, and he doubted if he ought to purchase, by a vigorous discharge of what he deemed his duty, the remorse he might

afterwards said for the death of one as oddly independent in thought and character, the friend, besides, of his own happiest years, during which they had, side by side, striven in the noble race of knowledge, and交织ed their intervals of repose in the lighter studies of classical and general letters.

The Sub-Prior's hand possessed his half-reclined chair, and his eye, more completely shadowed, was bent on the ground, as if to hide the workings of his reclining nature.

"Woe bet Edward, safe from the infection," he thought to himself—"Edward, whose eager and ardent thirsts pressed forward in the chase of all that bath even the shadow of knowledge, I might trust this enthusiast with the venoms, after the caution to them that they cannot, without guilt, stand to his reveries."

As the Sub-Prior revolved these thoughts, and delayed the definitive order which was to determine the fate of the prisoner, a sudden noise at the entrance of the tower directed his attention for an instant, and, his cheek and brow flushed with all the glow of heat and determination, Edward Glendinning rushed into the room.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

There is my grave of sober grey,
Along the mountain path I've waded,
And wind my solitary way
By the sad stones that maste no greater,

There is the calm mountain shade,
All injuries may be forgotten;
And there for thee, silent and main,
My sorrow shall find no bane.

—*Two Cases, Lucy or the Hives.*

"The first words which Edward uttered were,—"My brother is well, reverend father—he is safe, thank God, and I live!—There is not in Corinwallshire a grave, nor a vestige of a grave. The turf around the scutcheons has neither been disturbed by plough, spade, nor mattock, since the dencie-hair first sprung there. It is green as myself as I live!"

The earnestness of the youth—the vivacity with which he

looked and marvelled—the springy step, unimpeached hand, and evident eye, remained. Henry Warden of Halkert, so lately his guide. The brothers had indeed a strong family resemblance, though Halkert was far more athletic and active in his person, taller and better knit in the limbs, and though Edward had, on ordinary occasions, a look of more habitual serenity and more profound reflection. The preacher was interested as well as the Bob-Priest.

"Of whom do you speak, my son?" he said, in a tone as unaccustomed as if his own fate had not been at the same instant trembling in the balance, and as if a dangerous and death did not appear to be his instant doom—"Of whom, I say, speak you? If of a youth somewhat older than you seem to be—handsome, open-faced, taller and stronger than you appear, yet having much of the same air and of the same tone of voice—if such a one is the brother whom you seek, it may be I can tell you news of him."

"Speak, then, for Heaven's sake," said Edward—"life or death lies on thy tongue!"

The Bob-Priest jested cogitatively in the same speech, and, without waiting to be urged, the popular gave a minute account of the circumstances under which he met the elder Glendinning, with so exact a description of his person, that there remained no doubt as to his identity. When he mentioned that Halkert Glendinning had unloosed him to the still in which they found the grass bloody, and a grave newly closed, and told how the youth seemed himself of the slaughter of Sir Peveril Shadwell, the Bob-Priest looked on Edward with astonishment.

"Didst thou not say, even now," he said, "that there was no vestige of a grave in that spot?"

"No mere vestige of the earth having been removed, than if the turf had grown there since the days of Adam," replied Edward Glendinning. "It is true," he added, "that the adjacent grass was trampled and bloody."

"These are *visions* of the *Hannya*," said the Bob-Priest, crossing himself—"Christian men may no longer doubt of it."

"Such as it be so," said Warden, "Christian men might better gird themselves by the sword of prayer than by the idle show of a collateral spell."

"The badge of our salvation," said the Bob-Priest, "cannot be so termed—the sign of the cross dismukes all evil spirits."

"Ay," answered Henry Wardle, sly and armed for controversy, "but it should be borne in the heart, not uttered with the fingers in the air. That very impulsive air, through which your hand passes, shall as soon bear the impress of your action, as the external action shall need the fixed light who substitutes rain actions of the body, like gravitations, and signs of the stars, for the living and heart-beats duties of faith and good works."

"I pity thee," said the Sub-Priest, as actively ready for polemics as himself,—"I pity thee, Henry, and apply not to them, those sayings as well whence forth and measure the same with a shore, as make out the power of holy words, deeds, and signs, by the erring gauge of thine own reason."

"Not by naked own reason would I name them," said Wardle; "but by His holy Word, that unfolding and warming lamp of our paths, compared to which human reason is but as a glimmering and failing taper, and your boasted tradition only a misleading wilderness. Show me your Scripture warrant for ascribing virtue to such vain signs and actions!"

"I allowed thee a fair field of debate," said the Sub-Priest, "which thou didst refuse. I will not at present resume the controversy."

"Were these my last accents," said the orator, "and were they uttered at the stake, halffolked with smoke, and as the fugitive kindled into a blaze around me, with that last utterance I would testify against the superstitious delusions of Rome."

The Sub-Priest suppressed with pain the controversial answer which arose in his lips, and, turning to Edward Glendinning, he said, "there could be now no doubt that his master ought properly to be laicised that her son lived."

"I told you that two hours since," said Christie of the Cliffhill, "as you would have believed me. But it seems you are more willing to take the word of an old grey man, whom life has been spent in patterning horseg, than mine, though I never rode a steed in my life without duly saying my paternoster."

"Go, then," said Father Bassett to Edward; "let thy sorrowing mother know that her son is natural to her from the grave, like the child of the widow of Zarephath; at the Intercession," he added, looking at Henry Wardle, "of the blessed Spirit whom I invoked in his behalf."

"Deserve thyself," said Wardle, instantly, "thou art a discoverer of others. It was no dead man, no creature of thy,

where the blessed Trinitate liveth, when, sleep by the reproof of the Shannona woman, he prayed that her son's soul might enter into his eyes."

"It was by his intercession, however," repeated the Sub-Prior, "for what says the Vulgate? Thus it is written: 'Et sanctus dominus vocat nomen tuum; et resurget omnis peccatum tuum, et remittet;'"—and thenceforth then the intercession of a glorified saint is more feeble than when he walks on earth, shrouded in a tabernacle of clay, and seeing men with the eye of flesh!"

During this controversy Edward Gloucestre appeared restless and impatient, agitated by some strong internal feeling, but whether of joy, grief, or expectation, his countenance did not expressly declare. He took now the unusual freedom to break in upon the discourse of the Sub-Prior, who, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, was obviously kindling in the spirit of controversy, which Edward diverted by conjuring his reverence to allow him to speak a few words with him in private.

"Remove the prisoner," said the Sub-Prior to Christie; "look to him carefully that he escape not; but for thy life do him no injury."

His commands being obeyed, Edward and the monk were left alone, when the Sub-Prior thus addressed him:

"What hath come over thee, Edward, that thy eye blindest so wildly, and thy cheek is thus changing from ascarid to pale? Why didst thou look in so hasty and unadvisedly upon the argument with which I was presenting yester heretic! And whosoever durst thee not tell thy mother that her son is restored to her by the intercession, as Holy Church well warranteth us to believe, of blessed Saint Benedict, the patron of our Order! For if ever my prayers were put forth to him, with me, it hath been in behalf of this house, and thine eyes have seen the truth—go tell it to thy mother."

"I must tell her then," said Edward, "that if she has repudiated one son, another is lost to her."

"What restraineth thee, Edward? what language is this?" said the Sub-Prior.

"Father," said the youth, leaning down to him, "my sin and my shame shall be told thee, and thou shalt witness my penance with thine own eyes."

"I comprehend thee not," said the Sub-Prior. "What

must thou have done to deserve such self-accusation!—That thou too hast sinned," he added, knitting his brows, "is the doom of human, ever most affectionate temper of those, who, like yonder unhappy man, are distinguished by their love of knowledge!"

"I am guiltless in that matter," answered Glastonbury, "nor have I presumed to think otherwise than that, my kind father, hast taught me, and that the Church allows."

"And what is it then, my son," said the Sub-Prior, kindly, "which thou affrights thy conscience? speak it to me, that I may answer thee in the words of comfort; for the Church's mercy is great to these obedient children who doubt not her power."

"My confessor will require her mercy," replied Edward. "My brother Halbert—so kind, so brave, so gentle, who speaks not, thought not, acted not, but in love to me, whose hand had aided me in every difficulty, whose eye watched over me like the eagle's over her nestlings, when they prove their first flight from the eyrie—this brother, so kind, so gently affectionate—I heard of his sickness, his bloody, his violent death, and I rejoiced—I heard of his unexpected restoration, and I rejoiced!"

"Edward," said the father, "thou art beside thyself—what could urge thee to such odious ingratitude!—In your hurry of spirits you have mistaken the confused tenor of your feelings—Go, my son, pray and compose thy mind—we will speak of this another time."

"No, father, no," said Edward, vehemently, "now or never!—I will find the means to tame this rebellious heart of mine, or I will tear it out of my bosom—Misfortune!—Misfortune!—No, father, grief can ill be mistaken for joy—All wept, all shrieked around me—my mother—the maid-servants—she too, the sum of my sins—all wept—and I—I could hardly disguise my brutal and insane joy under the appearance of remorse—Brother, I said, I cannot give thee tears, but I will give thee blood—Yes, father, as I counted hours after hours, while I kept watch upon the English prisoner, and said, I am an hour nearer to hope and to happiness!"

"I understand thee not, Edward," said the monk, "nor can I conceive in what way thy brother's supposed murder should have affected thee with such unfeigned joy—Surely the world desires to succeed him in his small possessions!"

"Pish the paltry trash!" said Edward with the same emotion. "No, father, it was rivalry—it was jealous rage—it was the love of Mary Avenel, that rendered me the unnatural wretch I confess myself!"

"Of Mary Avenel!" said the Priest—"of a lady as high above either of you in name and in rank? How dared Halbert—how dared you, to present to lift your eyes to her but in honour and respect, as a superior of another degree from yours?"

"When did love wait for the sanction of humanity?" replied Edward; "and in what but a line of dead ancestors was Mary, our mother's guest and foster-child, different from us, with whom she was brought up?—Enough, we loved—we both loved her! But the passion of Halbert was repudiated. He knew it not, he saw it not—but I was sharper-eyed. I saw that even when I was most approved, Halbert was most beloved. With me she would sit for hours at our common task with the cold simplicity and indifference of a sister, but with Halbert she treated not herself. She changed colour, she was disturbed when he approached her; and when he left her she was sad, penitent, and solitary. I bore all this—I saw my rival's advancing progress in her affections—I bore it, father, and yet I hated him not—I could not hate him!"

"And well for thee that thou didst not," said the father; "wild and headstrong as thou art, wouldst thou hate thy brother for partitioning in thine own folly?"

"Father," replied Edward, "the world entices thee wife, and holds thy knowledge of mankind high; but thy question shows that thou hast never loved. It was by an effort that I saved myself from hating my kind and affectionate brother, who, all unexception of my rivalry, was perpetually loading me with kindness. Nay, there were moods of my mind in which I could return that kindness for a time with energetic enthusiasm. Never did I feel this so strongly as on the night which parted us. But I could not help rejoicing when he was swept from my path—could not help rejoicing when he was again restored to be a stumbling-block in my path."

"May God be gracious to thee, my son!" said the monk; "this is an awful state of mind. Even in such evil mood did the first murderer rise up against his brother, because Abel's was the more acceptable sacrifice."

"I will struggle with the demon which has haunted me,

father," replied the youth, firmly—"I will work with him, and I will rebuke him. But then I must remove from the scenes which are to follow here. I cannot endure that I should see Mary Arundel's eyes again flush with joy at the restoration of her lover. It were a sight to make indeed a second Cain of me! My flesh, torpid, and transitory joy discharged itself in a throstle to mortal baniolation, and how can I estimate the frenzy of my despair?"

" Kindness!" said the Sub-Prior; "at what dreadful crime does thy fury drive thee?"

" My lot is determined, father," said Edward, in a modulate tone; "I will undergo the spiritual state which you have so often recommended. It is my purpose to return with you to Saint Mary's, and, with the permission of the Holy Virgin and of Saint Benedict, to offer my profession to the Abbot."

" Not now, my son," said the Sub-Prior, "not in this disposition of mind. The wise and good accept not gifts which are made in heat of blood, and whilst they may be after repented of; and shall we make our offerings to wisdom and to goodness itself with less of solemn resolution and deep devotion of mind, than is necessary to make them acceptable to our own frail susceptions in this valley of darkness? This I say to thee, my son, not so meaning to deter thee from the good path thou art now inclined to prefer, but that thou mayest make thy vocation and thine election sure."

" There are actions, father," returned Edward, "which break no delay, and this is one. It must be done this very now; or it may never be done. Let me go with you; let me not behold the return of Halbert into this house. Shame, and the sense of the injustice I have already done him, will join with these dreadful passions which urge me to do him yet further wrong. Let me then go with you."

" With me, my son," said the Sub-Prior, "thou shalt surely go; but our rule, as well as reason and good order, require that you should dwell a space with us as a probationer, or novice, before taking upon thee those final vows, which, separating thee for ever from the world, dedicate thee to the service of Heaven."

" And when shall we set forth, father?" said the youth, as eagerly as if the journey which he was now undertaking led to the pleasure of a summer holiday.

"Even now, if thou wilt," said the Bath-Prior, yielding to his importunity—"go, then, and command them to prepare for our departure." "Yet stay," he said, as Edward, with all the avowed exaltation of his character, hastened from his presence, "come hither, my son, and kneel down."

Edward obeyed, and knelt down before him. Notwithstanding his slight figure and thin features, the Bath-Prior could, from the energy of his soul, and the exuberance of his devotional nature, impress his pupils and his penitents with an ordinary feeling of profound reverence. His heart always was, as well as seemed to be, in the duty which he was immediately performing; and the spiritual guide who thus shone a deep conviction of the importance of his office, seldom fails to impress a similar feeling upon his hearers. Upon such occasions as the present, his pearly body seemed to assume more majestic splendor—his spare and emaciated countenance bore a hidden, loftier, and more commanding port—his eyes, always beautiful, twinkled as glowing under the immediate impulse of the Trinity—and his whole demeanour seemed to bespeak, not the mere ordinary man, but the sage of the Church in which she had reared her high power for delivering sinners from their load of iniquity.

"Here then, my fair son," said he, "hastily resume the circumstances which have thus suddenly determined thee to a religious life?"

"The time I have confined, my father," answered Edward, "but I have not yet told of a strange appearance, which, acting in my mind, hark, I think, aided to determine my resolution."

"Tell it then now," returned the Bath-Prior; "it is thy duty to leave me unoccupied in thought, so that thereby I may understand the temptation that hems thee."

"I tell it with unwillingness," said Edward; "but although, God wot, I speak but the mere truth, yet even while my tongue speaks it as truth, my very ear receives it as fable."

"Yet say the whole," said Father Bouton; "nother far rebuke from me, seeing I may know reason for reviving in thee that which others might regard as fiction."

"Know, then, father," replied Edward, "that between love and despair—well, between! what a hope!—the hope to find the corpus mangled and crushed hardly in except the bloody shag which the fang of the scorpion, viceus had laid down upon my good, my gentle, my courageous brother,—I sped to the

glen called Corri-an-shan ; but, as poor reverent has been already informed, neither the glens which my unshunned wisdom had in spite of my better self longed to see, nor my appearance of the earth having been opened, was visible in the solitary spot where Martin had, at evening yesterday, seen the fatal hillock. You know our dialect, father. The place hath an evil name, and this deception of the night induced them to leave it. My companions became affrighted, and hurried down the glen as men caught in traps. My hopes were too much blighted, my mind too much agitated, to leave either the living or the dead. I descended the glen more slowly than they, often looking back, and not ill pleased with the poetry of my companion, which left me to my own perplexed and wretched however, and induced them to hasten into the broader dales. They were already out of sight, and lost amongst the windings of the glen, when, looking back, I saw a female form standing beside the fountain."—

"Now, my fair son!" said the Bob-Tyre, "because you jost not with your present situation?"

"I jost not, father," answered the youth; "it may be I shall never jost again—nearly not the many a day. I saw, I say, the form of a female clothed in white, such as the Spirit which haunts the house of Arundel is supposed to be. Believe me, my father, for, by heaven and earth, I say naught but what I saw with these eyes!"

"I believe thee, my son," said the monk; "proceed in thy strange story."

"The apparition," said Edward Glendinning, "sang, and thus ran her lay; for, strange as it may seem to you, her words abide by my remembrance as if they had been sung to me from infancy upwards:—

'There who seek'd my fountain lone,
With thoughts and bairns thou shov'lt not even;
Whose heart within kept'd wildy glad
Whom must his bairns shov'ld dark and sad;
Hie thon back, there shouf'nt not have
Changes in aile, grace or bairn;
The Dead Alva is gone and fled—
Me bairn and joie the Living Dead!'

'The Living Dead, whose bairns have
Off alreadys with thoughts as they haud now,
Whose hearts within the mither careid
Of passions by their wyes abhorred;

Where, under me and above there,
Vain hopes are borned, wild vaine glow.
Read the present's madd'nesse,
Forsake and梧叶 be thy doom;
Dull the greeves, and see the greev'
In the shouter houses away!

"Tis a wild lay," said the Sub-Priest, "and chanted, I fear me, with no good end. But we have power to turn the machinations of Satan to his shame. Edward, thou shalt go with me as thou desirest; then shall prove the life for which I have long thought thee best fitted—then shalt add, my son, this trembling hand of mine to sustain the Holy Ark, which bold unshamed men grossly durst to touch and to profane.—With thou not first see thy mother?"

"I will see no one," said Edward, hastily; "I will risk nothing that may shake the purpose of my heart. From Saint Mary's they shall learn my destination—all of them shall learn it. My mother—Mary Arundel—my reverend and happy brother—they shall all know that Edward lives no longer to the world to be a stay on their happiness. Mary shall no longer need to constrain her looks and expression to coldness because I am nigh. She shall no longer——"

"My son," said the Sub-Priest, interrupting him, "it is not by looking back on the vanities and sorrows of this world, that we fit ourselves for the discharge of duties which are set of it. Go, get our horses ready, and, as we dismount the glen together, I will teach thee the truths through which the fathers and wise men of old had their precious alchemy, which can convert suffering into happiness."

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

Here, as my little, this year is all entangled,
Like to the new-shew of the growing bairns,
Engag'd by the foolish blithe through the mickle
While the good dame staunding by the fire!
Mason, stand! You'll never make shift to clear it.

One Pier.

EDWARD, with the speed of one who doubts the soundness of his own resolution, hastened to prepare the horses for their

departure, and at the same time thanked and dismissed the neighbour who had come to his assistance, and who was not a little surprised both at the suddenness of his proposed departure, and at the turn affairs had taken.

"Here's cold hospitality," quoth Dan of the Bowler-hat to his comrades; "I know the Glencarlings may die and come alive right off, we I put foot in stirrup agin' 'em the master."

Martin satisfied them by placing food and liquor before them. They ate willingly, however, and departed in bad humour.

The joyful news that Hubert Glencarling had, was quickly communicated through the surrounding family. The master wept and thanked Heaven alternately; until, her habits of domestic misery awakening as her feelings became milder, she observed, "It would be no nice task to mind the pony, and what were they to do while they were hunting in that fashion? An open door dogs come in."

Tibb remarked, "She aye thought Hubert was ever glug at his weapon to be killed me early by any Sir Pooch of them a'. They might say of these Borthers as they liked; but they had not the pit and wind of a manly host, when it came to close grips."

On Mary Arundel the impression was incomparably deeper. She had but recently learned to pray, and it seemed to her that her prayers had been harkantly answered—that the compassion of Heaven, which she had learned to hopeless in the words of Scripture, had descended upon her after a manner almost miraculous, and rescued the dead from the grave at the sound of her lamentations. There was a dangerous degree of enthusiasm in this strain of feeling, but it originated in the parent devotion.

A silken and embroidered muffler, one of the few articles of more costly value which she possessed, was devoted to the purpose of wrapping up and concealing the sacred volume, which henceforth she was to regard as her chiefest treasure, suspending only that, for want of a fitting interpreter, much must remain to her a book closed and a fountain sealed. She was unaware of the yet greater danger she incurred, of putting an impudent or even false count upon some of the doctrines which appeared most comprehensible. But Heaven had provided against both these hazards.

While Edward was preparing the horses, Christie of the Glencarll again solicited his aid in respecting the released

preacher, Henry Wardlaw, and again the worthy monk libbered to recollect in his own mind the compassion and interest which, almost in spite of him, he could not help feeling for his former companion, with the duty which he owed to the Church. The unexpected resolution of Edward had removed, he thought, the chief objection to his being left at Gloucester.

" If I carry this Welford, or Wardlaw, to the Monastery," he thought, " he must die—die in his honey—patch body and soul. And though such a measure was once thought advisable, to strike terror into the levites, yet such is now their daily increasing strength, that it may rather rouse them to fury and to revenge. True, he refuses to pledge himself to abstain from sowing his tares among the wheat; but the ground here is too barren to receive them. I fear not his making impressions on these poor women, the rascals of the Church, and laying up in due obedience to her beaten. The fire, smouldering, inspiring, and bold disposition of Edward, might have afforded fuel to the fire; but that is removed, and there is nothing left which the flame may catch to.—Then shall he have no power to spread his evil doctrines abroad, and yet his life shall be preserved, and it may be his soul rescued as a prey from the Devil's net. I will myself content with him in argument; for when we stabb'd in earnest, I yielded not to him, and surely the man for which I struggle will support me, were I yet more weak than I do myself. Were this man excommunicate from his errors, an hundred-fold more advantage would arise to the Church from his spiritual regeneration, than from his temporal death."

Having finished these meditations, in which there was at once goodness of disposition and narrowness of principle, a considerable portion of self-suspicion and no small degree of self-distrust, the Sub-Prior commanded the priest to be brought into his presence.

" Henry," he said, " whatever a rigid sense of duty may command of me, ancient friendship and Christian compassion forbid me to lead thee to assured death. Thou went west to be guardian, though stern and stalwart in thy resolve; let not thy sense of what thine own thoughts term duty, draw thee further than mine have done. Remember, that every sheep whom thou shalt have led astray from the fold, will be despoiled by thee and through sterility of his who hath left thee the liberty of doing such evil. I ask no engagement of

there, more that thou remain a prisoner on thy word at this tower, and wilt appear when summoned."

" Thou hast found an invention to bind my hands," replied the preacher, " more sure than would have been the heaviest chain in the prison of thy convert. I will not readily do what may endanger thee with thy unhappy superior, and I will be the more stationary, because, if we had further opportunity of conference, I trust thine own soul may yet be rescued from a bond from the bonding, and that, casting from thee the slavery of Antichrist, that master in human sins and human souls, I may yet assist thee to lay hold on the Rock of Ages."

The Sub-Prior heard the sentence, so similar to that which had occurred to himself, with the same kindly feelings with which the game-cock hooted and replies to the challenge of his rival.

" I bless God and Our Lady," said he, dressing himself up, " that my faith is already anchored on that Rock on which Saint Peter founded his Church."

" It is a perversion of the text," said the sage Henry Warden, " grounded on a vain play upon words—a most idle parchment."

The controversy would have been concluded, and in all probability—so what can insure the good temper and moderation of polemical knight—have ended in the preacher's being transported a captive to the Monastery, had not Christie of the Chastell observed that it was growing late, and that he, having to descend the glen, which had no good reputation, could not getherself the travelling there after sunset. The Sub-Prior, therefore, raised his staves of argument, and again telling the preacher, that he trusted to his gratitude and generosity, he left him farewell.

" Be assured, my old friend," replied Warden, " that no willing act of mine shall be to thy prejudice. But if my Master shall place work before me, I trust they God rather than man."

These two men, both excellent from natural disposition and acquired knowledge, had more points of similarity than they themselves would have admitted. In truth, the chief distinction between them was, that the Catholic, defending a religion which afforded little latitude to the feelings, had, in his devotion to the cause he espoused, more of the heat than of the heart, and was politic, cautious, and artful; while the Protestant,

acting under the strong impulse of more lately-adopted conviction, and feeling, as he justly might, a more animated confidence in his cause, was exultant, eager, and precipitate in his desire to advance it. The priest would have been inclined to defend, the popular aspirer to conquer; and, of course, the impulses by which the latter was possessed, were more active and more decisive. They could not part from each other without a mutual pressure of hands, and each looked in the face of his old companion, as he bade him adieu, with a countenance strongly expressive of sorrow, affection, and pity.

Parker Stanhope then explained briefly to Dame Glendinning, that this pause was to be her grace for some days, forbidding her and her whole household, under high spiritual censure, to hold any conversation with him on religious subjects, but commanding her to attend to his wants in all other particular.

" May our Lady forgive me, reverend father," said Dame Glendinning, somewhat disengaged at this intelligence, " but I must needs say, that over many years have been the ruin of many a house, and I trust they will bring down Glendinning. First came the Lady of Arundel—(she will be at rest—the man is now ill)—but she brought with her as many bogies and fairies, as has kept the house in care ever since, so that we have been living as it were in a dream. And then came that English knight, if it please you, and if he has not killed my son outright, he has chased him off the gate, and it may be long enough are I see him again—forby the damages done to outer door and inner door. And now poor Agnes has given me the charge of a leprosy, who, it is like, may bring the goat-horned devil himself down upon us all; and they say that it is neither door nor window will serve him, but he will take away the sides of the old tower along with him. Nevertheless, reverend father, your pleasure is doubtless to be done to our power."

" Go to, woman," said the Sub-Priest; " and for workmen from the church, and let them charge the expense of their repairs to the Conventry, and I will give the treasurer warrant to allow them. Moreover, in settling the several rents, and fine-dues, there shall have allowance for the trouble and charges to which they are now put, and I will cause strict search to be made after thy son."

The dame curtsied deep and low at such favorable expression; and when the Sub-Prior had done speaking, she added her further hope that the Sub-Prior would hold some commanding with her friend the Miller, concerning the fate of his daughter, and assured to him that the chance had by no means happened through any negligence on her part.

"I stir doubt me, father," she said, "whether Mystic finds her way back to the Mill in a hurry; but it was all her father's own fault that let her run humping about the country, riding on bare-backed ridge, and never willing to do a turn of work within doors, unless it were to dress dinners at dinner time for his ale-bye."

"You remind me, dame, of another matter of urgency," said Father Boniface; "and God knows, too many of them press on me at this moment. This English knight must be sought out, and explanation given to him of those most strange chances. The giddy girl must also be recovered. If she hath suffered in reputation by this unhappy mistake, I will set hold myself innocent of the disgrace. Yet how to find them out I know not."

"Be pleased you," said Christie of the Chastell, "I am willing to take the chace, and bring them back by fair means or foul; for though you have always looked as black as night at me, whenever we have forgothenal, yet I have not forgotten that, had it not been for you, my neck would have bore the weight of my four quarters." If any man can track the trail of them, I will say is the face of both Maris and Tariotable, and take the Forest to boot, I am that man. But first I have matters to treat of on my master's score, if you will permit me to ride down the glen with you."

"Nay but, my friend," said the Sub-Prior, "thou shouldest remember I have but slender cause to trust thee for a companion through a place so solitary."

"Truth, I truth!" said the jackson, "few me tell; I had the worst luck ever to begin that sport again. Besides, here I went and a dozen of times, I owe you a like! and when I owe a man either a good turn or a bad, I never fail to pay it sooner or

⁷ In Sir Walter Scott's Play, this proverbial saying is used by Gvenson Thell. In a more literary form:

that fine past. Fine me in his gripe,
My wry [or wry] will with spirit, every day I trip.

later. Moreover, believe me if I care to go alone down the glen, or even with my troopers, who are, every man of them, as much devil's hair as myself; whereas, if your reverence, since that is the word, take hands and parole, and I come along with jack and spear, you will make the devil take the air, and I will make all human creatures take the path."

Edward here faltered, and told his reverence that his horse was prepared. At this instant his eye caught his mother's, and the resolution which he had so strongly formed was staggered when he recollectcd the necessity of bidding her farewell. The Sub-Prior saw his embarrassment, and came to his relief.

"Dame," said he, "I forgot to mention that your son Edward goes with me to Saint Mary's, and will not return for two or three days."

"You'll be wishing to help him to recover his brother! May the saints reward your kindness!"

The Sub-Prior returned the benediction which, in this instance, he had not very well deserved, and he and Edward set forth on their route. They were presently followed by Christie, who came up with his followers at such a speedy pace, as indicated sufficiently that his wish to obtain spiritual convey through the glen was extremely strong. He had, however, other matters to stimulate his speed, for he was despatched to communicate to the Sub-Prior a message from his master Julian, connected with the delivery of the prisoner Warde ; and having requested the Sub-Prior to ride with him a few yards before Edward, and the troopers of his own party, he thus addressed him, sometimes interrupting his discourse in a manner testifying that his fear of supernatural beings was not altogether lulled to rest by his confidence in the sanctity of his fellow-traveller.

"My master," said the rider, "desired he had sent you an acceptable gift; is that old heretic preacher; but it seems, from the slight news you have taken of him, that you make small account of the man."

"Nay," said the Sub-Prior, "do not thus judge of it. The Community much account highly of the service, and will reward it to thy master in goodly fashion. But this man and I are old friends, and I trust to bring him back from the paths of perdition."

"Nay," said the moor-trooper, "when I saw you shake hands at the beginning I counted that you would fight it all out in

love and honor, and that there would be no extreme dealing between ye—however it is all one to my master—Saint Mary! what call you you, Sir Monk?"

"The branch of a willow streaming across the path between us and the sky."

"Touch me," said Christie, "it is looked not like a monk's hand holding a sword.—But, touching my master, he, like a prudent man, hath kept himself alife in these brazen times, until he could see with prediction what footling he was to stand upon. Right bumpting often he hath had from the Lord of Congregation, whom you call heretic; and at one time he was minded, to be plain with you, to have taken their way—for he was assured that the Lord James² was coming this road at the head of a round body of cavalry. And accordingly Lord James did so far reckon upon him, that he sent this man Warden, or whatsoever be his name, to my master's protection, as an assured friend; and, moreover, with tidings that he himself was marching hitherward at the head of a strong body of horse."

"Now, Our Lady be thanked!" said the Sub-Prior.

"Amen!" answered Christie, in some trepidation, "did your reverence see nothing?"

"Nothing whatever," replied the monk; "it was thy tale which wrasted from me that conclusion."

"And it was none else," replied he of the Clothhill, "for if Lord James should come hither, poor Haliphon would make for it. But be of good cheer—that expedition is ended before it was begun. The Baron of Arundel had sure news that Lord James has been fain to march westward with his merry-men, to protect Lord Scrope against Gascoigne and the Lancastrians. By my faith, it will cost him a brash; for wot ya what they say of that name,—

"Tolak Wylles and the town of Arundel,
Portsmouth and the castle of Gascoigne,
He can need think her to hide there,
Unless he count Saint Edmund."†

"Then," said the Sub-Prior, "the Lord James's purpose of running southwards being broken, sent this person, Henry Warden, a cold reception at Arundel Castle."

"Lord James Stewart, afterwards the Regent Murray.

²This slight muddle with names originates in an old description of Great Chancery Appendix, by the parish minister of Maybole, who says that the Barons of Bardiess were in power and number that they gave rise to the rhyme in question.]

" It would not have been altogether so rough a one," said the nose-trumper ; " for my master was in heavy thought what to do in these unsettled times, and would scarce have intended sending a man next to him by so terrible a leader as the Lord James. But, to speak the truth, some busy devil tempted the old man to meddle with my master's Christian liberty of hand-fighting with Catherine of Newport. So that broke the wind of peace between them, and now ye may have my master, and all the force he can make, at your devotion, for Lord James never forgives wrong done to him ; and if he comes by the upper hand, he will have Julian's head. If there were never another of the name, as it is like there is not, excepting the bit slip of a hooly gorder. And now I have told you more of my master's affairs than he would thank me for ; but you have done me a frank turn aye, and I may need one at your hands again."

" Thy frankness," said the Sub-Prior, " shall surely advantage thee ; for much it concerns the Church in these broken times to know the purposes and motives of those around us. But what is it that thy master expects from us in reward of good service ; for I suppose him one of those who are not willing to work without their hire ?"

" Nay, that I can tell you dally ; for Lord James had praised him, in case he would be of his faction in these parts, an easy task of the tench-sheriffs of his own barony of Avenel, together with the lands of Cranberry More, which lie intersected with his own. And he will look the no less at your hand."

" But there is odd Gilbert of Cranberry More," said the Sub-Priest, " what are we to make of him ? The heretic Lord James may take up him to dispise upon the goods and lands of the Hildene at his pleasure, because, doubtless, but for the protection of God, and the baronage which yet remain faithful to their creed, he may despoil us of them by force ; but while they are the property of the Community, we may not take standings from ancient and faithful vassals, to gratify the covetousness of those who serve God only from the lares of gain."

" By the mass," said Christie, " it is well talking, Sir Priest ; but when ye consider that Gilbert has but two half-barred cowishly peasants to follow him, and only an old jaded mare to ride upon, fitter for the plough than for manly service ; and that the Baron of Avenel never rides with fewer than ten jacks-in at his back, and often with fifty, both in all that affairs

in war as if they were to do battle for a kingdom, and mounted on tags that shiver at the dash of the sword as if it were the stalk of the lid of a corn-shut—I say, when ye have computed all this, ye may guess what course will best serve your Monastery."

" Friend," said the monk, " I would willingly purchase thy master's assistance on his own terms, since there leave us no better means of defence against the ecclesiastical excommunication of heresy; but to take from a poor man his patrimony——"

" For that reason," said the rider, " his soul would scarce be a soft one, if my master thought that Gilbert's interest stood between him and what he wishes. The Halidom has had enough, and Gilbert may be quartered elsewhere."

" We will consider the possibility of so disposing the matter," said the monk, " and will expect in consequence your master's most active assistance, with all the followers he can make, to join in the defence of the Halidom, against any threat by which it may be threatened."

" A man's hand and a mailed glove on that,"^{**} said the jester-man. " They call us rascals, thieves, and what not; but the ride we take we hold by.—And I will be blithes when my Baron comes to a point which odds he will take, for the castle is a kind of hell (Our Lady forgive me for naming such a word in this place!) while he is in his mood, studying how he may best advantage himself. And now, Heaven be praised! we are in the open valley, and I may swear a round oath, should nought happen to provoke it."

" My friend," said the Bob-Prior, " thou hast little merit in abstaining from oaths or blasphemy, if it be only out of fear of evil spirits."

" Nay, I am not quite a churchman yet," said the jester-man, " and if you link the curb too tight on a young horse, I promise you he will rear.—Why, it is much for me to forbear oaths even on any account whatever."

The night being far, they rode in the river at the spot where the Scourge met with his unhappy encounter with the spirit. As soon as they arrived at the gate of the Monastery, the porter in waiting eagerly exclaimed, " Reverend father, the Lord Abbot is most anxious for your presence."

" Let these strangers be carried to the great hall," said the

* Note 2. Good faith of the Barons.

Sub-Prior, "and be treated with the best by the officers; reserving these, however, of that modesty and decency of conduct which becometh guests in a house like this."

"But the Lord Abbot demands you instantly, my venerable brother," said Father Phile, arriving in great haste. "I have not seen him more disengaged or desolate of mind since the field of Pinkieburgh was striken."

"I come, my good brother, I come," said Father Bertram. "I pray thee, good brother, let this youth, Edward Glendinning, be conveyed to the Chamber of the Novices, and placed under their instruction. God hath touched his heart, and he proposeth laying aside the vanities of the world, to become a brother of our holy order; which, if his good parts be matched with fitting humility and humility, he may one day live to adorn."

"My very venerable brother," exclaimed old Father Nicholas, who came hobbling with a third successor to the Sub-Prior, "I pray thee to hasten to our worshipful Lord Abbot. The holy patroness be with us! never saw I Abbot of the House of Saint Mary's in such consternation; and yet I remember me well when Father Ingoldsby had the news of Flodden-field."

"I come, I come, reverend brother," said Father Bertram—*And having repeatedly ejaculated "I come!" he at last went to the Abbot in good earnest.*

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOURTH.

It is not taste will do it—Church artillery
Are bloused soon by red ardours,
And masses are but vain opposed to canons.
Go, ev'n poor quoddy, mark your church plain down,
Hut the clapped soldiers hanged to your bats,
And quaff your long-earred flagonates—Then them set,
Thus prim'd with your peal there, to guard your wail,
And they will venture far!—

OEDIPUS.

The Abbot received his counsellor with a tremendous expression of welcome, which surprised to the Sub-Prior an extreme agitation of spirit, and the utmost need of good counsel. There was neither mazer-dish nor standing-cup upon the little table,

at the elbow of his huge chair of state ; his hands close by them, and it seemed as if he had been telling them in his extremity of distress. Beside the hands was placed the miter of the Abbot, of an antique form, and blazoned with precious stones, and the rich and highly-enriched crosier rested against the same table.

The Sacristan and old Father Nicholas had followed the Sub-Prior into the Abbot's apartment, perhaps with the hope of learning something of the important matter which seemed to be in hand.—They were not mistaken; for, after having seated in the Sub-Prior, and being themselves in the act of rising, the Abbot made them a sign to remain.

" My brethren," he said, " it is well known to you with what painful and we have suffered the weighty affairs of this house committed to our unworthy hands—your bread hath been given to you, and your water hath been care—I have not wasted the revenue of the Convent on vain pleasure, as hunting or hawking, or in change of rich cope or alb, or in feasting the birds and jester, saving those who, according to old wont, were received in time of Christmas and Easter. Neither have I enriched either mine own relations nor strange women, at the expense of the parsonage."

" There hath not been such a bad Abbot," said Father Nicholas, " to my knowledge, since the days of Abbot Ingelram who"—

At that pertinacious word, which always provoked a long story, the Abbot broke in.

" May God have mercy on his soul!—we talk not of him now.—What I would know of ye, my brethren, is, whether I have, in your mind, faithfully discharged the duties of mine office?"

" There has never been subject of complaint," answered the Sub-Prior.

The Sacristan, more diffus, enumerated the various acts of indulgence and kindness which the mild government of Abbot Ingelram had conferred on the brotherhood of Saint Mary—the labyrinth—the grates—the livery—the weekly mass of boiled shrimps—the enlarged accommodation of the refectory—the better arrangement of the cloisters—the improvement of the revenue of the Monastery—the diminution of the privations of the lay-brothers.

" You might have added, my brother," said the Abbot,

Relating with melancholy aspercence to the detail of Maugay's merits, "that I caused to be built that curtain screen, which seveth the cloisters from the northeast wind.—But all these things avail nothing.—As we read in holy Macroebe, Capit. viii. vixit per solititudinem Dicitur. It hath cost me no little thought, no expense tall, to keep these weighty matters in such order as you have seen them—there was both care and time to be kept full—Infirmary, dormitory, gastrhall, and refectory, to be looked to—processions to be made, confessions to be heard, strangers to be entertained, visits to be granted, or refused; and I warrant me, when every one of you was asleep in your cell, the Abbot hath his awake at a full hour by the bell, thinking how these matters might be ordered steady and properly."

"May we ask, reverend my lord," said the Sub-Prior, "what additional care has now been thrown upon you, since your discourse seems to point that way?"

"Marry, this it is," said the Abbot. "The bell is not now of brass, or of silver, or of hallowed almonds, but of an English hand coming against us from Hexham, commanded by Sir John Foster; nor is it of the screening us from the east wind, but how to escape Lord James Stewart, who cometh to lay waste and destroy with his heretic soldiers."

"I thought that purpose had been taken by the feud between Scamp and the Kennedies," said the Sub-Prior, hastily.

"They have accorded that matter at the expense of the Church as usual," said the Abbot; "the Earl of Cassilis is to have the tributaries of his lands, which were given to the house of Croyaragast, and he has striken hands with Stewart, who is now called Harry.—Principes remunerari non aduersus Dominas.—There are the letters."

The Sub-Prior took the letters, which had come by an express messenger from the Primate of Scotland, who still laboured to uphold the tottering fabric of the system under which he was at length buried, and, stepping towards the fire, read them with an air of deep and serious emotion—the Secretary and Father Eustachius looked at each other in the darkness of the poultry-yard when the bark screeched over it. The Abbot seemed bowed down with the anxiety of sorrowful

* Note E. Indispensible to the Monks.

approaching, but kept his eyes fixedly fixed on the Sub-Prior, as if deriving some comfort from the expression of his countenance. When at length he beheld that, after a second instant perusal of the letters, he remained still silent and full of thought, he asked him in an anxious tone, "What is to be done?"

"Our duty must be done," answered the Sub-Prior, "and the rest is in the hands of God."

"Our duty—our duty!" answered the Abbot, impatiently; "doubtless we are to do our duty; but what is that duty? or how will it serve us?—Will bell, book, and candle, drive back the English heretics? or will Murray save the peasants and anti-phosphates? or can I fight for the Wallace, like John Macduff against those pretenders? Moreover I am and the Scotrian against this new Holiness, to bring back his head in a basket?"

"True, my Lord Abbot," said the Sub-Prior, "we cannot fight with carnal weapons, it is alike contrary to our habit and vow; but we can die for our Convent and for our Order. Besides, we can win those who will and can fight. The English are but few in number, trusting, as it would seem, that they will be joined by Murray, whose march has been interrupted. If Foster, with his Cumberland and Westmoreland hostiles, venture to march into Scotland, to pillage and despoil our House, we will levy our vessels, and, I trust, shall be found strong enough to give him battle."

"In the blessed name of Our Lady," said the Abbot, "think you that I am Petrus Noyata, to go forth the leader of an host?"

"Nay," said the Sub-Prior, "let some man skilled in war lead our people—there is Julian Arundel, an aged soldier."

"But a scold, a detestable person, and, in brief, a mass of filth!" quoth the Abbot.

"Still," said the monk, "we must use his ministry in that to which he has been brought up. We can guarantee him richly, and indeed I already know the price of his services. The Regis-Bish, it is expected, will presently set forth, laying low to make upon Flodden Blantyre, whose refuge being taken with us, they make the protest of this released-of-faith."

"Is it even so?" said the Abbot; "I never judged that the body of man and his brain of feathers looked so much good."

"But we must have his assistance, if possible," said the Sub-

Prior ; " he may interest in our behalf the good Prioris, of whose friendship he boasts, and that good and faithful Lord may break Foster's purpose. I will despatch the jackson after him with all speed.—Chiefly, however, I trust to the military spirit of the land, which will not suffer peace to be easily broken on the frontier. Credit me, my lord, it will bring to our side the hosts of many, whose hearts may have gone astray after strange doctrines. The great chieftainships will be induced to let the vessels of peaceful coasts fight unashamed against the evil crewes of Scotland."

" It may be," said the Abbot, " that Foster will wait for Murray, whose purpose hitherto has been delayed for a short space."

" By the word, he will not," said the Sub-Prior; " we know this Sir John Foster—a pestilent heretic, he will long to destroy the Church—born a Borderer, he will thieve to plunder her of her wealth—a Border-wanderer, he will be eager to ride in Scotland. There are too many causes to urge him on. If he joins with Murray, he will have at best but an auxiliary's share of the spoil—if he comes hither before him, he will reckon on the whole harvest of depredation as his own. Julian Avesen also has, as I have learned, some spite against Sir John Foster; they will fight, when they meet, with double determination.—Sunderland, send for our battle!—Where is the roll of Scutifris ready to do duty and service to the Halidon?—Send off to the Baron of Montgolffier; he can raise three thousand horse and better—Say to him the Monastery will compensate with him for the cost of his bridge, which have been in controversy. If he will show himself a friend at such a point.—And now, my lord, let us compute our possible numbers, and those of the enemy, that human blood be not spilled in vain.—Let us therefore calculate!"

" My brain is dimmed with the emergency," said, the poor Abbot—" I am not, I think, more a coward than others, as far as my own person is concerned; but speak to me of marching and collecting soldiers, and calculating forces, and you may as well tell of it to the youngest novice of a novitiate. But my resolution is taken.—Heathen," he said, rising up, and coming forward with that dignity which his comely person enabled him to assume, " hear for the last time the voice of your Abbot Heathen. I have done for you the best that I could; in

yealter times I had, perhaps done better, for it was the quiet that I sought the cloister, which has been to me a place of travail, as much as if I had sat in the receipt of custom, or ridden forth as leader of an armed host. But now nations turn worse and worse, and I, as I grow old, am less able to struggle with them. Also, it becomes me not to hold a place, wherof the duties, through my default or misfortune, may be but imperfectly filled by me. Wherefore I have resolved to resign this noble high office, so that the order of these nations may presently devolve upon Father Rusticus here present, our well-beloved Sub-Prior; and I now rejoice that he hath not been provided according to his merits elsewhere, seeing that I will hope he will succeed to the virtue and staff which it is my present purpose to lay down."

"In the name of Our Lady, do nothing hasty, my lord!" said Father Nicholas—"I do remember that when the worthy Abbot Ingulfus, being in his ninetieth year—the I warrant you he could remember when Benedict the thirteenth was deposed—and being ill at ease and bed-rid, the brethren counselled in his ear that he were better resign his office. And what said he, being a pleasant man! saying, that while he could stink his little finger he would keep hold of the master with it."

The Rusticus also strongly remonstrated against the resolution of his Superior, and set down the insufficiency he pleaded to the native modesty of his disposition. The Abbot listened in devout silence; even flattery could not win his ear,

Father Rusticus took a nobler tone with his disengaged and dejected Superior. "My Lord Abbot," he said, "if I have been silent concerning the virtues with which you have governed this house, do not think that I am unaware of them. I know that no man ever brought to your high office a more sincere wish to do well to all mankind; and if your rule has not been marked with the bold hand which sometimes distinguished your spiritual predecessors, their faults have equally been strangers to your character."

"I did not believe," said the Abbot, turning his looks to Father Rusticus with some surprise, "that you, father, of all men, would have done me this Justice."

"In your absence," said the Sub-Prior, "I have even done it more fully. Do not lose the good opinion which all men ente-

gain of you, by removing you often when your use is most needed."

"But, my brother," said the Abbot, "I have a more able in my place."

"That you do not," said Eastoe; "because it is not necessary you should resign, in order to possess the use of whatever experience or talent I may be accounted master of. I have been long enough in this profession to know that the individual qualities which any of us may have, are not his own, but the property of the Community, and only so far useful when they promote the general advantage. If you are not in person, my lord, to deal with this troubousome matter, let me implore you to go instantly to Edinburgh, and make what friends you can in our behalf, while I in your absence will, as Sub-Prior, do my duty in defence of the Haldome. If I succeed, may the honour and praise be yours, and if I fail, let the disgrace and shame be mine own."

The Abbot paused for a space, and then replied,— "No, Father Eastoe, you shall not impugn me by your generosity. In times like these, this house must have a stronger plottage than my weak hands afford; and he who stands the steepest must be chief of the crew. Shame were it to accept the praise of other man's labour; and, in my poor mind, all the praise which can be bestowed on him who undertakes a task so perilous and perplexing, is a mere beneath his merits. Mistake to him would deprive him of an iota of it! Assume, therefore, your authority to-night, and proceed in the preparations you judge necessary. Let the Chapter be summoned to-morrow after we have heard mass, and all shall be ordered as I have told you. Beneath, my brethren!—praise be with you!—May the new Abbot-expectant sleep as sound as he who is about to resign his office."

They retired, affected even to tears. The good Abbot had shown a point of his character to which they were strangers. Even Father Eastoe had held his spiritual Superior hitherto as a good-humoured, hale, diligent, self-indulgent man, whose chief merit was the absence of gross faults; so that this sacrifice of power to a sense of duty, even if a little alloyed by the remoter motives of fear and apprehended difficulties, raised him considerably in the Sub-Prior's estimation. His men felt no aversion to profit by the resignation of the Abbot Boniface, and

in a manner to rise on his robes; but this sentiment did not long content with those which led him to needless higher considerations. It could not be denied that Beaufort was entirely unfit for his situation in the present crisis; and the Sub-Prior felt that he himself, acting merely as a delegate, could not well take the decisive measures which the time required; the will of the Community therefore demanded his elevation. If, besides, there crept in a feeling of a high dignity obtained, and the native exaltation of a haughty spirit called to contend with the imminent dangers attached to a post of such distinction, these sentiments were so amazingly blinded and engrossed with others of a more disinterested nature, that, as the Sub-Prior himself was unconscious of their agency, we, who have a regard for him, are not solicitous to detect it.

The Abbott elect carried himself with more dignity than formerly, when giving such directions as the pressing circumstances of the time required; and those who approached him could perceive an unusual gleaming of his falcon eye, and an unusual flush upon his pale and fated cheek. With briskness and precision he wrote and dictated various letters to different persons, acquainting them with the meditated invasion of the Holderness by the English, and enjoining them to lend aid and assistance in in a certain sense. The temptation of advantage was held out to those whom he judged less scrupulous of the cause of honour, and all were urged by the motives of patriotism and ancient animosity to the English. The time had been when no such exhortations would have been necessary. But so essential was Elizabeth's aid to the reformed party in Scotland, and so strong was that party almost everywhere, that there was reason to believe a great majority would observe neutrality on the present occasion, even if they did not go so far as to cajole with the English against the Catholics.

When Father Endrey considered the number of the immediate vessels of the Church, whom still he might legally command, his heart sank at the thoughts of ranking them under the banner of the fierce and profigate Julian Award.

"Were the young enthusiast Hubert Gisborough to be found," thought Father Endrey in his anxiety, "I would have risked the battle under his leading, young as he is, and with better hope of God's blessing. But the battle is now too late, nor know I a chief of name whom I might trust in this import-

and matter better than this *Averell*?"—He touched a bell which stood on the table, and commanded Christie of the Clarendon to be brought before him.—"Thou owest me a life," said he to that person on his entrance, "and I may do thee another good turn if thou hast shown with me."

Christie had already drained two standing-cups of wine, which would, on another occasion, have added to the incidence of his familiarity. But at present there was something in the augmented dignity of master of Father Bassett, which imposed a restraint on him. Yet his answer parts of his usual character of unfeigned directness. He professed himself willing to return a true answer to all inquiries.

"Was the Baron (so styled) of Averell thy friend ship with Sir John Foster, Warden of the West Marches of England?"

"Such friendship as is between the wild-cat and the toaster," replied the rider.

"Will he do battle with him should they meet?"

"As surely," answered Christie, "as ever cock fought on Shrove-tide-even."

"And would he fight with Foster in the Church's quarrel?"

"On my quarell, or upon no quarell whatever," replied the Jacksonian.

"We will then write to him, letting him know, that if upon occasion of an apprehended invasion by Sir John Foster he will agree to join his forces with ours, he shall lead our men, and be gratified for doing so to the extent of his wish.—Yet one word more—Then didst thy thou couldst find out where the English knight Picard Blafion has this day fled to?"

"That I can, and bring him back too, by fair means or force, as best likes your reverence."

"He there must be used upon him. Within what time wilt thou find him out?"

"Within thirty hours, so he have not crossed the Tethin Firth—If it is to do you a pleasure, I will set off directly, and wind him as a snatching-dog tracks the mous-trap," answered Christie.

"Doing him bitter then, and thou wilt deserve good at our hands, which I may soon have free means of bestowing on thee."

"Thanks to your reverence, I put myself in your orreverence's hands. We of the spear and scutte walk smotching recklessly

through life; but if a man were wiser than he is, poor novitiae leaves he must live, and that's next to 'be done without slitting, I trow.'

"Peace, sir, and 'begone on thine errand—thou shalt have a letter from us to Sir Pieccio."

Christie made two steps towards the door; then turning back and hesitating, like one who would make an impudent plausibility if he dared, he asked what he was to do with the wench Muriel Blagger whom the Southern knight had carried off with him.

"Am I to bring her hither, please your reverence?"

"Hither, you misapert knave!" said the abbot-churchman; "remember you to whom you speak!"

"No offence meant," replied Christie; "but if such is not your will, I would carry her to Arundel Castle, where a well-favoured wench was never uncloistered."

"Bring the unfortunate girl to her father's, and knock an sound joints here," said the Salt-Peter—"See that thou givest her in all safety and honour."

"In safety, surely," said the rider, "and in such honour as her outbreath has left her.—I bid your reverence farewell, I must be on horse before nightfall."

"What, in the dark!—how knowest thou which way to go?"

"I traced the knight's horse-trail as far as near to the ford, as we rode along together," said Christie, "and I observed the track turn to the northward. He is for Edinburgh, I will warrant you—so soon as daylight comes I will be on the road again. It is a lamentable hoof-mark, for the shoe was made by old Hobie of Gannabie—I would swear to the curve of the snaffle." So saying he departed.

"Blasted necessity," said Father Rustico, looking after him, "that obliges us to use such implements as these! But, needed as we are on all sides, and by all conditions of men, what alternative is left us?—But, now let me to my next-needed task."

The Abbot chancery accordingly sat down to write letters, arrange orders, and take upon him the whole charge of an institution which toiled in its fall, with the same spirit of proud and devoted fortitude wherewith the commander of a fortress, reduced nearly to the last extremity, calculates what means remain to him to protract the fatal hour of succourful

stone. In the meanwhile Albert Beauchamp, having given a few natural signs to the downfall of the pretensions he had so long enjoyed amongst his brethren, fell fast asleep, leaving the whole mass and tools of office to his assistant and successor.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

And when he comes to broken brigs,
He shan't be here and gone ;
And when he comes to grass growing,
Set down his feet and rest.

ON THOMAS.

We return to Halbert Glendinning, who, as our readers may remember, took the high road to Edinburgh. His interview with the preacher Henry Wardle, from whom he received a letter at the moment of his deliverance, had been so brief, that he had not even learned the name of the subscriber, to whose care he was recommended. Something like a name had been spoken indeed, but he had only comprehended that he was to meet the chief advocation towards the south, at the head of a party of horses. When day dawned on his journey, he was in the same uncertainty. A better scholar would have been informed by the address of the letter, but Halbert had not so far profited by Father Bustard's lessons as to be able to decipher it. His mother-wit taught him that he must not, in such uncertain times, be too hasty in asking information of any one; and when, after a long day's journey, night surprised him near a little village, he began to be dubious and anxious concerning the issue of his journey.

In a poor country, hospitality is generally exercised freely, and Halbert, when he requested a night's quarters, did nothing either degrading or extraordinary. The old woman, to whom he made this request, granted it the more readily, that she thought she saw some resemblance between Halbert and her son Bamforth, who had been killed in one of the frays to commence in the time. It is true Bamforth was a short square-masculine fellow, with red hair and a freckled face, and somewhat bandy-legged, whereas the stranger was of a brown complexion, tall, and remarkably well made. Nevertheless, the widow was

clear that there existed a general resemblance between her guest and Scander, and kindly pressed him to share of her evening cheer. A pedlar, a man of about forty years old, was also her guest, who talked with great feeling of the misery of pursuing such a profession as his in the time of war and tumult.

"We think much of knights and soldiers," said he; "but the pedler-craft who travels the land has need of more courage than them all. I am sure he never faces such risks, God help him. Here have I come this length, trudging the godly Earl of Murray would be on his march to the Borders, for he was to have quartered with the Barons of Avesay; and instead of that comes news that he has gone westwardways about some trifles in Ayrshire. And what to do I was not; for if I go to the south without a safeguard, the next heavy rider I meet might seize me of pack and pack, and risque of my life to boot; and then, if I try to strike across the moors, I may be an ill fit before I can join myself to that good Lord's company."

No one was quicker at catching a hint than Halbert Glendinning. He said he himself had a desire to go westward. The pedler looked at him with a very doubtful air, when the old dame, who perhaps thought her young guest resembled the unashamed Scander, not only in his looks, but in a certain pretty turn to slight-of-hand, which the dabbler was supposed to have possessed, tipped him the wink, and assured the pedler he need have no doubt that her young cousin was a true man.

"Cousin!" said the pedler, "I thought you said this youth had been a stranger?"

"He bearing makes ill reckoning," said the landlady; "he is a stranger to me by eyesight, but that does not make him a stranger to me by blood, more especially seeing his likeness to my son Scander, poor bairn."

The pedler's scruples and jealousies being thus removed, or at least silenced, the travellers agreed that they would proceed in company together the next morning by daybreak, the pedler acting as a guide to Glendinning, and the youth as a guard to the pedler, until they should fall in with Murray's detachment of horse. It would appear that the landlady never doubted what was to be the event of this compact, for, taking Glendinning aside, she charged him "to be moderate with the pair body, but at all events, not to forget to take a piece of black

say, to make the old wife a new necklace." Halbert laughed and took his leave.

It did not a little appal the pedlar, when, in the midst of a black heath, the young man told him the nature of the association with which their banners had charged him. He took heart, however, upon seeing the open, frank, and friendly demeanour of the youth, and vented his exclamations on the ungrateful old traitress. "I gave her," he said, "yester-evening further grace, a yard of that very black say, to make her a surcoat-sash; but I see it is ill done to teach the cat the way to the kirk."

Thus set at ease on the intentions of his companion (for in those happy days the trust was always to be expected from a stranger), the pedlar noted on Halbert's guide over moor and moor, over hill and valley a mile, in such a direction as might best lead them towards the route of Murray's party. At length they arrived upon the side of an eminence, which commanded a distant prospect over a tract of savage and desolate moorland, marshy and waste—an alternate change of shingly hill and level moor, only varied by blue stagnant pools of water. A road scarcely marked winded like a serpent through the wilderness, and the pedlar, pointing to it, said—"The road from Edinburgh to Glasgow. Here we must wait, and if Murray and his train be not already passed by, we shall soon see trace of them, unless some new purpose shall have altered their resolution; for in these blessed days no man, were he the neatest the throno, as the Earl of Murray may be, knows when he lays his head on his pillow at night where it is to lie upon the following eve."

They passed accordingly, and sat down, the pedlar cautiously taking for a seat the box which contained his treasures, and not unconscious from his companion that he wore under his cloak a pistol hanging at his belt in case of need. He was courteous, however, and offered Halbert a share of the provisions which he carried about him for refreshment. They were of the coarsest kind—salt-beef boiled into cakes, turned, dished with cold water, an onion or two, and a morsel of smoked ham, completed the feast. But such as it was, no Gentleman of the time, had his rank been much higher than that of Glantining, would have refused to share in it, especially as the pedlar professed, with a mysterious air, a top's ham, which he carried along from

his shoulders, and which, when its contents were examined, produced to each party a clam-shell full of excellent weapons—a dozen strange to Halbert, for the strong voices known in the south of Scotland came from France, and in fact such were but rarely used. The pedlar recommended it as excellent, and he had procured it in his last visit to the town of Doune, where he had recently traded under the safe-conduct of the Laird of Buchanan. He also set an example to Halbert, by devoutly employing the cap "to the speedy downfall of Antichrist."

Their coverability was soon tested, as a rising dust was seen on the road of which they commanded the prospect, and half-a-score of horsemen were daintily despatched advancing at considerable speed, their muskets gleaming, and the points of their sabres twinkling as they caught a glimpse of the sun.

"There," said the pedlar, "must be the retinue of Murray's party; let us lie down in the peat-bog, and keep ourselves out of sight."

"And why not?" said Halbert; "let us rather go down and make a signal to them."

"God forbid!" replied the pedlar; "do you know all the customs of our Scottish nation? That plough of spears that are sweeping on so fast are doubtless commanded by some wild kinsman of Morton, or some such daring far-nothing as neither regards God nor man. It is their business, if they meet with any enemies, to pick quarrels and clear the way of them; and the chief knows nothing of what happens, coming up with his mass disreputable and moderate friends, it may be a full mile in the rear. Were we to go near those lads of the Laird's bairn, your letter would do you little good, and my pack would do me nǎidle black ill; they would strip every streak of clothes from our back, fling us into a moorland with a stone at our back naked as the howe that brought us into this numbered and dismal world, and neither Murray nor any other man over the water. But if he did come to hear of it, what might he help it!—it would be accounted a mere trifle, and there were all the more smoke. O credit me, youth, that when men drew cold steel on each other in their native country, they neither can nor may dwell deeply on the offences of those whose swords are useful to them."

They suffered, therefore, the suspense, as it might be termed, of the Earl of Murray's host to pass forward; and it was not

long until a dense cloud of dust began to arise to the northward.

"Now," said the pedlar, "let us hurry down the hill; for to tell the truth," said he, dragging Halkert along earnestly, "a Scottish noble's march is like a serpent—the head is furnished with fangs, and the tail hath its sting; the only harmless point of ascent is the noble body."

"I will hasten as fast as you," said the post-horn; "but tell me why the rearward of such an army should be as dangerous as the van?"

"Because, as the vanguard consists of their plumed wild-savages, resolute for mischief, such as neither fear God nor regard their fellow-creatures, but understand themselves bound to hurry from the road whatever is displeasing to themselves, so the rear-guard consists of mis-proud serving-men, who, being in charge of the baggage, take care to annoy by their actions upon travelling-curdans and others, their own thief on their master's property. You will hear the advanced *ayres perdu*, as the French call them, and so they are indeed, namely, children of the field, singing wailless and filthsome ballads of sin and heresie. And then will come on the middle-ward, when you will hear the carolies and psalms sung by the reverencing nobles, and the gentry, and honest and pious clergy, by whom they are accompanied. And last of all, you will find in the rear a legend of godless ladies, and pollicers, and horse-boys, talking of nothing but dining, drinking, and dubbing."

As the pedlar spoke, they had reached the side of the high-road and Murray's main body was in sight, consisting of about three hundred horse, marching with great regularity, and in a closely compacted body. Some of the troopers were the liveries of their masters, but this was not common. Most of them were dressed in such colours as chance dictated. But the majority, being clad in blue cloth, and the whole armed with cuirass and back-plate, with sleeves of mail, gauntlets, and polearms, and either mailed hose or strong jardhauns, they had something of a uniform appearance. Many of the leaders were clad in complete armour, and all in a certain half military dress, which no man of quality in those disturbed times ever left himself sufficiently put to shame.

The foreman of this party immediately rode up to the pedlar and to Halkert Glendinning, and demanded of them who they

were. The pelter told his story, the young Glendinning exhibited his letter, which a gentleman showed to Murray. In no instant after, the word "halt!" was given through the squadron, and at once the onward heavy tramp, which seemed the most distinctive attribute of the body, ceased, and was heard no more. The command was announced that the troops should halt here for an hour to refresh themselves and their horses. The pelter was assured of safe protection, and accompanied with the use of a baggage horse. But, at the same time he was ordered into the rear; a command which he reluctantly obeyed, and not without wringing pathetically the hand of Halbert as he separated from him.

The young heir of Glendinning was in the meanwhile conducted to a plot of ground more raised, and therefore drier than the rest of the moor. Here a carpet was spread on the ground by way of table-cloth, and around it sat the leaders of the party, partaking of an entertainment as poor with relation to their rank, as that which Glendinning had so lately shared. Murray himself was as he came forward, and advanced a step to meet him.

This celebrated person had in his appearance, as well as in his mind, much of the admiral qualities of James V. his father. Had not the state of illegitimacy rested upon his birth, he would have filled the Scottish throne with as much honour as any of the Stewart race. But history, while she acknowledges his high talents, and much that was princely, nay, royal, in his conduct, cannot forget that ambition led him further than honour or loyalty warranted. Hence amongst the bravest, fair in presence and in favour, skilful to manage the most intricate affairs, to attach to himself those who were doubtful, to stem and overthrew, by the boldness and treachery of his enterprises, those who were resolute in resistance, he attained, and as to power merit certainly deserved, the highest place in the kingdom. But he abused, under the influence of strong temptation, the opportunities which his sister Mary's misfortunes and imprudence threw in his way; he suppressed his sovereign and beneficent in her power, and his history affords no one of those mixed characters, in which principle was so often sacrificed to policy, that we most condone the statesman while we pity and regret the individual. Many events in his life gave likelihood to the saying that he himself

sized at the crown ; and it is too true, that he countenanced the fatal expedient of establishing an English, that is a foreign and a hostile interest, in the mouth of Scotland. But his death may be received as an atonement for his offence, and may serve to show how much more safe is the person of a real patriot, than that of the mere head of a faction, who is accounted answerable for the offences of his meanest adherents.

When Murray approached, the young rustic was naturally flushed at the dignity of his presence. The commanding form and the countenance to which high and important thoughts were familiar, the features which bore the resemblance of Scotland's long line of kings, were well calculated to impress awe and reverence. His dress had little to distinguish him from the high-born nobles and barons by whom he was attended. A buff-coat, richly embroidered with crimson lace, supplied the place of armour ; and a massive gold chain, with its medal, hung round his neck. His black velvet bonnet was decorated with a string of large and fair pearls, and with a small tufted feather ; a long heavy sword was girt to his side, as the familiar companion of his hand. He was gilded spurs on his boots, and these completed his equipment.

"This letter," he said, "is from the godly preacher of the word, Henry Warden, young man ! is it not so?" Halbert answered in the affirmative. "And he writes to me, it would seem, in some strait, and refers us to you for the circumstances. Let me know, I pray you, how things stand with him."

In some perturbation Halbert Glendinning gave an account of the circumstances which had accompanied the preacher's imprisonment. When he came to the discussion of the handfasting engagement, he was struck with the ominous and displeased expression of Murray's brows, and contrary to all prudential and politic rule, seeing something was wrong, yet not well aware what that something was, hal almost stopped short in his narrative.

"What all the fool!" said the Earl, drawing his darkened eyebrows together, while the same dusky glow blotted on his brow—"Hast thou not learned to tell a true tale without shamming?"

"So please you," answered Halbert, with considerable address, "I have never before spoken to such a presence."

"He seems a modest youth," said Murray, turning to his

next attendant, "and let one who is a good man will gather his friend nor he,—speak w^t, friend, and speak truly."

Halbert then gave an account of the quarrel between Julian Arundel and the preacher, which the Earl, biting his lip the while, compelled himself to listen to in a drowsy indifference. At first he appeared even to take the part of the Baron.

"Henry Wardle," he said, "is too hot in his zeal. The love both of God and man makes allowance for certain allowances, though not strictly formal, and the love of man may exceed."

This general declaration he expressed, accompanying it with a glance around upon the few followers who were present at the interview. The most of them answered—"There is no entreating that!" but one or two looked on the ground, and were silent. Murray then turned again to Glendinning, commanding him to say what next shamed, and not to omit any particular. When he mentioned the manner in which Julian had cast from him his scabbard, Murray drew a deep breath, set his teeth hard, and laid his hand on the hilt of his dagger. Casting his eyes once more toward the circle, which was now augmented by one or two of the reformed preachers, he seemed to derive his right in silence, and again commanded Halbert to proceed. When he came to describe how Wardle had been dragged to a dungeon, the Earl seemed to have found the point at which he might give vent to his own resentment, aware of the sympathy and appreciation of all who were present. "Judge ye," he said, looking to those around him, "judge ye, my peers, and noble gentlemen of Berwick, between me and this Julian Arundel—he hath broken his own word, and hath violated my self-respect—and judge ye also, my reverend masters, he hath put his hand forth upon a preacher of the gospel, and perchance may sell his blood to the worshippers of Antichrist!"

"Let him die the death of a traitor," said the senior cleric, "and let his tongue be struck through with the hangman's flog box to avenge his perjury!"

"Let him go down to his place with Baal's priests," said the preacher, "and be his ashes cast into Tophet!"

Murray heard them with the smile of expected revenge; yet it is probable that the brutal treatment of the female, whose circumstances somewhat resembled those of the Earl's own mother, had its share in the grim smile which curled his sun-

loose cloak and its bright sp. To Halbert Glendinning, when his narrative was finished, he spoke with great kindness.

"He is a bold and gallant youth," said he to those around, "and formed of the stuff which becomes a leading man. There are periods when man's spirit shuns hardy through them. I will know something more of him."

He questioned him more particularly concerning the Baron of Arundel's probable forces—the strength of his ranks—the dispositions of his next host, and this brought necessarily forward the sad history of his brother's daughter, Mary Arundel, which was told with an embarrassment that did not escape Murray.

"Hail Julian Arundel," he said, "and do you provoke my resentment, when you have so much cause to deprive me of justice! I know Walter Arundel, a true Scotman and a good soldier. Our sister, the Queen, made right his daughter; and were her hand restored, she would be a fitting bride to some brave man who may better merit our favour than the traitor Julian."—Then looking at Halbert, he said, "Art thou of gentle blood, young man?"

Halbert, with a faltering and uncertain voice, began to speak of his distant pretensions to claim a descent from the ancient Glendonnyses of Thalloway, when Murray interrupted him with a smile.

"Nay—nay—leave pedigree to bards and heralds. In our days such men as the son of his own brood. The glorious light of reformation hath shone alike on prince and peasant; and peasant as well as prince may be illustrated by fighting in its defense. It is a stirring world, where all may advance themselves who have stout hearts and strong arms. Tell me frankly why thou hast left thy father's house?"

Halbert Glendinning made a frank confession of his deal with Pieris Shattoe, and mentioned his supposed death.

"By my hand," said Murray, "thou art a bold upstart hawk, to match thee so early with such a kite as Pieris Shattoe. Queen Elizabeth would give her glove filled with gold coins to know that scolding cooncock to be under the sun.—Would she not, Morton?"

"Ay, by my word, and esteem her glove a better gift than the crown," replied Morton, "which few Border lads like this fellow will esteem just valuation."

"But what shall we do with this young lioness?" said Murray; "what will our preachers say?"

"Tell them of Moses and of Boanah," said Morton; "it is but the exulting of an Egyptian when all is said out."

"Let it be so," said Murray, laughing; "but we will bury the tale, as the prophet did the body, in the sand. I will take care of this swain.—Be near to me, Glendinning, close that is thy name. We retain thee as a spouse of our household. The master of our home will see thou fully equipped and armed."

During the expedition which he was now engaged in, Murray found several opportunities of putting Glendinning's courage and powers of mind to the test, and he began to rise so rapidly in his esteem, that those who knew the Earl considered the youth's fortune as certain. One step only was wanting to raise him to a still higher degree of confidence and favour—it was the abjuration of the Popish religion. The minister who attended upon Murray, and formed his chief support amongst the people, found an easy convert in Halbert Glendinning, who, from his earliest days, had never felt much devotion towards the Catholic faith, and who listened eagerly to more reasonable views of religion. By thus adopting the faith of his master, he rose higher in his favour, and was constantly about his person during his prolonged stay in the west of Scotland, which the interminability of those wars the Earl had to deal with, protracted from day to day, and week to week.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

Poor the day of battle Henry's!
Distant down the hollow wind;
War and terror did before,
Wounds and death were left behind.
Fusiliers.

The autumn of the year was well advanced, when the Earl of Morton, one morning, rather unexpectedly, entered the ante-chamber of Murray, in which Halbert Glendinning was in waiting.

"Call your master, Halbert," said the Earl; "I have news for him from Tiviscdale; and for you too, Glendinning.—

"Morn ! morn ! my Lord of Murray !" he exclaimed at the door of the Earl's bedchamber ; " come forth instantly." The Earl appeared, and greeted his ally, demanding eagerly his tidings.

" I have had a new friend with me from the south," said Morton ; " he has been at Saint Mary's Monastery, and brings important tidings."

" Of what complexion ?" said Murray, " and can you trust the bearer ?"

" He is fair-faced, as my life," said Morton ; " I wish all around your Lordship may prove equally so."

" As what, and whence, do you point ?" demanded Murray.

" Here is the Egyptian of trusty Halbert Glendinning, our Southland Master, come alive again, and flourishing, gay and bright as ever, in that Teviotdale Goshen, the Hebrews of Kincarphair."

" What news you, my lord ?" said Murray.

" Only that your new heathen has put a false tale upon you. Miles Shaston is alive and well ; by the same token that the gull is thought to be detained there by love to a miller's daughter, who ruined the country with him, is dis-
gates."

" Glendinning," said Murray, bending his brow into his darkest frown, " thou hast not, I trust, dared to bring me a lie in thy mouth, in order to win my confidence ?"

" My liev," said Halbert, " I am incapable of a lie. I should choke me ere were my life to require that I pronounced it. I say, that this sword of my father was through the body—the point stuck out behind his back—the hilt pressed upon his breast-bone. And I will plunge it as deep in the body of any one who shall dare to charge me with falsehood."

" Now, fellow ! " said Morton, " wouldn't thou bairn a nobleman ?"

" Be silent, Halbert," said Murray, " and you, my Lord of Morton, forbear him. I see truth written on his brow."

" I wish the table of the manuscript may correspond with the inscription," replied his more amiable ally. " Look to it, my lord, you will one day lose your life by too much confidence."

" And you will lose your friends by being too readily suspicious," answered Murray. " Enough of this—let me hear thy tidings."

"Sir John Foster," said Morton, "is about to send a party into Scotland to waste the Highlands."

"How I without calling my presence and permission!" said Murray—"he is mad—will he come as an enemy into the Queen's country?"

"He has Elizabeth's express orders," answered Morton, "and they are not to be trifled with. Indeed, his march has been more than once projected and laid aside during the time we have been here, and has caused much alarm at Kenmure. Beaufort, the old Abbot, has resigned, and whom, think you, they have chosen in his place?"

"No one, surely," said Murray; "they would possess no hold so certain, until the Queen's pleasure and mine were known!"

Morton shrugged his shoulders—"They have chosen the pupil of old Cardinal Beaton, that wily determined champion of Rome, the bosom-friend of our busy Prince of St. Andrews. Beaton, like the Sub-Prior of Kenmure, is now his abbot, and, like a second Pope Julius, is laying men and making masters to fight with Foster if he comes forward."

"We must prevent that meeting," said Murray, hastily; "whichever party wins the day, it were a fatal encounter for us—Who commands the troop of the Abbot?"

"Our faithful old friend, Julian Arundel, nothing less," answered Morton.

"Glaudining," said Murray, "sound trumpet to horn directly, and let all who love us get on horseback without delay—Yes, my lord, this were indeed a fatal dilemma. If we take part with our English friends, the country will cry shame on us—the very old wives will attack us with their recks and spindles—nay, the very stones of the street will rise up against us—we can not set our face to such a deed of infamy. And my sister, whose confidence I already have much difficulty in preserving, will altogether withdraw it from me. Then, were we to oppose the English Warden, Elizabeth would call it a protection of her enemies, and what not, and we should lose her."

"The she-dragon," said Morton, "is the best card in our pack; and yet I would not willingly stand still and see English blades curse Scotts first.—What say you to following by the way, marching far and easy for fear of spoiling our horses? They might then fight dog fight hell, fight Abbot fight archer,

and no one could blame us for what changed when we were not present."

"All would blame us, James Douglas," replied Murray; "we should lose both sides—we had better advance with the utmost celerity, and do what we can to keep the peace between them.—I would the rag that brought Pierre Shafton hither had broken his neck over the highest bush in Northumberland!—He is a proper creature to make all this bustle about, and to commence perhaps a national war!"

"Had we known in time," said Douglas, "we might have had him privately waited upon as he entered the Borders; there are strapping lads enough would have rid us of him for the love of his spar-wings." But to the saddle, James Stewart, since so the phrase goes. I hear your trumpets sound to horse and arms—we shall see who's rag is best beatified!"

Pollarded by a train of about three hundred well-mounted men-at-arms, these two powerful barons directed their course to Dumfries, and from thence onward to Teviotdale, marching at a rate which, as Murray had foretold, soon disabled a good many of their horses, so that when they approached the scene of expected action, there were not above two hundred of their train remaining in a body, and of these most were mounted on steeds which had been surely jaded.

They had hitherto been amazed, and agitated by various reports concerning the advance of the English soldiers and the degree of resistance which the Abbot was able to oppose to them. But when they were six or seven miles from Saint Mary's of Kenningham, a gentleman of the country, whom Murray had summoned to attend him, and on whose intelligence he knew he could rely, arrived at the head of two or three servants, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste." According to his report, Sir John Foster, after several times assassinating, and so often destroying, his intended master, had at last been so strong with the news that Pierre Shafton was openly plotting with the English, that he determined to ensure the command of his master, which directed him, at every risk, to make himself master of the Bishopric's person. The Abbot's increasing auxiliaries had collected a body of men almost equal in number to those of the English Warden, but less practised in arms. They were waited under the command of Fergus Averell,

* *Spar-wing—Spur-hawker.*

and it was apprehended they would join battle upon the banks of a small stream which forces the ways of the Haldeme.

"Who knows the place?" said Murray.

"I do, my lord," answered Glendinning.

"Tha well," said the Earl; "take a score of the best-mounted horse—make what haste thou canst, and announce to them that I am coming up instantly with a strong power, and will set to pieces, without mercy, whichever party strikes the first blow.—Dardane," said he to the gentleman who brought the intelligence, "thou shalt be my guide.—Hitherto, Glendinning—say to Foster I conjure him to respect his master's service, that he will leave the master in my hands. Say to the Abbot, I will have the Monastery over his head, if he strikes a stroke till I come—Tell the dog, Julian Arundel, that he hath already one deep score to settle with me—I will set his head on the top of the highest pinnacle of Saint Mary's, if he presumes to open another. Make haste, and spare not the spur for fear of spoiling horse-thighs."

"Your bidding shall be obeyed, my lord," said Glendinning; and shooting those whose human woe is best plight to be his attendants, he went off as fast as the jaded state of their cavalry permitted. Hill and hollow vanished from under the foot of the chargers.

They had not ridden half the way, when they met stragglers coming off from the field, whose appearance announced that the conflict was begun. Two supported in their arms a third—their elder brother, who was pierced with an arrow through the body. Halbert, who knew these to belong to the Haldeme, called them by their names, and questioned them of the state of the affray; but just then, in spite of their efforts to retain him in the saddle, their brother dropped from the horse, and they dismounted in haste to receive his last breath. From men thus engaged no information was to be obtained. Glendinning, therefore, pushed on with his little troop, the more anxiously, as he perceived other stragglers, bearing Saint Andrew's cross upon their caps and corslets, flying apparently from the field of battle. Most of these when they were aware of a body of horsemen approaching on the road, held to the one hand or the other, at such a distance as precluded coming to speech of them. Others, whose fear was more intense, kept the curved road, galloping wildly as fast as their horses could carry them, and

when questioned, only glared without reply at those who spoke to them, and rode on without drawing bridle. Several of these were also known to Halbert, who had therefore no doubt, from the circumstances in which he met them, that the men of the Halkons were defeated. He became now unpoetically anxious concerning the fate of his brother; who, he could not doubt, must have been engaged in the affray. He therefore increased the speed of his horse, so that not above five or six of his followers could keep up with him. At length he reached a little hill, at the descent of which, surrounded by a melancholy sweep of a small stream, lay the plain which had been the scene of the skirmish.

It was a melancholy spectacle. War and terror, in use the expression of the past, had rushed on to the field, and left only wounds and death behind them. The battle had been stoutly contested, as was almost always the case with these Border skirmishes, whose ancient hatred and mutual injuries made men stolid in maintaining the cause of their conflict. Towards the middle of the plain, there lay the bodies of several men who had fallen in the very act of grappling with the enemy; and these were soon recognisable which still bore the stern expression of unquenchable hate and defiance, hands which clasped the hilts of the broken falchions, or strove in vain to pluck the deadly scow from the ground. Some were wounded, and, saved of the courage they had lately shown, were begging aid, and crying water, in a tone of melancholy depression, while others tried to teach the faltering tongue to pronounce some half-forgotten prayer, which, even when first learned, they had but half understood. Halbert, uncertain what course he was next to pursue, rode through the plain to see if, among the dead or wounded, he could discover any trace of his brother Edward. He experienced no interruption from the English. A distant shout of that announced that they were still pursuing the scattered fugitives, and he guessed, that to approach them with his followers until they were again under arms command would be to throw away his own life and that of his men, whom the visitors would instantly confound with the Scots against whom they had been successful. He resolved, therefore, to pause until Harry came up with his forces, to which he was the more readily moved, as he heard the trumpets of the English Warden sounding the retreat, and receding from the pursuit.

He drew his men together, and made a stand in an advantageous spot of ground, which had been occupied by the Scots in the beginning of the action, and most fiercely disputed while the skirmish lasted.

While he stood here, Halbert's ear was assailed by the feeble moan of a woman, which he had not expected to hear amid that scene until the retreat of the foes had permitted the relations of the claim to approach, for the purpose of paying them the last duties. He looked with anxiety, and at length observed, that by the body of a bright but bright arrow, whose crest, though soiled and broken, still showed the marks of mark and birth, there sat a female wrapped in a hempen cloak, and holding something pressed against her bosom, which he soon discerned to be a child. He glanced towards the English. They advanced not, and the continued and prolonged sound of their trumpets, with the shouts of the leaders, announced that their powers would not be instantly re-assembled. He had, therefore, a moment to look after this unfortunate woman. He gave his horse to a spearman as he descended, and approaching the unhappy female, asked her, in the most soothing tone he could assume, whether he could assist her in her distress. The answer made him no direct answer; but endeavouring, with a trembling and unskillful hand, to undo the springs of the vice and gorge, said, in a tone of impatient grief, "Oh, he would recover instantly could I but give him air—land and living, life and honour, would I give for the power of undoing these crack iron platings that suffocate him!" He that would soothe sorrow must not argue on the vanity of the most disheartful hopes. The body lay as that of one whose last draught of vital air had been drawn, and who must never more bare measure with the aether sky. But Halbert Glendinning failed not to note the face and had known the gazer, whom, to his great surprise, he recognised the pale thin of Julian Avesel. His last fight was over, the fierce and turbulent spirit had departed in the strife in which it had so long delighted.

"Ains! he is gone," said Halbert, speaking to the young woman, in whom he had now no difficulty of knowing the unhappy Catherine.

"Oh, no, no, no," she reiterated, "do not say so—he is not dead—he is but in a swoon. I have him as long in case myself—and then his voice would avenge me, when he spoke kindly,

and said, Catherine, look up for my sake—And look up, Julian, for mine ! " she said, addressing the senseless corpse ; " I know you do but counterfeit to frighten me, but I am not frightened," she added, with an hysterical attempt to laugh ; and then instantly changing her tone, entreated him to " speak, were it but to ease my folly. Oh, the wretched word you ever said to me would now stand like the deepest gash wasted on me before I gave you all. Lift him up," she said, " lift him up, for God's sake ! —have you no compassion ! He promised to wed me if I bore him a boy, and this child is so like to his father ! —How shall he keep his word if you do not help me to avow him ? —Christie of the Chastill, Bowley, Hatchet ! ye were constern'd at his frost, but ye feel from him at the fray, false villains as ye are ! "

" Now I, by Heaven ! " said a dying man, who made some shift to raise himself on his elbow, and discovered to Hubert the well-known features of Christie ; " I died not a fool, and a man can but fight while his breath lasts—mine is going fast.—So, ye rogues," said he, looking at Glendinning, and seeing his military dress, " thou hast tri'd the basest at last ! It is a better way to live in than die in. I would change had not thy brother here instead—there was good in him—but thou art as wild, and wilt soon be as wicked, as myself."

" God forbid ! " said Hubert hastily.

" Merry, and men, with all my heart," said the wounded man, " there will be company now without thee where I am going. But God be praised I had no hand in that wickedness," said he, looking to poor Catherine ; and with some exclamation in his mouth, that sounded between a prayer and a curse, the soul of Christie of the Chastill took wing to the last account.

Deeply wrapt in the painful interest which these shocking events had excited, Glendinning forgot for a moment his own situation and duties, and was first recalled to them by a trampling of horses, and the cry of Saint George for England, which the English soldiers still maintained to see. His handful of men, the most of the stragglers had waited for Merry's coming up, remained on horseback, holding their horses upright, having no command either to submit or resist.

" There stands our Captain," said one of them, as a strong party of English came up, the vanguard of Foster's trouy.

" Your Captain ! " with his sword sheathed, and on foot in

the presence of his enemy! a raw soldier, I warrant him," said the English leader. "The last young man, 'is your dress out, and will you now answer me if you will fight or fly?"

"Neither," answered Halbert Glendowering, with great tranquillity.

"Then throw down thy sword and yield thee," answered the Englishman.

"Not till I can help myself no otherwise," said Halbert, with the same moderation of tone and manner.

"Art thou for thine own hand, friend, or to whom dost thou owe service?" demanded the English Captain.

"To the noble Earl of Murray."

"Then thou artest," said the Northmen, "the most dialoyd nobleman who breatheth—thine both to Englund and Scotland."

"Thou best," said Glendowering, regardless of all consequences.

"But art thou so hot now, and wert so cold but a minute since? I lie, do I? Will thou do battle with me on that quarrel?"

"With one to one—one to two—or two to five, as you list," said Halbert Glendowering; "grant me but a fair field."

"That thou shalt have.—Stand back, my master," said the brave Englishman. "If I fall, give him fair play, and let him go off free with his people."

"Long life to the noble Captain!" cried the soldiers, as impatient to see the duel, as if it had been a ball-batting.

"He will have a short life of it, though," said the sergeant. "If he, an old man of sixty, is to fight for any master, or for no reason, with every man his master, and especially the young fellows he might be father to.—And here comes the Warden bade to see the sword-play."

In fact, Sir John Foster came up with a considerable body of his followers, just as his Captain, whose age rendered him unequal to the combat with so strong and active a youth as Glendowering, was deprived of his sword.

"Take it up for shame, old Ruarach Tolton," said the English Warden; "and then, young man, tell me who and what thou art?"

"A follower of the Earl of Murray, who bore his will to your master," answered Glendowering.—"but here he comes to say it himself; I see the van of his banners come over the hills."

"Get into order, my master," said Sir John Foster to his

followers; "you that have broken your spears, draw your swords. We are something unprovided for a second field, but if yonder dark cloud on the hill-edge bring us foul weather, we must bear as heavily as our broken spears will bear it. Meanwhile, Bismuth, we have got the deer we have hunted for—here is Pierce Shaftron laid and fast betwixt two troopers."

"Who, that lad?" said Bolton; "he is no more Pierce Shaftron than I am. He hath his gay cloak indeed—but Pierce Shaftron is a round dozen of years older than that silly of ragsery. I have known him since he was three high. Did you never see my lad in the tilt-yard or in the presence?"

"To the devil with such vanities!" said Sir John Foster; "when had I leisure for them or any thing else! During my whole life has she kept me to this hangman's office, chancing thievish one day and traitors another, in daily fear of my life; the lasses never hung up in the hall, the fowl never out of the stirrup, the saddle never off my nags' backs; and now, because I have been mistaken in the person of a man I never saw, I warrant me, the next letter from the Privy Council will rate me as I were a dog—a man wot better dead than thus slaves and banished."

A trumpet interrupted Foster's complaints, and a Scottish pursuivant who attended, declared "that the noble Earl of Murray desired, in all honour and safety, a personal conference with Sir John Foster, midway between their parties, with six of company in each, and ten free minutes to come and go."

"And now," said the Englishman, "comes another plague. I must go speak with yonder false Scot, and he knows how to frame his devotions, to cast dust in the eyes of a plain man, as well as over a heaven in the north. I see no match for him in words, and for hard blows we are but too ill provided.—Furthermore, we grant the conference—and you, Sir Standard" (speaking to young Glendinning), "draw off with your troopers to your own party—march—attend your Earl's trumpet.—Bismuth Bolton, put our troop in order, and be ready to move forward at the wagging of a finger.—But you gone to your own friends, I tell you, Sir Reginald, and latter not here."

Notwithstanding this peremptory order, Halbert Glendinning could not help stopping to cast a look upon the unfortunate Catherine, who lay insensible of the danger and of the trampling of so many horses around her, insensible, as the

second glance assured him, of all and for ever. Glendinning almost rejected what he saw that the last misery of life was over, and that the hosts of the war-homes, amongst which he was compelled to leave her, could only injure and defile a motionless corpse. He caught the infant from her arms, half released of the sheet of laughter which rest on all sides, at seeing an armed man, in such a situation assume such an unexpected and inconvenient burden.

"Shoulder your infant!" cried a harquebusier.

"Put your infant!" said a pikeman.

"Peace, ye brother," said Starverth Tolton, "and respect humanity to others if you have none yourselves. I pardon the lad having done some discredit to my grey hair, when I see him take care of that helpless creature, which ye would have trampled upon as if ye had been littered of bitch-wolves, not born of women."

While this passed, the leaders on either side met in the central space between the forces of either, and the Earl accosted the English Warden: "Is this fair or honest usage, Sir John, or for whom do you hold the Earl of Murray and myself, that you ride in Scotland with arm'd banner, flight, day, and make prisoners at your own pleasure? Is it well done, think you, to spell our head and shed our blood, after the many proofs we have given to your mistress of our devotion due to her will, saving always the allegiance due to our own sovereign?"

"My Lord of Murray," answered Fawcet, "all the world know you to be a man of quick fancies and deep wisdom, and these several weeks have you held me in hand with prying raised to arrest my sovereign mistress's rebel, this Pierso Shafston of Wilerton, and you have never kept your word, alleging tumults in the west, and I wot not what other causes of hindrance. Now, since he has had the insolence to return hither, and live openly within ten miles of England, I could no longer, in plain duty to my mistress and queen, tarry upon your successive delays, and therefore I have used her force to take her rebel, by the strong hand, whatever I can find him."

"And is Pierso Shafston in your hands, then?" said the Earl of Murray. "Be aware that I may not, without my own great shame, suffer you to remove him hence without doing battle."

"Will you, Lord Earl, after all the advantages you have

received at the hands of the Queen of England, do battle in the cause of her realm?" said Sir John Foster.

"Not so, Sir John," answered the Earl, "but I will fight to the death in defence of the liberties of our free kingdom of Scotland."

"By my faith," said Sir John Foster, "I am well satisfied—my sword is not blunted with all it has done yet this day."

"By my honour, Sir John," said Sir George Morton of Chipchase, "there is but little reason we should fight these Scottish Lords even now, for I hold opinion with old Stoworth Burton, and believe yonder prisoner to be no more Pierrie Shafston than he is the Earl of Northumberland; and you were but ill advised to break the peace betwixt the countries for a prisoner of less consequence than that gay mischievous rascal."

"Sir George," replied Foster, "I have often heard you heroes are afraid of heroes—Nay, lay not hand on sword, man—I did but jest; and for this prisoner, let him be brought up hither, that we may see who or what he is—always under answer, my lord," he continued, addressing the Earl.

"Upon our word and honour," said Morton, "we will suffer no violence."

The laugh turned against Sir John Foster unmercifully, when the prisoner, being brought up, proved not only a different person from Sir Pierrie Shafston, but a female in man's attire.

"Pluck the mantle from the queen's face, and cast her to the home-bays," said Foster; "she has kept such company of late, I warrant."

Miss Murray was moved to laughter, no common thing with her, at the disappointment of the English Warden; but he would not permit any violence to be offered to the fair Melisande, who had done a wretched time rescued Sir Pierrie Shafston at her own personal risk.

"You have already done more mischief than you can well answer," said the Earl to the English Warden, "and it were dishonour to me should I permit you to harm a hair of this young woman's head."

"My lord," said Morton, "if Sir John will ride apart with me but for one moment, I will show him such reasons as shall make him content to depart, and to refer this unhappy day's work to the judgment of the Commissioners nominated to try offenders on the Border."

He then led Sir John Foster aside, and spoke to him in this manner—“Sir John Foster, I much marvel that a man who knows your Queen Elizabeth as you do, should not know that, if you hope anything from her, it must be for doing her useful service, and for involving her in quarrels with her neighbours, without any advantage. Sir Knight, I will speak frankly what I know to be true. Had you noticed the true Pierds Shafte by this ill-advised formal; and said your deed threatened, as most likely it might, a breach between the countries, your politic princess and her politic council would rather have disengaged Sir John Foster than raised his way in his behalf. But now that you have ridden short of your aim, you may rely on it you will have little thanks for carrying the matter further. I will work, thus far on, the Earl of Murray, that he will undertake to dismiss Sir Pierds Shafte from the realm of Scotland.—Be well advised, and let the master now pass off—you will gain nothing by further violence, for if we fight, you, as the fewer and the weaker through your former action, will needs have the worse.”

Sir John Foster bowed with his head declining on his breast-plate.

“It is a cursed chance,” he said, “and I shall have little thanks for my day’s work.”

He then rode up to Murray, and said, that, in deference to his Lordship’s presence and that of my Lord of Morton, he had come to the resolution of withdrawing himself, with his power, without further proceedings.

“Stop there, Sir John Foster,” said Murray, “I cannot permit you to ride in safety, unless you leave some one who may be surety to Scotland, that the injuries you have at present done us may be fully accounted for—you will reflect that by permitting your retreat, I become accountable to my Sovereign, who will demand a reckoning of me for the blood of his subjects, if I suffer those who shed it to depart so easily.”

“It shall never be told in England,” said the Webber, “that John Foster gave pledges like a scolded man, and that on the very field on which he stands victorious.—But,” he added, after a moment’s pause, “if Stewart Bolton will be abide with you, on his own free choice, I will say nothing against it; and, as I hasten to say, it were better he should stay to see the dismissal of this same Pierds Shafte.”

"I consider him as your hostage, nevertheless, and shall treat him so much," said the Earl of Murray. But Foster, turning away as if to give directions to Balton and his men, affected not to hear this observation.

"There rides a foolish servant of his most beautiful and Sovereign Lady," said Murray cable to Merton. "Happy man! he knows not whether the execution of his commands may not cost him his head; and yet he is most certain that to leave them unexecuted will bring disgrace and death without reprieve. Happy are they who are not only subjected to the caprice of Dame Fortune, but hold bound to account and to responsible for them, and that in a sovereign as moody and fickle as her Honourable ladyship herself!"

"We also have a friend Bovveridge, my lord," said Merton.

"We have so, Douglas," said the Earl, with a supposed sigh; "but it remains to be seen how long a foolish hand can hold the reins of power in a realm so wild as ours. We will now go on to Saint Mary's, and see ourselves after the state of that House.—Glendinning, look to that woman and protect her.—What the fiend, man, hast thou got in thine arm!—an infant; as I live!—where couldst thou find such a charge, at such a place and moment?"

Hilbert Glendinning briefly told the story. The Earl rode forward to the place where the body of Julian Arundel lay, with his unhappy companion's arms wrapped around him like the trunk of an uprooted oak torn down by the tempest with all its ivy garlands. Both were cold dead. Murray was touched to an unaccustomed degree, remembering, perhaps, his own birth. "What have they to answer for, Douglas," he said, "who thus abuse the sweetest gifts of affection?"

The Earl of Merton, unhappy in his marriage, was a libertine in his manners.

"You must ask that question of Henry Wardlaw, my lord, or of John Knott—I am but a wild counsellor in women's matters."

"Forward to Saint Mary's," said the Earl; "pass the word on—Glendinning, give the infant to this same frantic creature, and let it be taken charge of. Let no dishonour be done to the dead bodies, and sail on the country to bury or remove them.—Forward, I say, my masters!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

Gone to be married!—Gone to wear a peacock!

Xmas. 1865.

The news of the last battle, so quickly carried by the fugitives to the village and country, had spread the greatest alarm among the inhabitants. The Sacristan and other monks counselled flight; the Treasurer recommended that the church plate should be offered as a tribute to help the English officer; the Abbot alone was unmoved and undismayed.

"My brethren," he said, "since God has not given our people victory in the combat, it must be because he requires of us, his spiritual soldiers, to fight the good fight of martyrdom, a conflict in which nothing but our own faint-hearted cowards can make us fail of victory. Let us assume, then, the armour of faith, and prepare, if it be necessary, to die under the rods of these scurvy, to the service of which we have devoted ourselves. Highly honoured are we all in this distinguished company, from our dear brother Nicholas, whose grey hairs have been preserved until they should be surrounded by the crown of martyrdom, down to my beloved son Edward, who, arriving at the vineyard at the latest hour of the day, is yet permitted to share its joys with those who have laboured from the morning. Be of good courage, my children. I dare not, like my sainted predecessors, promise to you that you shall be preserved by miracle—I and you are alike unworthy of that especial interposition, which in earlier times turned the sword of marriage against the bosom of tyrants by whom it was whittled, dismasted the hardened hearts of heretics with prodigies, and called down hosts of angels to defend the shrine of God and of the Virgin. Yet, by heavenly aid, you shall this day see that your Father and Abbot will not disgrace the nature which sits upon his brow. Go to your cells, my children, and exercise your private devotions. Array yourselves also in silk and satin, as for our next solemn festival, and be ready, when the tolling of the largest bell announces the approach of the enemy, to march forth to meet them in solemn procession. Let the church be opened to afford such refuge as may be to those of our monks, who, from their position in this day's unhappy battle, or other

cause, are particularly apprehensive of the rage of the enemy. Tell Sir Phœbus Shatton, if he has escaped the fight."

"I am here, most venerable Abbot," replied Sir Pierde; "and if it so strength meet to you, I will presently assemble such of the men as have escaped this encounter, and will renew the resistance, even unto the death. Certes, you will learn from all that I did my part in this unhappy matter. Had it pleased Julian Arundel to have attended to my counsel, especially in somewhat withdrawing of his main battle, even as you may have marked the horses under the steep of the dale, receiving him rather upon his back than upon his wing, affairs, as I do conceive, might have had a different turn, and we might then, in a more bellicose manner, have maintained that affray. Nevertheless, I would not be understood to speak anything in disregard of Julian Arundel, whom I saw fall fighting manfully with his foes to his enemy, which hath basished from my memory the unseemly term of 'maskling scoundre' with which it pleased him smotching rashly to qualify my advice, and for which, had it pleased Heaven and the saints to have prolonged the life of that excellent person, I had it bound upon my soul to have put him to death with my own hand."

"Sir Pierde," said the Abbot, at length interrupting him, "our time allows brief leisure to speak what might have been."

"You are right, most venerable Lord and Father," replied the incorrigible Raphaël; "the present, as grammarians have it, concerns full mortality less than the future need, and indeed our vigilance respects chiefly the present. In a word, I am willing to lead all who will follow me, and offer such opposition as mankind and mortality may permit, to the advance of the English, though they be my own countrymen; and be assured Phœbus Shatton will measure his length, being five foot ten inches, in the ground as he stands, rather than give three yards in retreat, according to the usual notion in which we retrograde."

"I thank you, Sir Knight," said the Abbot, "and I doubt not that you would make your words good; but it is not the will of Heaven that armed weapons should move us. We are called to tread, not to run, and may not waste the blood of our honest乡men in vain—Fruitless opposition becomes not men of our profession; they have no commands to redress the sword and the spear—God and Our Lady have not blessed our banner."

" [Bethink you, several land]" said Pierce Shilton, very eagerly, "can you resign the dominion that is in your power—there are many paths near the entry of this village where brave men might live or die to the advantage; and I have this additional motive to make defence—the safety, namely, of a fair friend, who, I hope, hath escaped the hands of the heretics."

"I understand you, Sir Pierce," said the Abbot—"you mean the daughter of our Convent's master?"

"Harrowed my lord," said Sir Pierce, not without hesitation, "the fair Myranda is, as may be it some sort alleged, the daughter of one who mechanically preparseth man to be manipulated into bread, without which we could not exist, and which is therefore an engorgement in itself honorable, nay, necessary. Nevertheless, if the purest sentiments of a generous mind, streaming forth like the rays of the sun reflected by a diamond, may smite one, who is in name and the daughter of a mechanical mechanic!"

"I have no time for all this, Sir Knight," said the Abbot; "be it enough to answer, that with our will we war no longer with carnal weapons. We of the spirituality will teach you of the tranquillity how to die in mild blood, our hands not clenched for resistance, but folded for peace—our minds not filled with jealous hatred, but with Christian meekness and singleness—our ears not deafened, nor our sense confused, by the sound of clamorous instruments of war; but, on the contrary, our voices composed to Hallelujah, Kyrie Eleison, and Salve Regine, and our blood temperate and cold, as those who think upon reconciling themselves with God, not of avenging themselves of their fellow-mortals."

"Lord Abbot," said Sir Pierce, "this is nothing to the date of my Meliora, when, I beseech you to observe, I will not abandon white golden hilts and steel blade hilts together on thy falchion. I commanded her not to follow us to the field, and yet methought I saw her in her page's attire amongst the rear of the combatants."

"You must seek elsewhere for the person in whose fane you are so deeply interested," said the Abbot; "and at present I will pray of your knight hood to inquire concerning her at the church, in which all our more delicate maids have taken refuge. It is my advice to you, that you also abide by the boughs of the altar; and, Sir Pierce Shilton," he added, "be of

one thing strike, that if you come to him it will involve the whole of this brotherhood; for never, I trust, will the moment of an hour's delay at the expense of surrounding a friend or a guest. Leave us, my son, and may God be your aid!"

When Sir Francis Shafston had departed, and the Abbot was about to bathe himself in his own cell, he was surprised by an unknown person suddenly requiring a conference, who, being admitted, proved to be no other than Henry Warden. The Abbot started as he entered, and exclaimed angrily—"Ha! are the few hours that day allows him who may not wear the robes of this house, not to be excused from the intrusion of luxury? Dust thou come," he said, "to enjoy the hopes which fate hath cast to thy deserted and scattered soul, to see the beams of destruction sweep away the pride of old religion—to delice not shrines—to mortify and lay waste the bodies of our benefactors, as well as their sepulchres—to destroy the pinnacles and carved work of God's houses and our Lady's?"

"Peace, William Alias!" said the Protestant preacher, with dignified composure; "for none of these purposes do I come. I would have these stately shrines deprived of the halo which, no longer simply regarded as the emblem of the good and of the wise, have become the objects of foul idolatry. I would otherwise have the ornaments subvert, unless as they are or may be a snare to the souls of men; and especially do I condone those ravages which have been made by the hasty fury of the people, strong unto and against will-worship, by bloody persecution. Against such wanton desecrations I lift my testimony."

"I do distinguish that thou art!" said the Abbot Rastus, interrupting him; "what signifies the protest order which thou dost despise the house of God? and why at this present emergency wilt thou insult the Master of it by thy ill-tempered presence?"

"Thou art unjust, William Alias," said Warden; "but I am not the less actuated in my resolution. These last protected me some time since at the hazard of thy rank, and what I know thou holdest still dear, at the risk of thy reputation with this crew next. Our party is now apparent, and, believe me, I have come down the valley, in which thou didst quarter me for sequestreman's sake, simply with the wish to keep my engagements to them."

"Ay," answered the Abbot, "and it may be that my laten-

ing to that worldly and infirm compassion which pleaded with me for the life, is now weighed by this impinging judgment. Heaven hath smitten, it may be, the erring shepherd, and scattered the flock."

"Think better of the Divine judgments," said Winde.
"Not for thy sins, which are these of thy blinded ignorance and circumstances; not for thine own sins, William Allen, art thou stricken, but for the accumulated guilt which thy misnamed Church hath accumulated on her head, and those of her votaries, by the errors and usurpations of ages."

"Now, by my sure belief in the Rock of Peter," said the Abbot, "thou dost rebuke the last spark of human malignity for which my bosom has fuel—I thought I might not again have fit the impulse of earthly passion, and it is thy voice which over me now calls me to the expression of human anger! yes, it is the voice that causes to insult me in my hour of sorrow with those blasphemous accusations of that church which hath kept the light of Christianity alive from the times of the Apostles till now."

"From the times of the Apostles?" said the preacher eagerly.
"Nayster, Odious Abbe,—the primitive church differed so much from that of Rome, as did light from darkness, which, dit thou perch, I should speedily prove. And worse dost thou judge, in saying I come to insult thee in thy hour of affliction, being here, God wot, with the Christian wish of fulfilling an engagement I had made to my host, and of rendering myself to thy will while it had yet power to exercise might upon me, and if it might so be, to mitigate in thy behalf the rage of the visitors whom God hath sent as a scourge to thy abbey."

"I will none of thy intercession," said the Abbot, steadily; "the dignity to which the Church has exalted me, never should have swelled my bosom more proudly in the time of the highest prosperity, than it doth at this crisis—I ask nothing of thee, but the assurance that my loyalty to thee hath been the cause of preserving no soul to Satan, that I have not given to the wolf any of the sheep lambs whom the Great Shepherd of souls had intrusted to my charge."

"William Allen," answered the Protestant, "I will be answerable with thee. What I promised I have kept—I have withheld my voice from speaking even good things. But it has pleased Heaven to call the maiden Mary Averell to a better name of

faith than thou and all the disciples of Rome can teach. Nor I have acted with my humble power—I have extricated her from the machinations of evil spirits to which she and her house were exposed during the blighting of their Romish superstition, and, perch be to my Master, I have set means to free her with again be caught in thy snare."

"Wretched man!" said the Abbot, unable to suppress his rising indignation, "is it to the Abbot of Saint Mary's that you boast having misled the soul of a dweller in Our Lady's Hallidown into the paths of foul error and damning heresy!—These darts urge me, Wolfwood, beyond what it becomes me to bear; and moreover to employ the few moments of power I may yet possess, in rescuing from the fire of the earth one, whose qualities, given by God, have been so utterly perverted as thine to the service of Satan."

"Do thy pleasure," said the powder; "thy vain wrath shall not prevent my doing my duty to advantage thee, where it may be done without neglecting my higher call. I go to the Earl of Murray."

The conference, which was advancing fast into bitter digression, was here interrupted by the deep andullen toll of the largest and heaviest bell of the Convent, a sound known in the chronicles of the Community, for dispelling of tempests, and putting to flight demons, but which now only announced danger, without affording any means of warding against it. Hastily repeating his orders, that all the brethren should attend in the choir, arrayed for solemn procession, the Abbot sounded to the battlements of the lofty Monastery, by his own private staircase, and there met the Superior, who had been in the act of directing the tolling of the large bell, which fell under his charge.

"It is the last time I shall discharge my office, most venerable Father and Land," said he to the Abbot, "for posterity comes the Philistine; but I would not that the large bell of Saint Mary's should sound for the last time, otherwise than in true and full tone—I have been a sinful man for one of our holy professors," added he, looking apologetically, "yet may I presume to say, not a bell hath sounded out of tune from the tower of the house, while Father Philip had the superintendence of the chimes and the bellry."

The Abbot, without reply, cast his eyes towards the path,

which, winding around the mountains, descends upon Kenmare, from the northward. He looked at a distance a cloud of dust, and heard the neighing of many horses, while the occasional sparkle of the long line of spears, as they came downwards into the valley, announced that the band came hither in array.

"Shame on my weakness!" said Abbot Festus, dashing the tears from his eyes; "my sight is too much dimmed to observe their motions—look, my son, Edward," for his favorite novice had again joined him, "and tell me what ensign they bear."

"They are Scottish men, when all is done," exclaimed Edward—"I see the white crosses—it may be the Western Borderers, or Fife-shire and the like."

"Look at the banner," said the Abbot; "tell me, what are the blazons?"

"The arms of Scotland," said Edward, "the lion and the unicorn, quartered, as I think, with three customs—Can it be the royal standard?"

"Abet me," said the Abbot, "it is that of the Earl of Murray. He hath assumed with his new conquest the badge of the valiant Randolph, and hath dropped from his heraldry and the band which indicates his own base birth—would to God he may not have blotted it also from his memory, and also as well as possessing the name, as the power, of a king."

"At least, my father," said Edward, "he will secure us from the violence of the Borderers."

"Ay, my son, as the shepherd secures a silly lamb from the wolf, which he destines in due time to his own banquet. Oh, my son, evil days are on us! A breach has been made in the walls of our sanctuary—thy brother hath fallen from the faith, that now brought my last mortal intelligence—Murray hath already spoken of rewarding his services with the hand of Mary Arundel."

"Of Mary Arundel!" said the novice, tottering towards and grasping hold of one of the curved pinnacles which adorned the great buttresses.

"Ay, of Mary Arundel, my son, who has also abjured the faith of her fathers. Weep not, my Edward, weep not, my beloved son! or weep for their apostasy, and not for their unkind—Him God, who hath called thee to himself, set of the

parts of wickedness; but for the grace of Our Lady and Saint Benedict, thou also hadst been a certainty."

"I endeavour, my father," said Edward, "I endeavour to forget; but what I would now blot from my memory has been the thought of all my former life—Marry have not forward a match so unequal in birth."

"He dare do what suits his purpose—The Castle of Avesni is strong, and needs a good castellan, devoted to his service; so for the difference of their birth, he will make it no more than he would mind defacing the natural regularity of the ground, were it necessary he should erect upon it military lines and entrenchments. But do not droop for that—ariseon thy soul within thee, my son. Think you poor with a vain vision, an idle dream, raved in solitude and hasten—I weep not, yet what am I now likely to lose!—Look at those towers, where saints dwelt, and where hermits have been buried—Think that I, so briefly called to preside over the pious flock, which has dwelt here since the first light of Christianity, may be this day written down the last father of this holy community—Come, let us descend, and meet our friars. I see them approach near to the village."

The Abbot descended, the novices cast a glance around him; yet the sense of the danger impending over the stately structure, with which he was now united, was unable to banish the recollection of Mary Avesni.—"His brother's bride!" he pulled the cowl over his face, and followed his Superior.

The whole body of the Abbey now added their groan to the death-toll of the longest which had so long sounded. The monks wept and prayed as they got themselves into the order of their procession for the last time, as seemed but too probable.

"It is well our Father Boniface hath retired to the island," said Father Phillip; "he could never have put over this day—it would have broken his heart!"

"God be with the soul of Abbot Ingolam!" said old Father Nicholas, "there were no such doings in his days—They say we are to be put forth of the cloisters; and how I am to live anywhere else than where I have lived for these seventy years, I not not—the best is, that I have not long to live anywhere."

A few moments after this the great gate of the Abbey was flung open, and the procession moved slowly forward from beneath its huge and richly-adorned gateway. Cross and

banners, pikes and shields, shrines containing relics, and crosses studded with jewels, preceded and were interspersed with the long and solemn array of the brotherhood, in their long black gowns and cowlis, with their white scapularies hanging over them, the various officers of the convent each displaying his proper badge of office. In the centre of the procession came the Abbot, surrounded and supported by his chief assistants. He was dressed in his habit of high authority, and appeared as much unaccustomed as if he had been taking his usual part in some ordinary ceremony. After him came the inferior persons of the convent; the novices in their tabs or white dress, and the lay brethren distinguished by their beards, which were seldom worn by the Friars. Women and children, mixed with a few men, came in the rear, bewailing the approaching desolation of their ancient sanctuary. They moved, however, in order, and sustained the marks of their sorrow in a low wailing sound, which rather mingled with than interrupted the measured chant of the monks.

In this order the procession entered the market-place of the village of Kemsinghale, which was then, as now, distinguished by an ancient cross of curious workmanship, the gift of some former monarch of Scotland. Close by the cross, of much greater antiquity, and scarcely less honoured, was an immensely large oak-tree, which perhaps had witnessed the worship of the Druids, or the stately Monastery to which it adjointed had raised its spires in honour of the Christian faith. Like the Bering-tree of the African villages, or the Platane-oak mentioned in White's Natural History of Selborne, this tree was the confluence of the villagers, and regarded with peculiar veneration; a feeling common to most nations, and which perhaps may be traced up to the remote period when the patriarchs feasted the angels under the oak at Mamre.^{*}

The monks fixed themselves each in their due place around the cross, while under the shade of the aged tree crowded the old and the幼童, with others who felt the common alarm. When they had thus arranged themselves, there was a deep and solemn pause. The monks stilled their chant, the lay population hushed their lamentations, and all waited in terror

* It is scarcely necessary to say, that in Melrose, the prototype of Kemsinghale, no such oak ever existed.

and above the arrival of these levitated forces, when they had been so long taught to regard with fear and trembling.

A distant tramping was at length heard, and the glaze of spears was seen to slice through the trees above the village. The sounds increased, and became more thick, one close continuous rushing sound, in which the tread of hosts was mingled with the ringing of arms. The horsemen soon appeared at the principal entrance which leads into the triangular square or market-place which forms the centre of the village. They entered two by two, slowly, and in the greatest order. The van continued to move on, riding round the open square, until they had attained the utmost point, and then turning their horses' heads to the street, stood fast; their companions followed in the same order, until the whole market-place was closely surrounded with soldiers; and the files who followed, taking the same measure, formed an inner line within those who had first arrived, until the place was begin with a quadruple file of horsemen closely drawn up. There was now a pause, of which the Abbot availed himself, by commanding the brotherhood to raise the solemn chant *De profundis clamavi*. He looked around the armed ranks, to see what impression the solemn sounds made on them. All were silent, but the barks of some had an expression of contempt, and almost all the rest bore a look of indifference; their course had been too long decided, to permit past feelings of enthusiasm to be anew awaked by a procession or by a hymn.

"Their hearts are hardened," said the Abbot to himself in dejection, but not in despair; "it remains to see whether those of their leaders are equally insensate."

The leaders, in the meanwhile, were advancing slowly, and Murray, with Marion, rode in deep conversation before a chosen band of their most distinguished followers, amongst whom was Hugues Gaudinising. But the preceptor Henry Warner, who, upon leaving the Monastery, had instantly joined them, was the only person admitted to their conference.

"You are determined, then," said Marion to Murray, "to give the heiress of Arundel, with all her pretensions, to this impudent and obscene young rascal?"

"Hath not Warner told you," said Murray, "that they have been bred together, and are brevis from their youth upward?"

"And that they are both," said Warden, "by means which may be almost termed miraculous, rescued from the judgments of Heaven, and brought within the pale of the true Church. My residence at Glenloch has made me well acquainted with these things. Ill would it beseem my holdit and my calling, to shew myself into match-making and giving in marriage, but worse were it in me to see your lordships do needless wrong to the feelings which are proper to our nature, and which, being behaved honestly and under the restraint of religion, become a pledge of domestic quiet here, and future happiness in a better world. I say, that you will do ill to read these ten minutes, and to give this motion to the kinmaur of Lord Morton, through Lord Murray's kinmaur he be."

"These are fair reasons, my Lord of Murray," said Morton, "why you should refuse me so simple a boon as to bestow this silly damsel upon young Beaumanoir. Speak out plainly, my lord; say you would rather see the castle of Avesel in the hands of one who owes his name and existence wholly to your favour, than in the power of a Douglas, and of my kinmaur."

"My Lord of Morton," said Murray, "I have done nothing in this matter which should aggrieve you. This young man Glenlochising has done no good service, and may do none more. My promise was in some degree passed to him, and that while Julian Avesel was alive, when aught bode ill the master's ill by hand would have been hard to come by; whereas, you never thought of such an alliance for your kinmaur, till you saw Julian the dead yester on the field, and knew his land to be a wolf-hole to the first who would seize it. Come, come, my lord, you do less than justice to your gallant kinmaur, in wishing him a bride bediz'd under the millo-pal; for this girl is a peasant wench in all but the accident of birth. I thought you had more deep respect for the honour of the Douglasses."

"The honour of the Douglasses is safe in my keeping," answered Morton, haughtily; "that of other ancient families may suffer as well as the name of Avesel, if rustics are to be matched with the blood of our ancient barons."

"This is but idle talking," answered Lord Murray; "in times like these, we must look to men and not to pedigrees. Hay was but a rustic before the battle of Lexington—the bloody pole actually dragged the plough over it was blazoned on a crest by the herald. Times of action make princes into peasants, and

born into baronies. All baronies have sprung from one man now; and it is well if they have never degenerated from the virtues who raised them first from obscurity."

"My Lord of Murray will please to except the house of Douglas," said Morton, laughingly; "you have seen it in the trees, but never in the sapling—have seen it in the streets, but never in the fountain." In the earliest of our Scottish annals, the Black Douglas was powerful and distinguished as now.

"I heed to the honour of the house of Douglas," said Murray, somewhat ironically; "I am conscious we of the Royal House have little right to compare with them in dignity—What though we have worn crowns and carried sceptres for a few generations? if our genealogy moves no further back than to the humble Alvars Dapifer!"[†]

Morton's cheek reddened as he was about to reply; but Henry Wardens availed himself of the liberty which the Protestant clergy long possessed, and started it to interrupt a discussion which was becoming too eager and personal to be friendly.

"My lord," he said, "I must be bold in discharging the duty of my Master. It is a shame and scandal to hear two nobles, whose hands have been so forward in the work of reformation, fall into discord about such vain follies as now occupy your thoughts. Reflect you how long you have thought with one mind, seen with one eye, heard with one ear, confirmed by your talents the congregation of the Church, appealed by your Just authority the congregation of Antichrist; and will you now fall into discord about an old decayed castle and a few barren hills, about the lives and likings of an humble appearance, and a damsel bred in the same obscurity, or about the still vainer question of idle genealogy?"

"The good man hath spoken right, noble Douglas," said Murray, reaching him his hand, "our union is too essential to the good cause to be broken off upon such trifles of dissension. I am fixed to gratify Glenlivet in this matter—my powder is passed. The wars, in which I have had my share, have made many a family miserable; I will at least try if I may not make one happy. There are nobles and nations more

* Note L. Genealogy of the Douglas family.

+ Note M. Pedigree of the Stewarts.

in Scotland.—I promise you, my noble lady, that young Beaumanoir shall be richly wived."

"My lord," said Warden, "you speak nobly, and like a Christian. Alas ! this is a land of hatred and discord—let us set these from thence the few traces that remain of gentle and domestic love.—And be not too eager for wealth to thy noble kinman, my Lord of Morton, seeing contentment in the marriage state no way depends on it."

"If you allude to my family misfortune," said Morton, whose Countess, vexed by him for her estate and honour, was buried in her mind, "the habit you wear, and the liberty, or rather license, of your profession, protect you from my censure."

"Alas ! my lord," replied Warden, "how quick and sensitive is our self-love ! When, pressing forward in our high calling, we point out the errors of the Servile, who prides our boldness more than the noble Morton ! But teach me upon his own sake, which most worth living, and he shrink from the faithful charenger, in fear and impotent anger !"

"Enough of this, good and reverend sir," said Murray, "you transgress the prudence yourself recommended even now.—We are now close upon the village, and the proud Abbot is come forth at the head of his kins. Thou hast pleaded well for him, Warden, otherwise I had taken this occasion to pull down the east, and close away the rocks."

"Nay, but do not so," said Warden; "this William Allen, whom they call the Abbot Basstane, is a man whose misfortunes would more prejudice our cause than his prosperity. You cannot inflict more than he will endure ; and the more that he is made to bear, the higher will be the influence of his talents and his courage. In his converted throne he will be hot coldly looked on—dubbed, it may be, and carried. But turn his crucifix of gold into a crucifer of wood—let him travel through the land, an oppressed and impoverished man, and his piety, his eloquence, and learning, will win more hearts from the godless crew, than all the nated abots of Scotland have been able to make prey of during the last hundred years."

"Trish ! trish ! man," said Morton, "the ravage of the Habbons will bring more men, upsets, and bores, into the field in one day, than his preaching in a whole lifetime. These are not the days of Peter the Hermit, when monks could march armies from Naples to Jerusalem ; but gold and good deeds

will still do as much or more than ever. Had Julian Arundel had but a score or two men now this morning, Sir John Foster had not entered a worse welcome. I say, confessing the monk's presence in drawing his fang-teeth."

"We will surely lay him under contribution," said Murray; "and, moreover, if he dares to remain in his Abbey, he will do well to produce *Piscis Glanum*."

As he thus spoke, they entered the market-place, distinguished by their complete armor and their lofty plumes, as well as by the number of followers bearing their colours and banners. Both these powerful nobles, but more especially Murray, so nearly allied to the crown, had at that time a retinue and household not much inferior to that of Scottish royalty. As they advanced into the market-place, a pursuivant, passing forward from their train, addressed the monks in these words:—"The Abbot of Saint Mary's is commanded to appear before the Earl of Murray."

"The Abbot of Saint Mary's," said Eastace, "is, in the patrimony of his Convent, superior to every temporal lord. Let the Earl of Murray, if he seeks him, come himself to his presence."

On receiving this answer, Murray smiled scornfully, and, dismounting from his lofty saddle, he alighted, accompanied by Morton, and followed by others, to the body of monks assembled around the cross. There was an appearance of starting among them at the approach of the haughty lord, so dreaded and so powerful. But the Abbot, casting on them a glance of rebuke and encouragement, stepped forth from their ranks like a courageous leader, when he saw that his personal valour must be displayed to revive the drooping courage of his followers. "Lord James Stewart," he said, "or Earl of Murray, if that be thy title, I, Eastace, Abbot of Saint Mary's, demand by what right you have filled our peaceful village, and surrounded our borders, with these bands of armed men! If hospitality is sought, we have never refused it to neutrals alike—if violence be intent against peaceful abdication, let us know at once the protest and the object."

"Sir Abbot," said Murray, "your language would better have borne another age, and a presence inferior to ours. We were not here to reply to your interrogations, but to demand of you why you have broken the peace, collecting your vessels

In arms, and supporting the Queen's Begers, whereby many men have been slain, and much trouble, perchance breach of unity with England, is likely to arise?"

"*Layes de Fala,*" answered the Abbot, sternly, "The wolf accused the sheep of slaying the ewe-lamb when he devoured it above her—but it served as a pretext for devouring her. Convene the Queen's Begers. I did so to defend the Queen's land against foreigners. I did but my duty; and I regret I had not the means to do it more effectually."

"And was it also a part of your duty to receive and harbour the Queen of England's rebels and traitors; and to inflame a war between England and Scotland?" said Marry.

"In my younger days, my lord," answered the Abbot, with the same impetuosity, "a war with England was no such dismal matter; and not merely a mixed abbot, bound by his rule to show hospitality and afford sanctuary to all, but the poor old Scottish peasant, would have been ashamed to have planted fury of England as the reason for shutting his door against a persecuted exile. But in those older days, the English soldiers saw the face of a Scottish nobleman, now through the bars of his tower."

"Monk!" said the Earl of Morton, sternly, "this insolence will bring evil thee; the day is gone by when Bonn's priests were permitted to beware scoldsmen with impunity. Give me up this Friar Shaftron, or by my father's soul I will set thy Abbey in a bright flame!"

"And if thou dost, Lord of Morton, its ruins will terrible above the tombs of these own ancestors. Be the issue as God wills, the Abbot of Saint Mary's give up no one whom he hath promised to protect."

"Abbot!" said Marry, "bethink thee we are driven to deal roughly—the hands of these men," he said, pointing to the soldiers, "will make wild work among stables and cells, if we are compelled to undertake a search for this Engleman."

"Ye shall not need," said a voice from the crowd; and, advancing gaudily before the Earl, the Bishopstong from him the mantele in which he was reviled. "Via the cloud that shadowed Shaftron!" said he; "behold, my lord, the Knight of Wilverton, who spares you the guilt of violence and surlyng."

"I protest before God and man, against any infliction of the penalties of this house," said the Abbot, "by an attempt to

Impose violet bands upon the persons of this noble knight. If there be yet spirit in a Scottish Parliament, we will make you hear of this elsewhere, my lord!"

" Spare your threats," said Murray; " it may be my purpose with Sir Francis Shafton is not such as thou dost suppose—Attack him, parson, at our pleasure, rooms or no rooms."

" I yield myself," said the Englishman, " reserving my right to duty my Lord of Murray and my Lord of Morton, in single combat, even as one gentleman may demand satisfaction of another."

" You shall not want those who will answer your challenge, Sir Knight," replied Morton, " without aspiring to men above these own degrees."

" And where am I to find these superlative champions?" said the English knight, " whose blood runs more pure than that of Francis Shafton?"

" Here is a fight for you, my lord!" said Murray.

" An arrow was flown by a wildgoose," said Stewart Tolton, who had now approached to the front of the party.

" Who dared to say that word?" said the Englishman, his face crimson with rage.

" Tut! man," said Tolton, " make the best of it, thy mother's father was but a tailor, old Overstitch of Holderness—Why, what! because thou art a misprised bird, and despishest thine own natural lineage, and ruffest in unpolish'd silks and velvets, and keepest company with gallants and cutters, must we lose our memory for that? Thy mother, Moll Overstitch, was the prettiest wench in these parts—she was wedded by wild Shafton of Wilkesbury, who, men say, won her to the Piersis on the wrong side of the blanket."

" Help the knight to some strong wine," said Morton, " he hath fallen from such a height, that he is stained with the tombs."

In fact, Sir Francis Shafton looked like a man stricken by a thunderbolt, while, notwithstanding the seriousness of the scene Birkdale, no one of those present, not even the Abbot himself, could refrain from laughing at the mortified expression of his face.

" Laugh on," he said at length, " laugh on, my masters," shrugging his shoulders; " it is not for me to be offended—yet would I know full fair from that wench who is laughing with the loudest, how he had deserved this unhappy blot in an

otherwise spotless lineage, and for what purpose he hath made it known?"

"I make it known!" said Halbert Glendinning, in satisfaction,—for to him this pathetic appeal was made,—"I never knew the thing till this moment."

"Why, did not that old rude soldier learn it from thee?" said the knight, in increasing amazement.

"Not I, by Heaven!" said Bolton; "I never saw the youth in my life before."

"But you have seen him, see now, my worthy master," said Dame Glendinning, bursting in her turn from the crowd. "My son, this is Starverth Bolton, he to whom we owe life, and the means of preserving it—if he be a prisoner, no man most likely, can thine interest with these noble lords to be kind to the widow's friend."

"What, my Dame of the Glen!" said Bolton; "thy hair is more withered, as well as mine, since we met last, but thy tongue holds the touch better than my iron. This boy of thine gave me the full steady this morning. The Rover Violet has turned as stout a trooper as I prophesied; and where is White Head?"

"Also!" said the mother, looking down, "Edward has taken orders, and become a monk of this Abbey."

"A monk and a soldier!—Evil train both, my good dame. Better have made one a good master falconer, like old Overwitch of Holderness. I sighed when I sawed you the two heavy children, but I sigh not now to call either the monk or the soldier mine own. The soldier dies in the field, the monk grows trees in the cloister."

"My dearest mother," said Halbert, "where is Edward—can I not speak with him?"

"He has just left us for the present," said Father Philip, "upon a message from the Lord Abbot."

"And Mary, my dearest mother?" said Halbert.—Mary Arundel was not far distant, and the three were soon withdrawn from the crowd, to hear and relate their various choices of fortune.

While the subordinate personages thus disposed of themselves, the Abbot held serious discussion with the two Barks, and, partly yielding to their demands, partly defending himself

* Note N. *The White Spirit.*

with shift and eloquence, was enabled to make a composition for his Cousin, which left it positionally in so worse situation than before. The Earl were the more reluctant to drive matters to extremity, since he protested, that if urged beyond what his amanuensis would comply with, he would throw the whole load of the Monastery into the Queen of Scotland's hands, to be disposed of at her pleasure. This would not have satisfied the views of the Earls, who were contented, for the time, with a moderate sacrifice of money and lands. Matters being so far settled, the Abbot became anxious for the fate of Sir Pierre Shandon, and implored Murray in his behalf,

"He is a creature," he said, "my lord, but he is a garrison, though a vain fool; and it is my firm belief you have this day done him more pain than if you had run a post-horn into him."

"Run a needle into him you may, Abbot," said the Lord of Merton; "by mine honour, I thought this grandson of a fashioneer of doublets was descended from a swine's head at least!"

"I hold with the Abbot," said Murray; "there were little honour in surrendering him to Elizabeth, but he shall be sent where he can do her no injury. Our punishment and Justice shall escort him to Dunbar, and ship him off for Flanders.—But soft, here he comes, and leading a female as I think."

"Lord and others," said the English knight with great solemnity, "make way for the lady of Pierre Shandon—a secret which I durst not to make known, till date, which hath betrayed what I valiantly strove to conceal, makes me too dastard to hide that which I now announce to you."

"It is Myself Shandon, the Miller's daughter, as my 'Be'?" said Tibb Tinket. "I thought the pride of these Flanders would have a fit?"

"It is indeed the lovely Myself," said the knight, "whose merits towards her devoted servant deserved higher rank than he had in heraldry."

"I suspect, though," said Murray, "that we should not have heard of the Miller's daughter being made a lady, had not the knight proved to be the grandson of a tailor."

"My Lord," said Pierre Shandon, "it is poor valour to strike him that cannot strike again; and I hope you will consider what is due to a prisoner by the law of arms, and say nothing more on this odious subject. When I am once more mine own man, I will find a new road to dignity."

"Sleep ease, I presume," said the Earl of Morton.

"Nay, Douglas, you will drive him mad," said Murray; "besides, we have other matter in hand—I must see Warder wed Glendinning with Mary Arundel, and put him in possession of his wife's lands without delay. It will be best done ere we from hence these parts."

"And I," said the Miller, "have the like grist to grind; for I hope some one of the good fathers will wed my wench with her gay bairn-groom."

"It needs not," said Shakspeare; "the ceremonial hath been solemnly performed."

"It will not be the worse of another bolting," said the Miller; "it is always best to be safe, as I say when I chance to take mutton tarts from the same meal-sack."

"Leave the Miller off him," said Murray, "or he will worry me dead. The Abbot, my host, offers us the hospitality of the Convent; I warrant we should repair hither, Sir Pierrie and all of us. I must learn to know the Maid of Arundel—however I must act as her father—all Scotland shall see how Murray can reward a faithful servant."

Mary Arundel and her lover avoided meeting the Abbot, and took up their temporary abode in a house of the village, where next day their hands were sealed by the Protestant parson in presence of the two Earls. On the same day Pierrie Shakspeare and his little departed, under an escort which was to conduct him to the sea-side, and see him embark for the Low Countries. Early on the following morning the hands of the Earls were under seal to the Castle of Arundel, to invest the young bairn-groom with the property of his wife, which was surrendered to them without opposition.

But not without those omens which seemed to mark every remarkable event which befell the fair family did Mary take possession of the ancient castle of her forefathers. The same warlike form which had appeared more than once at Glendinning, was seen by Tibb Tacket and Martin, who returned with their young mistress to partake her altered fortunes. It glided before the pavilions as they advanced upon the long causeway, passed at each drawbridge, and descended the baird, as in triumph, as it disappeared under the gloomy archway, which was surmounted by the badge of the house of Arundel. The two trusty servants made their victim only known to Thane

Glosterberg, who, with much pride of heart, had accompanied her son to see him take his rank among the barons of the land. "Oh, my dear Harry!" she exclaimed, when she heard the tale, "the castle is a grand place to be sure, but I wish ye dinnae a' desire to be back in the quiet braes of Gloucester before the play be played out." But this natural reflection, springing from maternal anxiety, was soon forgotten amidst the busy and pleasing task of examining and adorning the new habitation of her son.

While these affairs were passing, Edward had hidden himself and his sword in the paternal Tower of Gloucester, where every object was full of matter for bitter reflection. The Abbot's kindness had despatched him thither upon pretence of placing some papers belonging to the Abbey in safety and secrecy; but in reality to prevent his witnessing the triumph of his brother. Through the deserted apartments, the sense of so many bitter reflections, the unhappy youth stalked like a disconsolate ghost, meeting up around him at every step new subjects for sorrow and self-torment. Impatient, at length, of the state of irritation and agonised recollection in which he found himself, he rushed out and walked hasty up the glen, as if to shake off the load which hung upon his mind. The sun was setting when he reached the entrance of Corfe-castle, and the recollection of what he had seen when he last visited that haunted ravine, burst on his mind. He was in a humor, however, rather to seek out danger than to avoid it,

"I will face this mystic being," he said; "she foretold the fate which has wrapt me in this dress,—I will know whether she has aught else to tell me of a life which cannot but be miserable."

He failed not to see the White Spirit seated by her summertide haunt, and singing in her usual low and sweet tone. While she sang, she seemed to look with sorrow on her golden nose, which was now diminished to the thickness of a willow stem.

"Pure thou wert, thou Holly grass !
Thou shalt widow me to see,
With all thy glittering garments bending,
As to grieve my slow dismantling,
Shutting the breasted bairns,
Who see thee wear without a whief.



" Farewell, friends! I have nothing
But this message to my song,
While they crooked bushes glancing;
Keep the time in mystic dancing,
Slow and swift, my heart and hand,
Like mortal sinners by Fortune won.

" The love of life is length is dead,
The flesh is gone, the blood is dried.
Vainly did my magic singlet
Send the bear from her sight;
Wishes, looks, and perish, will,
Fall's in trifly dream!"

The vision seemed to weep while she sang; and the words impressed on Edward a melancholy belief, that the alliance of Mary with his brother might be fatal to them both.

How formidable the *First Part* of the Monkish's Manuscript. I have to date endeavoured to ascertain the precise period of the story, as the dates cannot be exactly reconciled with those of the most accredited histories. But it is interesting how various the writers of *Oriels* are upon these important subjects. I observe that the learned Mr. Lazarus Thompson, in his late publication entitled *EDWARD THE CONFESSOR*, has not only traced the life of Edward the Confessor with an apparent adherence to history, with many other relations of the same kind, but has inverted the order of nature, and finished his work with scenes in the middle of summer. All that can be alleged by the earnest admirer of this author amounts to this—that the circumstances depicted are very just as true as the rest of the story; which appears to me (from especially to the writer of the several) to be a very imperfect defense, and that the author will do well to profit by Captain Monkish's advice to his author, and never tell him more lies than are indispensably necessary.

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NOTES TO THE MONASTERY.

NOTE A, p. 8.—OBISQUE AND OBSCURE.

[Mr. John Northwick of Chesham, in a note to the publisher (June 14, 1862), says that Mr. Walter has reversed the proprietorship of these terms—that Chesham belonged to Mr. Isaac of Shrewsbury, while Shrewsbury formed part of the manor of Cheshire. He adds—“In view then the tower of Shrewsbury, which I have taken measures to preserve from injury, was wholly in the hand, as the term of Cheshire, when, writing the *Monastery*, I may mention that, on one of the occasions when I had the honour of being a visitor at Shrewsbury, the stables there being full, I seek a pony to be put up at our innkeeper's at Shrewsbury—‘Well,’ said Mr. Walter, ‘if you do that, you must trust me for not being afraid before to answer, to the protection of Holland’ (Cheshire being against Cheshire) ‘of the Cheshire.’” (1, page 113, vol. II, first edition, the ‘rotating chair’ which the name assumed is described. The winding stairs used to be seen in Shrewsbury, but not in either of the other three towns.) It is, however, probable, from the Queen's Head Inn at Cheshire, that that tower also had been of old a possession of the Northwicks.]

NOTE B, p. 10.—THE WHITE LADY, AND SORROW.

[Referring to the “Monastery,” Mr. Lockhart, in his *Adventures of Scott*, says he has tried to add to the information afforded by the Author himself in his Introduction to the novel.

“The *Monastery* was considered a failure—the best of the series on which my early reputation was founded—or how I used to sleep in fear of the White Lady of Arundel, possibly attributed to the present Bishop—or of Sir Horatio Blaketon, who was really, though not quite so generally, much feared. In either case, considered separately, Mr. Walter seems to have erred from dwelling (in the German sense) on materials that might have done very well for a night-shield. The phantom, with whom we have leisure to become familiar, is sure to fail—over the whole of Shropshire in contention with a monastic appearance and five epiphany of the shield she wears.

“The beautiful natural scenery, and the stirring Scotch characters and scenes described in the *Monastery*, are, however, sufficient to redeem even these mistakes.”—J. G. Lockhart.]

NOTE C, p. 36.—COUNCILMAN.

An gallantry of all times and nations has the same ends of thinking and acting, as it often expresses itself by the same symbols. In the year 1745-6, a party of Highlanders, under a Captain, of rank, came to Ross Castle, the seat of the Bishop of Killaloe, but then occupied by the family of Queen Anne of Cumberland. They demanded quarters, which of course were not to be refused to armed men of a strange tribe and unknown language. But the domestic represented to the captain of the householdmen, that the lady of the mansion had been just delivered of a daughter, and expressed her hope, that, under those circumstances, his party would give as little trouble as possible. "Well, woman," said the gallant chief, "that I or mine should be the means of adding to a lady's inconvenience at such a time. May I expect to see the infant?" The child was brought, and the Highlander, taking his sword out of his bosom, and placing it on the child's bosom, "That will be a token," he said, "to my people who may come hither, that Donald MacTolland, of Glencoe, MacLean has taken the family of Ross Castle under his protection." The lady who received so injury this gage of Highland protection, is now Mary, Lady Clark of Penicuik; and on the 19th of June still wears the sword which was placed on her breast, with a white rose to a blazon decoration. [Lady Mary Clark died in Edinburgh in 1834 in her 89th year.]

NOTE D, p. 64.—BUTTER.

This repetition continues in general, though one would suppose it could not be anticipated. It is only a few at first since an unusual gauntlet thrown, etc., disclosing to acknowledge the profession of Glass in Fife, Scotland, called himself an artist from Venetia, brought a complaint of a singular action before the justice, at Blairfie of Sheldene. The regular dexterity with which the showman had exhibited the preciosity of his little stage, had, upon a Master Juryday, raised the rage vicinity of some mechanics of Sheldene. These men, from no mere malice that could be discovered than a thirst after knowledge beyond their sphere, committed a burglary upon the house in which the gauntlet had been suspended to repeat, and stabled them off in the neck of their plaid, when returning from battle to their own village.

"But with the morning and evening sun?"

The party found, however, they could not make French dance, and that the white horse was equally refractory; they had also, perhaps, some apprehension of the Blacksmith of the district; and, willing to be quit of their booty, they left the property stabled in a grove by the side of the River, where they were soon to be visited by the first lesson of the rising sun. Here a shepherd, who was as foot with mutton to pen his master's sheep on a field of furrow, to his other misadventures, saw this trod, probably gay, riding in the little grove. His estimation predicted them.—

"Sheep!—You are these gay-looking things? what did you think they were!"

Shepherd.—Oh, I am so that fine to say what I might think they was.
Maggie.—Come, lad, I must have a direct answer—what did you think they was?

Shepherd.—Oh, sir, truth I am, so that fine to say that I mind who I might think they were.

Maggie.—Come, now, sir! I ask you directly, did you think they were the *Devils* you saw?

Shepherd.—Indeed, sir, and I where any but I might think it was the Good Neighbours.

These words might well be brought to elucidate the irascible and impulsive inhabitants of Fairy Land.

NOTE II, p. 42.—THE BRIDGE AT DUN-ON-TWEED.

A bridge of the very peculiar construction described in the text, actually existed at a small hamlet about a mile and a half above Melrose, called from the circumstance Bridge-end. It is thus noticed in Gordon's *Narratives of Scotland*:

"In another journey through the north parts of Scotland, about a mile and a half from Melrose, in the shire of Berwickshire, I saw the remains of a ancient bridge over the river Tweed, consisting of three octangular pillars, or rather towers, standing within the water, without any arches to join them. The middle one, which is the most entire, has a door towards the north, and I suppose, another opposite one toward the south, which I could not see without crossing the water. In the middle of this tower is a projection or corbel supporting it; the whole is built from the stone appears, and very open at the top, over which is a small window. I was informed that not long ago a murtherous and his family dwelt in this tower—and got his livelihood by laying all planks from pillar to pillar, and conveying passengers over the river. Whether this be ancient or modern, I know not; but as it is singular in its kind, I have thought fit to publish it."

The remains of this uncommon species of bridge still exist, and the author has often seen the foundations of the embankment when digging down the Tweed at night, for the purpose of killing salmon by torch-light. Mr. John Horne of *Bridgefoot* residence, that about fifty years ago the pillars were visible above water; and the late Mr. David Kyle of the George Inn, Melrose, told the author that he saw a whale taken from the river bearing this inscription:

"I, Sir John Pringle of Palmerston,
Gave me hundred marks of gold and rent,
To help to hogg up land over Tweed."

Pringle of Palmerston, afterwards of Whaplund, was the Baron to whom the bridge belonged.

NOTE IV, p. 136.—QUAKER BURRARS.

There are many burrars to be met with in the ancient domain of this whimsical and eccentric class of persons who formed an intimacy distinguishing each other by some queer epithet. In *Every Man out of His*

However, there is a dangerous debate upon names next to that the relation between Rodriguez and Gervais Chab, which ends by adopting those of Gervais and Rodriguez. What is more to the point is in the speech of Blaize, a voluptuary and a rascier in Hyacinthe's drama. " You know that I call Hyacinthe Hyacinthe my flower, and she calls me her Anteroom. Now, when I meet her in the presence room, I will come to her and say, ' Sweet flower, I have吻ed you with the kiss of your hand, and now I will kiss the roses of your lip.' " To which she answers her bidding answer, " May, may you are too voluptuous ! " and then do I reply, " I should be too voluptuous if Blaize, sweet lady. Will not be good ! " —I think there is some remnant of this dapper preserved in Masonic Lodge, where each brother is distinguished by a name in the Lodge, signifying some distinct quality, or Distinction, of the like. See the Masonic Songs of George Wilson, Post-Liberator to the Lodge of St. Davids. Edin. 1796.

KING GEORGE III.—BIRKBECK YOUTH AND BREWER.

" Turke," says Cowper, " was a Londoner, a man of loose and dissolute behaviour, and desperately voluptuous—famous in his time amongst the common bullion and stragglers, as being the first that, to the great admiration of many of his brethren, brought into England the bold and dangerous way of fencing with the rapier in duelling. Whencesoever till that time, the English used to fight with long swords and bucklers, striking with the edge, and thought it no part of man either to push or strike beneath the girdle."

Moving a command in the Low Countries, Turke resolved to visit the Spaniards, and did valiantly, prouess'd, as was supposed, by his new allies. Three years afterwards his bones were dug up and gibbeted by the command of the Duke of Wellington.

Thomas Shadky, another distinguished gallant of the time, was bred a musketeer, being the son of a rich clothier in the west. He visited the daughter and heiress of a wealthy citizen of London named Curtis, who whose death he squandered the riches he then acquired in all manner of extravagance. His wife, whose fortune supplied his wants, represented to him that he ought to make amends of her. Shadky replied, " I will make as much of her, believe me, as it is possible for any to do ; " and to keep his word in one sense, having stripped her even of her wearing apparel before he finally ran away from her.

Having fled to Italy, he contrived to impinge upon the Pope with a plan of invading Ireland, he sent his hired soldiers, and made some preparations, and ended by engaging himself and his troops in the service of King Sebastian of Portugal. He sailed with that prince on his fatal voyage to Barbary, and died with him at the battle of Alcazar.

Shadky, as one of the first gallants of the time, has had the honour to be chronicled in song, in Keane's Old Ballads, vol. iii., edition 1818. His fate is also introduced in a tragedy by George Foot, as has been supposed, called the Death of Shadky, from which play they're to suppose to have taken the idea of Don Sebastian ; if so, it is surprising he omitted a character so congenial to King Charles the Second's time, as the witty, brave, and profane Thomas Shadky.

Note H, p. 179.—JESSE AVENEL.

IT was necessary to name a prototype for this Bristol, Bonfires, and red Berber chief, in an age which abhorred but too many acts, the List of Black Knights might be selected for that purpose. He was a friend and companion of Redwell, and an agent in Henry Dunley's murder. At his last stage he was, like other great offenders, a swelling pestilence; and, in his confession years, divers goodmen and servants being in the chamber, he said, "For God's sake, sit down and pray for me, for I have been a great sinner otherwise." That is, besides his share in Dunley's death, "the rest which God is this day punishing me; for of all men on the earth, I have been one of the greatest, and most highminded, and most virtuous of my body. But especially I have shed the innocent blood of our Michael Weston with my own hands. Also, therefore I beseech the said Michael, having me lying on my back, having a knife in his hand, might have slain me if he had pleased, and did it not, which of all things grieved me most in conscience. Also, in a rage I smote a poor man for a horse;—with many other wicked deeds, for which I ask my God mercy. It is not marvel I have been whipt, considering the wicked conspiracy which ever I have been in, but especially within the seven years past, in which I never did two good men or one good deed, but all kind of villainies, and yet God would not suffer me to be lost."—See the whole confession in the *Black Friar*.

Another worthy of the Berbers, called Gervay Weston, of somewhat subordinate rank, was a similar picture of profligacy. He had fallen into the hands of Sir Robert Grey, then Warden of the Cinque Ports Marshal, who gave the following account of his prisoner's conduct:—

"When all things were quiet, and the watch set at night, after supper, about ten of the clock, I took one of my men's lutes, and put it about me, and took two other of my servants with me to their houses; and we three, as the Warden's men, came to the Precept Master's, where Weston was, and were let into his chamber. We sat down by him, and told him that we were desirous to see him, because we heard he was stout and valiant, and true to his friend, and that we were sorry our master could not be married to such his life. He, voluntarily of himself, said that he had lived long enough to do so many villainies as he had done; and wished, told us that he had laid with above forty men's wives—chiefly in England, what is Bedford; and that he had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, swerving neither from them; and that he had spent his whole time in whoring, drinking, stealing, and taking dany revenge for slight offences. He seemed to be very patient, and much desired a minister for the remission of his sins. We presented him to let our master know his desire, who, we know, would promptly grant it. We took leave of him; and presently I took order that Mr. Salop, a very honest prentice, should go to him, and not stir from him till his execution the next morning: for after I had heard his own confession, I was resolved no condition should save his life, and at that order, that at the gates opening the next morning, he should be carried to execution, which unmercifully was performed."—*Memoirs of Sir Robert Grey, Lord of Arundel.*

[This incident is also referred to in one of the notes to *A Legend of Merton*, page 132.]

Book I, p. 306.—Formerly at the Gramercy Tavern.

Sir Francis Shacker's extreme love of dress was an attribute of the manners of this period. The display made by their betters was in the number of their retinues ; but as the social influence of the nobility began to be restrained both in France and England by the increasing power of the Crown, the nobility of taste in personal display became more aristocratic. There are many allusions to this change of taste in Shakespeare and other dramatic writers, where the reader may find numerous traits of

" Great enterlites

For gay apparel against the troublous day."

James informs us, that for the first evidence of a gallant, " You good you turned her or her handmaid over of your best bed into her or her trunk of apparel."—*Merry Wives of Mr. Doctor.*

In the Memoirs of the Somerville family, a curious instance occurs of this ridiculous species of extravagance. In the year 1621, when James I. brought over his short-lived bride from France, the Lord Somerville of the day was so profuse in the expense of his apparel, that the money which he borrowed on the occasion was compensated by a present annuity of thousand pounds Scotch, payable out of the County of Carrick-shire till January, which was assigned by the auditor to Saint Magdalene's Chapel. By this deep expense the Lord Somerville had masked himself so gloriously in apparel, that the King, who saw no less a gallant enter the gate of Holmeant, taken by only two pages, naked upon arrival of the messengers to ascertain who it could be who was so richly dressed and so slightly attended, and he was not recognised until he entered the presence-chamber. " You are very brave, my lord," said the King as he received his homage ; " but where are all your men and attendants ? " The Lord Somerville readily answered, " If it please your Majesty, here they are," pointing to the bed that was in his own and his page's chamber ; whence the King laughed heartily, and having surveyed the boy more nearly, bade him have away with it all, and let him have his usual load of apparel again.

There is a scene in James's *Merry Wives out of Mr. Doctor* (Act IV, Scene 2), in which a Knight of the Bath gives an account of the effects of a duel on the character of himself and his opponent, and never departs a syllable from the catalogues of his vanquish. " We shall insert it in evidence that the honour of our ancestors was not inferior to that of our own times.

" *Fusilier.* Good faith, sirs, now you speak of a quarrel, I'll acquaint you with a difference that happened between a gallant and myself, Sir Fransisco. You know him if I should name him—Sir Guy Lovell.

" *Sold. Lovell.* What impudent chance interposed itself to your two loves ?

" *Fusil. Lovell.* sir, the same that rendered *Alphonse*, and great Thos' son ; but let me assure you, sir. He sent me a challenge, most with some few hours, which I received, and, in due, we met. Now indeed, sir, I never tell you, he did offer at first very despatchly, but without judgment ; but, look you, sir, I cast myself into this figure ; now he came valiantly in, and valiantly, advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to have

took his arm, for he had left his hand to my shoulder, and I was sure he could not recover his pistol. So, I said my purpose to his ear, raised his doublet sleeve, and then shot by the left cheek and through his hair. He, again, slight me here—I had on a gold cable hand-band, then drew myself up, about a revery French foot; I had on my hat-band, and yet it was many goddam's work, out my hand, which, by good fortune, being thick embroidered with gold twist and spangles, disengaged the force of the blow; nevertheless it grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six paces off an Indian's cut-throat hand I wore, and one three paces in the Exchange last three days before—

"*Prest.* This was a strange encounter.

"*Prest.* Stop, you shall hear, sir. While this, we both did run and break out. Now, upon the second sign of his retreat, I turned, ran to my former manner of defense; he, on the other side, abandoned his body to the same danger as before, and follows me still with bane; but I, being bold to take the deadly advantage that lay before me of his left side, under a kind of circumstance, ran him up to the hill through the doublet, through the shirt, and put naked the skin. He, making a revery blow, still spangled my embroidered glove; I had thrown off the banner a little before; driven off a shirt or a thickish red silk doublet. I had, mixed with four feathers, cast off two pens embroidered with pearl, rolled through the drawings-out of them, enter the listing, and shone the flesh.

"*Cav.* I wonder he spared not, of his wretched shirt.

"*Prest.* Here, in the opinion of mutual damage, we paused. But, as I proceed, I must tell you, sir, that in the first encounter, not having leisure to put off my silver armor, one of the ornate sabots full of the ruffles of my boot, and being Spanish leather, and subject to tan, overthrew me, rends me two pair of silk stockings that I put on, being somewhat of a raw morning, a pencil under and another, and strikes me some half-inch deep into the side of the cold; He, seeing the blood come, presently takes horse and away; I having bound up my wound with a piece of my wretched shirt—

"*Cav.* O, where is there?

"*Prest.* Ride after him, and, lighting at the court-gate both together, advanced, and marched hard in hard up unto the prison. Was not this business well sorted!

"*Ahal.* Well I you; and by this we can guess what apparel the gentleman wears.

"*Prest.* Very valour! It was a disengagement begun with much resolution, maintained with so much gallantry, and ended with more beauty.

NOTE 3, p. 366.—GLOVE PARADE OF THE BOURGEOIS.

As some amusement for their faculty of music on most occasions, the Bourgeois were armed collectors of the little which they had gathered, even to an excess. If any person broke his word or pledged, the individual to whom debt had not been cleared, used to bring to the next Bourgeois a glove being on the point of a snap, and present it to both and English the name of the defaulter. This was accounted as great a disgrace

to all connected with him, that his own chosen counsellors destroyed him, to escape the injury he had brought on them.

Constance, a girl engaged by Sir Ralph Roche, talks of two brother thrones, whom he had as his guides—“That they would not fail to stand, and yet that they would not betray any man that trusts in them. For all the gold in Scotland or in France. They are our guides and leaders. If they would betray me they might get their just deserts, and cause me to be hanged; but I have loved them too thin.”—*Sister's Letters during her Brothers' Interruption.*

NOTE X, p. 87.—Importance to the Monks.

The libraries, arcives, and book-chests, of which Abbot Roche speaks, were apportioned according to his wishes, allotted to the monks by grants from different monasteries, or from other foundations in the country. There is one of these charters called *An Pictavie Statuta Libraria*. By this charter, which is very curious, our Robert Bruce, on the 10th January, and in the twelfth year of his reign, assigns, out of the revenue of Berwick, and holding from, out of the counties of Edinburgh or Haddington, the sum of one hundred pounds, at the half yearly terms of Pentecost and Saint Martin's in winter, to the Abbot and community of the monks of Kilwinning. The precise purpose of this munificence is to furnish to each of the monks of the said monastery, while placed at table in the refectory, an extra meal of rice boiled with mutton, or of alewine, or pottage, or other pulses of that kind which could be prepared in the country. This addition to their sustenance is to be entitled, the King's Meal. And it is declared, that although my monks should, from some honest apology, want appetite or inclination to eat of the King's meal, let them should nevertheless, be placed on the table with those of his brothers, and afterwards carried to the gate and given to the poor. “Whether in these platters,” continues the benevolent sovereign, “that the dinner, which is or ought to be served up to the said monks according to their ancient rule, should be diminished in quantity, or increased according to quality, on account of this our meal, no command is demanded.” It is, moreover, provided, that the abbot, with the consent of the most sage of his brethren, shall name a president and choose such the master, almoner, and treasurer, all masters commanding this monastery for the benefit of the community, agreeably to the royal decree and intention, rendering a faithful account thereof to the abbot and chapter of the same concern. And the same charter declares the King's further pleasure, that the said meal of religion should be banished yearly and for ever, in absence, judgment of the above donation, to either fifteen poor men at the fees of Saint Martin in winter, and to feed them on the same day, following to each of them four shillings of large or broad, or six shillings of narrow cloth, and to each also a new pair of cloths or napkins, according to their value; and if the said money shall fall to their engagements, or any of them, it is the King's will that the debt shall be released by a double performance of which has been emitted, to be exacted at the sight of the said Master of Kilwinning for the time being, and before the return of Saint Martin's day, preceding that on which the emission has taken place.

On this charter, respecting the payment of £100 assigned to furnish the monks of Melrose with a daily sum of boiled rice, flour, etc., at other points, to meet their expenses, the antiquarian reader will be pleased, doubtless, to see the original.

Carta Rerum Rotulam I. Actuum in Comitatu de Melrose.

Carta de Primitiva Clotus Melrose.

" Robertus Del gracie Rerum Rotulorum anglarum poëta Norwicenus factus
fuit non Gallicus. Notitia non per secula annis nostra et pro aliis
ministrariis administratio et successores administratores Regum Scotiae Radicis
Comitatus et hoc presenti Carta nostra confirmata. Dux et Rector Moni
singuli et Religiose viri Abbatii et Comitatu de Melrose et curia
reverendariorum in perpetuam Custodiam. Littera Starlingorum anno Reginae
regalis anni primogenitae de Reginis monitis Regi Edwardi super Transactum
ad locum Primitivam et Sancti Martini in hyems pro equali portione vel
de nova Custodia nostra. Regi predicti Carta nostra predicta ad dictam
reverendariorum portione sufficere non potuerit vel de nova Custodia nostra. De
genere neodiputato de Edimburgo et de Haddington si dicta custodia et
Custodia nostra villa Berwick aliisque eius continguente vel hoc forte non sufficiente.
Ita quod dicta curia portaria Cartam Liberatoriam in manuam integrum et
aliisque coniunctionibus aliisque plenaria parochialis predictio nunc quicunque
assignacionibus per nos factis non facilius ad interpretationem in
perpetuam singulis dictis redditis reverendariorum predicto reverendis et
reverendariorum curia reverendariorum Reginis facturam causa lata, singulare
vel plenaria alia alterius officiorum reverendariorum coniunctione leviorum
in predicta et illud reverendis fratrum Regis reverendis legerem.
Ita si aliquis reverendus in aliquo causa leviorum de dicta Reginis reverendariorum subvenient
vel ratione non predicta non iustus estiam nisi de dicta Reginis reverendariorum et
ad portas pro progressionib[us] deportatus. Non volumus quod reverendis fiscal
notarii predicti predictis dicti Comitatu de eis reliquias conseruant et
deserviant sive ministrantur sollempniter. In aliisque predictis non distinguntur.
Volumus however et ordinamus quod dicti officiales ejusdem reverendorum regi per
longam Reginam de custodia curiarum de Comitatu specialiter singulare
causa reverendariorum predictorum et discretorum vel recipiendorum ordinandum et
exponendum talium reverendariorum potest maxima pro utilitate reverendariorum
concessum velut et intercessum inservit predictis regis regis reverendis et
reverendariorum dicta custodia causa. Abbatii et Rectoribus de Comitatu singulari causa de portaria sic rescripta. In volumus quod dicti religiosi
teneantur reverendos in perpetuam pro predictis dominicis portis vel
perpetuam curia reverendariorum predictorum progressu vel festis. Secundum
Martini in blende et cunctis aliis causa dicta Reginis causa confidit
predicti abbatii predicti et tali vel non causa parci striati et animis
mutilatis causa leviorum per custodiarios de ecclesia sua. In aliis dicti religiosi
in predictis vel aliquo predictissimum aliisque causa dictioribus volumus quod
dicti specie talibus predictissimum Regini deputato dictis singulis necessariis
per rite explicita Rectoribus notariis de Reginis, qui per longam Reginam.
Et quod dicta Reginis causa non causa diversa predictis Carta nostra
sufficiat nostris predictissimum apparet. Testibus reverendissima in Chirchis

patron William, Johnson, William et David Basel Archiv, Glaesers, Dantebachia et Monstraria excoemis del grise oblongo
Iernard Abbott de Albrechtshof Consellor, Danteb, Melde, et
Hugus de Fyl de Sheldre et de Ries, Dominus Willm Monstraria
Aucta. Jacobus dominus de Dignis et Alexandre Payer Conservare nostro
fiscoe militiae. Agud Albrechtshof, derinc de Janserij. Ann Regal
notarii vires.

Form 3, p. 431.—Gouverneur or the Devonshire Family.

The late eminent and learned antiquary, Mr. George Chalmers, has related the name of the House of Douglas, or rather of Home of Godolphin, their historians, but with less than his usual accuracy. In the third volume of his *Historians*, he quotes the passage in *Hastings* for the purpose of supporting it.

The historian of the Douglas's cries out, "We do not know them by the *Sonatia*, but by the *devon*; y' rest in the rest, but in the *sonat*; for the lower art which is the same man that did rise above the vulgar." This ascription Mr. Chalmers receives ill-humoured, and alleges, that if the historians had expended more in research than in declamation, he might easily have seen the first names man of this renowned family. This he alleges to have been one Thosfeldus Flambardus, or Thosfeld the Fleming, to whom Arnold, Abbot of Fife, between the years 1147 and 1150, granted certain lands on Douglas water, by a deed which Mr. Chalmers presumes to be the first link of the chain of inheritance to Douglasdale. Hence, he says, the family used moreover their family name, or inheritance this obscure Fleming as their ancestor. Thosfeld the Fleming, it is acknowledged, did not himself bear the name of Douglas; "but," says the antiquary, "his son, William, who inherited his estate, called himself, and was named by others, De Douglas;" and he refers to the charters in which he is so designated. Mr. Chalmers' full argument may be found in the first volume of his *Historians*, p. 229.

This proposition is one which a Statesman will admit unwillingly, and only upon unassimilable testimony; and as it is liable to strong grounds of challenge, the present writer, with all due respect, to Mr. Chalmers whilst his nation and educated countrymen need, is not unwilling to take this opportunity to state some plausible grounds for doubting that Thosfeldus Flambardus was either the father of the first William de Douglas, or in the slightest degree connected with the Douglas family.

It must first be observed, that there is no reason whatever for concluding Thosfeldus Flambardus to be the father of William de Douglas, except that they both held lands upon the small river of Douglas; and that there are two strong presumptions to the contrary. First, first, the father being named, Fleming, there must be good reason why the son should have assumed a different designation; secondly, there does not occur a single instance of the name of Thosfeldus during the long line of the Douglas pedigree, an omission very unlikely to take place but the original father of the race had no child. There are secondary considerations indeed; but they are important, &c., &c., as they supply no support of Mr. Chalmers' system, except from the point which he has hitherto omitted thus general,

nearly, that the lands granted to Thosdail the Fleming were the same which were granted to William de Douglas, and which constituted the original domain of which we find this powerful family lands.

Now, it happens, singularly enough, that the lands granted by the Abbot of Kelso to Thosdail the Flemming are not the same of which William de Douglas was in possession. Nay, it would appear, from comparing the charter granted to Thosdail the Flemming, that, though situated on the water of Douglas, they never made a part of the barony of that name, and therefore cannot be the same with those held by William de Douglas in the succeeding generation. But if William de Douglas did not receive Thosdail the Flemming, there is no more reason for holding them two persons to be father and son than if they had lived in different provinces; and we are still as far from knowing究竟 the first members of the Douglas family as the House of Gloucestre was in the 13th century. We leave the question to antiquaries and genealogists.

NOTE N, p. 418.—PATERSON OF THE FLEMISH.

To close to the memory of the learned and indefatigable Chalmers for having required us to suscepct his genealogical proposition concerning the descent of the Douglasses, we are forced to consider the other doubtful claims for the Scottish Right which he has thrown on that of the House of Stewart, still more important to Scottish history.

The name pen of Lord Hailes, which, like the spur of Bannock, acquired so many shadows from Scottish history, and shone among the rest three of Douglas and Fleming, the rejection of which takes but the illustrious family of Stewart without an ancestor beyond Walter the son of Alan, who is alluded to in the text. The researches of our late learned antiquary dictated to us this Walter, the descendant of Alan, the son of Fland, who obtained from William the Conqueror the Castle of Bremerton in Shropshire, and was the father of an illustrious line of English nobles, by his first son William, and by his second son Walter, the progenitor of the royal family of Stewart.

NOTE N, p. 418.—THE DUFFS, REAR.

The confidence of preserving the British vanity of Sir Francis Bacon, by presenting him with a bottle, indicative of his descent from a bottle, is borrowed from a German romance, by the celebrated Tieck, called *Der Dicke Peter*, called *The Dwarf Peter*. The being who gives name to the tale, is the Bungolet, or snuff-spoons, of a German family, whom he aids with his power, to be always safe, safe by his supernatural power. But the Dwarf Peter is no malitius as others, that all his counsels, though producing success in the immediate result, are in the long run attended with misery and with guilt. The peasant's lass, the owner of the bewitched vessel, falls in love with a noble, the daughter of a neighbouring noble, a man of great pride, who refuses her the hand of the young lady, on account of her unimportance of descent. The lass, repudiated and affronted, resolves to take revenge on the Dwarf Peter, how he may abuse the count, and obtain the victory in the argument, the next time they meet.

on the topic of polygamy. The count gives his poison or pearl a kiss-salve, instructing him to give it to the count who he is met giving himself another kiss on the subject of his beauty. It has the effect accordingly. The count, understanding it to be an elixir to a malady of one of his concubines with the daughter of a blacksmith, is drawn into a desultory passion with the young lady, the consequences of which are the reduction of the young lady, and the slaying of her father.

If we suppose the flesh to represent the corrupt part of human nature,—that "flesh our members which war against the law of our minds,"—the word human an ingenuous allusion.

GLOSSARY.

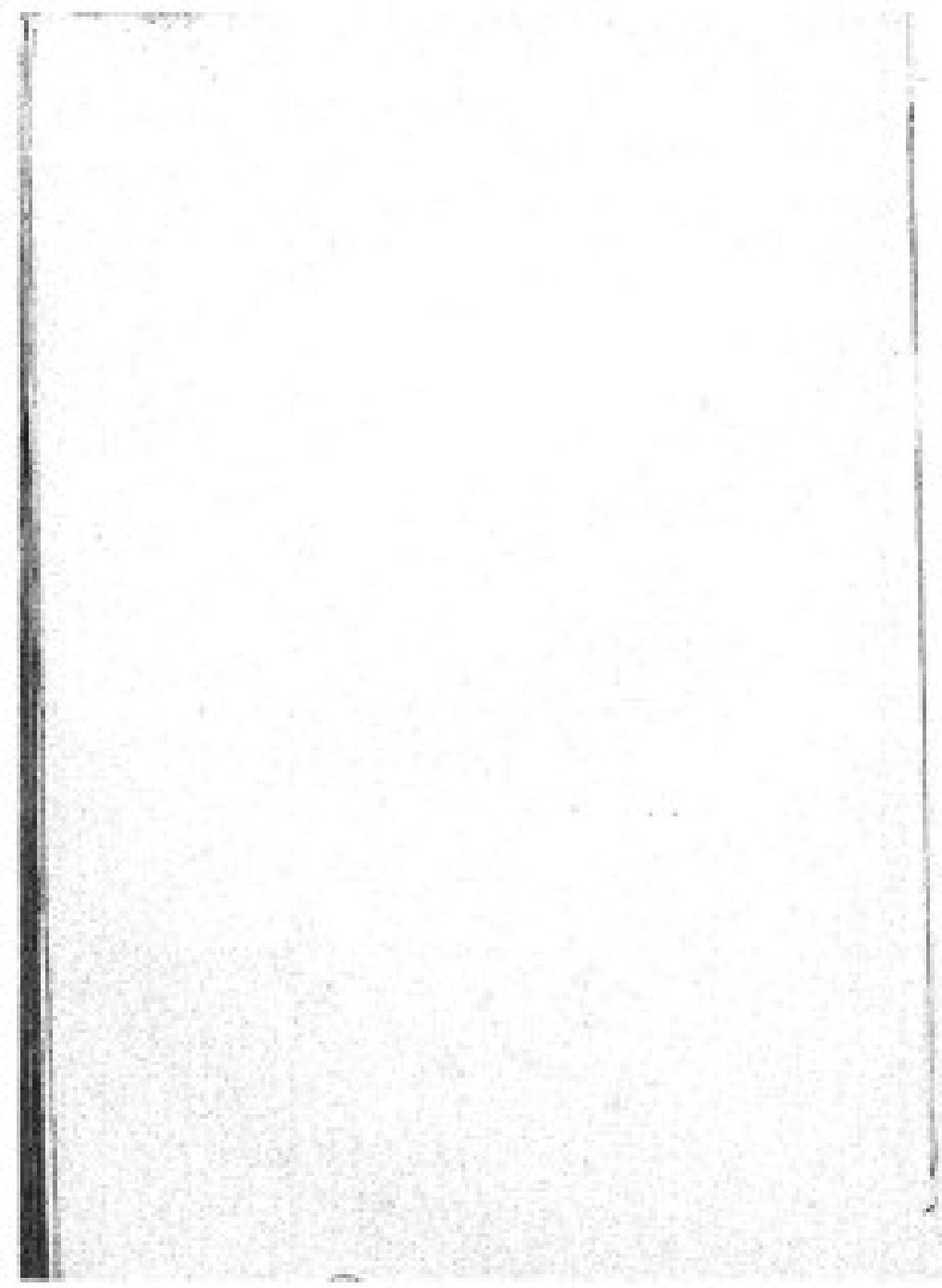
xx

THE MONASTERY AND THE ABBOT.

Abbot, abb.	Convent, nuns' house.
Abbess, abb.	Convents, nuns' houses.
Abbey, a convent.	Cloister, nuns' walk.
Abbot, abb.	Chaplain, priest.
Abbot, abbot-house.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, a shopkeeper.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, a child.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, a station.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, bazaar, bazaar.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazar, for lots, well off, successful, very rich.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, station.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, a town.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, a small copper coin.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, a little station.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar-bazaar, bazaar-world.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, bazaar, bazaar.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, a meeting spot.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, a sort of bazaar-ground.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, to paint or stick with a good or bad name.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, a book.	Convent, nuns' house.
Bazaar, to stick.	Convent, nuns' house.
Chaplain, the head.	Convent, nuns' house.
Chaplain, a friar.	Convent, nuns' house.
Chaplain, charitable.	Convent, nuns' house.
Chaplain, a father.	Convent, nuns' house.
Chaplain, a vicar.	Convent, nuns' house.
Chaplain, the dispensing house of a convent.	Convent, a wide sort of terrace.
Chaplain, almoner.	Chaplain, very charitable.
Chaplain, a master, sign of hereditary title with property.	Chaplain, a dog used "barked by the way, a foreboded."
Chaplain, holding.	Chaplain, property.
Chaplain, a master or title.	Chaplain, to master, rule, or have.
Chaplain, a dog.	Chaplain, the title.
Chaplain, a small engine who likes his work best.	Chaplain, short.
	Chaplain, pretty name.
	Chaplain, a place.

Bob-sure, that man.	Bob-sure, used thus.
Bonny, to say or sleep.	Bonny, the position of said word for grinding in the mill at one time.
Bone, grain sent to a mill to be ground.	Bone, a bone.
Bonnie, the bestowal or hand of the lame,	Bonnie, (old-Eng.).
Bone-sucker, bog, bog-puddin.	Bone-kid, a bog-pit.
	Bone-kid, a bog-welched sheep.
Boat, boat.	Boat, boat.
Boat, whale.	Boat, boat.
Boats, a paddling of mineral water, salt- water, and spilt.	Boats, out of water, out of the way.
Boathouse, the sanctuary or baird held under an arched or covered.	Boathouse, a shelter.
Boar, boar's eye.	Boatman, a kind of boat.
Boats, to load.	Boatman, wrangling boatman.
Boatman-boats, the mire-edges.	Boatman, a boat's boarder with respects.
Boats, a hole.	Boatman-boats, the plough which the plough shares.
Boats, a shore or shore.	Boats, an instrument, a paddle.
Boats-pot, bog-puddin.	Boats-pot, an epithet applied to Englishmen.
Boats, a recent place of meeting.	Boats-wots, crust language.
Boats, to shift or bathe.	
Boats, water, wading water.	Boats, a boat.
Boats, poultry due to the husband as part of the rent.	Boats, to clean.
Boats-wots, a bogging-place.	Boats, washed, cleaned.
Boats, lame and.	Boats, a boat.
Boats-wots, dampishness, coldness.	Boats, a short cloak.
Boats, a species of birds.	Boats-wots, the nameless-boat.
Boats, dried oysters.	Boats, a night.
Boats, a shire.	
Boats-wots, broken milk.	Boats, to blow.
Boats, plough, etc.	Boats, used.
Boats, a boat.	Boats, a salt-cellar.
Boats, the body.	Boats, well.
	Boats, mother-shire.
Boats, taking long strides.	Boats, shire, shire.
Boats, the moment or till.	Boats, plough.
Boats, the.	Boats, take away, a quick temper.
Boats, took or took back.	Boats-wots, a broken bottle.
Boats, blood.	Boats, to begin.
Boats, a measured.	Boats, the party.
Boats, long dry grass.	Boats-wots, a broken pencil.
Boats, quantity of a particular.	Boats, foolish.
Boats, like, bags.	Boats, a codd.
Boats, bags.	Boats, distant.
Boats, a muckle.	Boats, a small bottle.
Boats-wots, workless.	Boats, about, age.
	Boats-wots, talkative.
	Boats, to boil.
	Boats, to come or stand by.

TINT, to turn or paint.	Turn, several sorts.
TOLOCOLLA, testing, inspection.	Turner, timberman.
TONNAGE, charge.	Turner, wood.
TORE, a tree.	Turner, an officer or chief.
TOURETTE, whisky with hot water and sugar.	Turner, a signal.
TOURIST, a tourist.	Turner, to polish, clean, or turn.
TOVETTE, sponge cloth striped.	Turner, a mark.
TOVETTE, a needle or undersight.	Turner, which.
TOVETTE, brocade.	Turner, a hairy sort of wood.
TOYER, to expose.	Turnstone, whistled.
TOYER, visibility.	Turnstone, wild bird.
TOYSTER, whistler.	TURNSTONE, an Indian plant or root.
	TURNSTONE, the yellow-hammer.



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